

# CURRENT LITERATURE



VOL. LII.

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: LEONARD D. ABBOTT,  
ALEXANDER HARVEY, GEORGE S. VIERECK



No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1912

## A Review of the World

Political Specters in the  
Presidential Campaign.

**T**HESE are the days of political fog. Through it figures and events loom indistinct and magnified out of all proportions. Especially is this true of the Republican situation. The Democratic contest for the presidential nomination presents but little that is weird or mysterious or exciting to the imagination. It is clearly a race between Wilson and Harmon, with a chance that neither may receive the necessary two-thirds vote at Baltimore next June, and a third man like Champ Clark or Marshall may slip in as victor at the end. But in the Republican contest the advent of the Roosevelt movement has befogged the whole situation, and visions of dark intrigue and subterranean passages and subtle finesse have given a dramatic air to the most trifling episodes. A sheriff in Camden of whom the country never heard before comes out for Roosevelt and the fact is telegraphed all over the country. Or fifty men, unacquainted with fame, organize a Roosevelt club in Nebraska and the newspapers run "scare-heads" on the first page. "Out of the gloom," says the *Nashville Tennessean*, "come all kinds of hobgoblins, apparitions, specters, ghosts and dreadful imaginings." "Everything," remarks the *New York Evening Post*, "is mysterious, everything indirect. All appearances are misleading, and the only certain thing is that you cannot be certain of anything."

The Roosevelt Boom and  
the Steel Trust.

**B**ACK in these dreadful shadows somewhere lurk the "big interests" ready, like Jack the Ripper, to disembowel the Republic. The most interesting development of the month, in fact, is the way in which the progress of the Roosevelt boom has been traced, by a shrewd Washington correspondent, to a group of men closely identified with the United States Steel Corporation. The correspondent is James P. Hornaday, of the *Indianapolis News*, and while documentary proofs of the story are not forthcoming, there are so many corroborative facts that it has made a very marked impression. George W. Perkins, formerly of J. P. Morgan Co., now identified with the Steel Trust, is said to have been at the center of operations and to have seen to the financing of the boom. Ormsby McHarg, a New York lawyer, at one time assistant secretary of commerce and labor, has had charge of the field operations. Dan R. Hanna, of Cleveland, son of Mark Hanna, an owner of two newspapers, one in Cleveland and one in Toledo, himself one of the group of steel men, has had charge in the central West. What started the activity of these men, so the story runs, was the beginning of the government's suit for the dissolution of the Steel Trust and Mr. Roosevelt's notable article on trusts in *The Outlook* a few days later, declaring "hopeless" the attempt to meet the situation by "a succession of lawsuits." That seems to have given Mr.

Perkins and his friends their cue. Perkins has always been a Roosevelt partisan, almost the only one sometimes to be found in Wall Street.

**T**HE events that followed are admirably fitted together. When, on December 12, the Republican national committee met in Washington, Perkins, McHarg and Hanna all appeared on the scene. They were loaded with ammunition. Hanna's two papers had been taking a straw vote among their readers and had figures to show that out of 15,923 votes cast 11,437 were for Roosevelt as first choice. Walter F. Brown, chairman of the Republican state committee of Ohio, had been persuaded by Hanna to come out with his declaration in favor of Roosevelt. Perkins had been at work with his friend ex-Senator Beveridge, enlisting his favor, and Nat C. Wright, editor of Hanna's papers, slipped over into Indianapolis and persuaded Edwin M. Lee, chairman of the Indiana state committee, to go on to Washington and to declare that Taft could not carry Indiana. Hanna, it is asserted, told more than one person, several days before Lee made his statement, just what Lee was going to say and claimed to have an advance copy of the statement in his pocket.



I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY—YET"  
—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

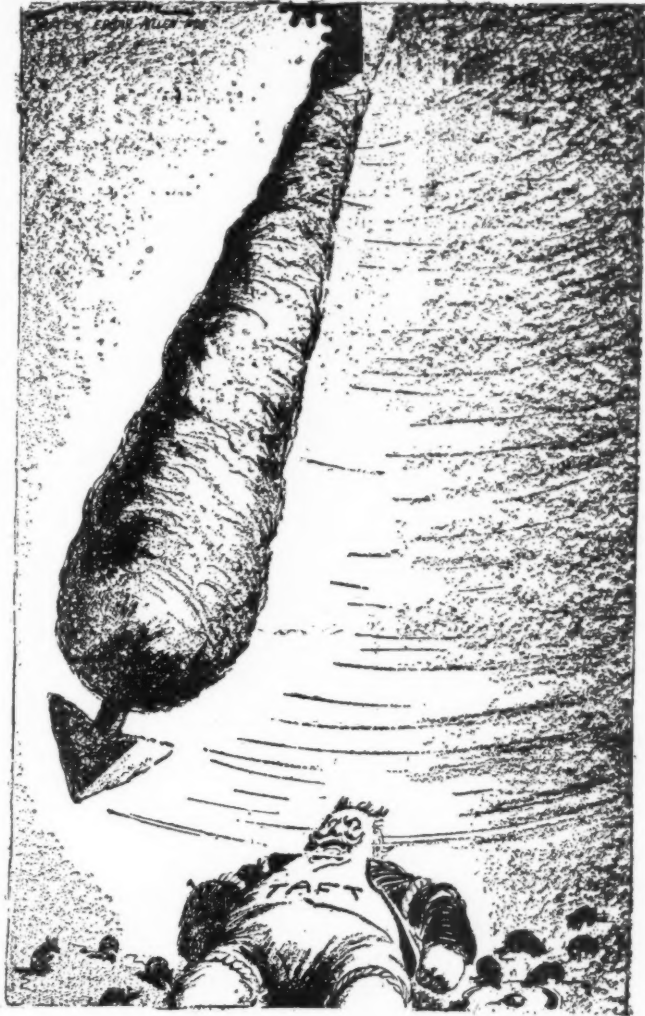
#### La Follette's Experience in Ohio.

**T**HEN came last month the La Follette invasion of Ohio. The failure of the progressive Republicans in the Columbus convention to nominate La Follette was a surprise to the country. The *News* article, which we are following, explains that Pinchot and Garfield were enlisted in the Roosevelt movement by this time through the efforts of Hanna and Charles Otis, editor of the *Cleveland News*, and the convention consequently, despite a strong La Follette sentiment, refused a formal endorsement of La Follette's candidacy by a vote of 52 to 32, on the ground that the Progressives were divided in their preferences and it was desirable that they should show a united front at this time. Even Hauser, La Follette's representative from Washington, was persuaded to approve this course, and to his approval was due in large measure the ability to swing the convention. A "personal approval" resolution was later adopted, however, naming La Follette in terms of praise as "the living embodiment of the principles of the progressive movement and the logical candidate to carry them to successful fruition." In Indianapolis, in the meantime, Senator Beveridge had formed his alliance with the Roosevelt forces and had caused La Follette's date for a speech there to be cancelled. In New York other allies had been secured in the persons of William L. Ward, member of the national committee, Frank A. Munsey, the magazine proprietor and a friend of Perkins, ex-Congressman Littauer and George R. Sheldon. Sheldon's contribution to the movement was his letter to Mr. Roosevelt about the Harriman contribution to the campaign fund in 1904.

#### Taft Refuses to Call Off Prosecutions.

**S**UCH has been the genesis of the Roosevelt movement, according to the story of the *Indianapolis News*, as since adopted and pieced out somewhat by other correspondents. "President Taft," says the *News* correspondent, "could cause a collapse of the Roosevelt boom for the Presidency in twenty-four hours if he would send word to the right persons that the proceedings against the Steel Trust are not to be pushed, and that criminal indictments against numerous captains of industry will in due time be dismissed." But neither pleadings nor threats will cause him to change his course or call off the prosecutions. It is

even asserted by one paper, the *Boston Globe*, that La Follette himself is in the Roosevelt camp and that his campaign is a blind. Says the *Globe's* Washington correspondent: "Senator La Follette will still be a nominal candidate, his own state of Wisconsin may cast a complimentary vote for him in the convention as it did four years ago, but the real purpose of Mr. La Follette and his organization is not to gather in delegates for himself, but to keep them away from Mr. Taft and give them to Mr. Roosevelt." This is indignantly denied by La Follette's followers, who assert that the Senator is making an honest appeal to the people for support. The story in the *Indianapolis News* gives him credit for absolute honesty. He and his followers, we are assured, were at first stunned by the developments in Ohio and elsewhere and were at a loss how to figure it all out. Now they "have this Ohio crowd located." All of which must be read bearing in mind that the *News* is a strong Taft paper and that any seeds of distrust and division sowed in progressive ranks, especially in Ohio, are distinctly to the President's advantage. Roosevelt himself refers to its story as a "pipe dream" and refuses to discuss it.



"THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM"

—Minor in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

#### Why La Follette Was Not Endorsed.

**T**HE Ohio campaign of La Follette was, to all appearances, nevertheless, a popular success. The accounts in Ohio papers tell of "packed halls" and "enthusiastic audiences." The exact meaning of the proceedings at the Columbus convention is somewhat uncertain; but they may be accounted for by a simple difference of opinion. Walter L. Hauser, secretary of the La Follette headquarters in Washington, advised against formal endorsement and said La Follette did not ask it. Louis D. Brandeis,

on the other hand, an intimate friend of the Senator, pressed for such endorsement. The resolutions finally adopted very frankly recognized the Roosevelt sentiment as a reason for not endorsing La Follette. "Recognizing," so runs the resolution, "as fellow progressives, all who hold the principles for which we stand, whether they be for the presidential nomination of Robert E. La Follette, Theodore Roosevelt, or any other progressive Republican, we assert the essential unity of the progressive movement throughout the state and the nation." The general view is, all the same,

that La Follette was deceived and disappointed. Says the St. Louis *Mirror*:

"Roosevelt is about equally a marplot to both the President and the Wisconsin Senator, and his declarations as to his own intentions are excruciatingly delphic. There never was such political finesse in this country before, and never was a piece of wire-pulling so impossible to trace directly to the puller of the wires."

The Springfield *Republican* takes the same view. It says:

"Senator La Follette, radical tho he be, can have no other fate than President Taft has had at the hands of Mr. Roosevelt's personal following. The moment Mr. Taft began to be President under his own hat, that crowd turned upon him. And the moment that Senator La Follette, the severest Republican critic the Taft administration has had, begins to loom up as a formidable leader of the anti-Taft wing of the party, he, too, goes under the hoofs of the Roosevelt rough riders of American politics. The senator will be rich in experience when this little business is finally settled."

La Follette Forces Attack  
Roosevelt.

**S**IGNS of restiveness on the part of the La Follette men are beginning to appear. The Senator himself, in one of his recent speeches, referring to the Roosevelt administration, remarks that "during all that strenuous time there were more combinations than under all the Administrations that preceded since the Sherman law was enacted in 1890," and tells how he himself would have defied the Steel Trust men if they had come to him for permission to absorb the Tennessee Iron & Coal Company. One of his followers, John D. Fackler, chairman of the progressive organization of Ohio, has addressed an open letter to Mr. Roosevelt, asserting that the three great issues in the coming campaign are the tariff, the trusts and the Aldrich monetary scheme, and challenging him to give his attitude on these subjects. Still more significant is the criticism of Roosevelt appearing in La Follette's organ in Madison, Wisconsin,—the *Wisconsin State Journal*. Quoting Watterson's recent remarks that if Roosevelt ever again gets to the White House we can not get him out again except feet first, the La Follette paper says there may be "much truth" in this. The "despotism of Roosevelt" was shown when he compelled the nomination of Taft, and the following questions are asked about his motives at that time:

"Theodore Roosevelt has visions. Did he see in 1908 the possibility of 1912? Would Taft's administration lend contrast to his own? Would, by 1912, the people be so weary of the game that he himself had fixed for the people, that they would welcome back into office the impulsive Doer? Roosevelt forced the nomination of Taft at the Republican convention by the solid vote of those states which never returned a Republican electoral vote. . . . Wise politicians are now asking, was President Roosevelt afraid to endorse the work for the nomination of a presidential candidate in 1908 that would make so good a constructive President that his own administration might be overshadowed? Was it this he feared? Did he make Mr. Taft President of the United States that the people would hasten back to him?"

The Roosevelt Movement  
Continues to Grow.

**W**HATEVER may have been the origin of the Roosevelt boom and whatever may be the relations which La Follette and his followers sustain to it, it continues to be taken seriously, especially by Roosevelt's enemies, and continues to grow. Commenting on the defeat of a Republican candidate for Congress last month, in a special election in Kansas, William Allen White says, in his *Emporia Gazette*, "It's Roosevelt or bust." Governor Osborn, of Michigan, in a public address in Grand Rapids, asserts that Taft can not win, La Follette is "bad medicine," and the only hope of a Republican victory lies in Roosevelt. Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, expresses admiration for La Follette; but also believes Roosevelt is the logical candidate of the Republican party and "the only one who is sure to win." Organizations here and there are being constantly reported for the purpose of supporting Roosevelt for the nomination—the Third Term League of Oregon; the Militant Progressive Republican League of Massachusetts; a club in Philadelphia started by the president of the Manufacturers' Club, and so on. From New Jersey comes a petition signed by one thousand Republicans, asking Roosevelt to become a candidate. A newspaper poll in thirty-two industrial and agricultural towns in northern Indiana results in 981 votes for Taft as first choice, 923 for Roosevelt, 417 for Beveridge, 398 for La Follette. The financial editor of the *Dry Goods Economist*, who is presumably in touch with many business men, says:

"Those who control the destinies of large enterprises in the East feel differently regarding Roosevelt than they did two and three years ago. I have been all over the United States, and a



great number of the people with whom I have talked, both Democrats and Republicans, believe that Roosevelt should take the nomination as a public duty at this time when the country needs him. His election would be assured I believe."

Albert Shaw on Roosevelt's  
Candidacy.

**S**TILL Mr. Roosevelt refuses to give any open sign of encouragement or to discuss these developments. The demand made by the hostile press that he declare that "under no circumstances" will he accept the nomination falls unheeded upon his ears. He has allowed none of his close friends to give to the movement in his favor any public encouragement. But in the *Review of Reviews* for February appears an editorial that seems to come pretty near to a sanction for the movement from one who has been for many years a confidant and adviser of the ex-President. Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor, says:

"Behind the scenes, two names are constantly heard where Republicans of experience are in private conference. One is Roosevelt, and the other is Hughes. The Roosevelt movement seems to be gathering force all over the country. While a Hughes movement under the circumstances is not to be expected, there is talk everywhere of Justice Hughes as a highly available 'dark horse.' There has been a great deal of talk in the newspapers about the 'intentions' of Mr. Roosevelt, and whether he is going to 'declare himself' or not. Most of this talk has been instigated for the purpose of confusing the ordinary reader. Mr. Roosevelt is a well-known citizen now in private life, enjoying perfect health and the full vigor of a man in his prime. There is no possible reason why he should not accept the Republican nomination, if the party desires to confer it upon him."

Praise for Taft from a  
La Follette Man.

**I**N THE meantime Mr. Taft and his friends are not inactive, tho they are all, for the most part, dreadfully undramatic. The story about the relations of Perkins and the Steel Trust to the Roosevelt boom is the only thing Mr. Taft's friends have done that has a real thrill in it. And the only time Mr. Taft himself has grown a bit dramatic was when last month he announced that "nothing but death can keep me out of the fight now." There are few if any signs that the real Republican organization is breaking away from him. One individual utterance in his favor of which much has been made comes from Dr. Arnold



THE APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

Senator La Follette's speaking tour in President Taft's own State last month excited great interest; but the Roosevelt boom is thought to have nullified its effects in large part so far as the Senator's personal prospects are concerned.

B. Hall, professor of political science in the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Hall is a strong supporter of La Follette in state matters, but he believes that President Taft "has made more real and lasting progress than any two Presidents since the Civil War." He specifies among the things done worthily, the corporation tax, the postal savings bank, judicial reforms, international arbitration, and the fearlessness with which the Sherman law has been enforced. "He—Taft—has brought big business to a realization that it must be conducted according to the law. They are the ones asking for mercy, and not the public. It is the difference between the methods of the agitator and the statesman." What Taft is really being damned for, says Professor Hall, is "because he does not play to the gallery." In other words he lacks the dramatic instinct.



"DOWN SPOT!"

—Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

**T**WO strong independent dailies—the *Springfield Republican* and the *New York Evening Post*—declare with some indignation that Mr. Taft is not getting "a square deal." A little analysis, says the former journal, shows that while the con-

The Tariff Board Reports  
on Schedule K.

**N**OW, repressing a deep sigh, let us address ourselves to these four formidable-looking volumes with the non-enticing words "Document No. 342" in the upper right-hand corner of each cover-page, and the title "Wool and Manufactures of Wool" flaunting itself in large type. It is the much mentioned and much to be mentioned report of the Tariff Board on Schedule K, containing 1222 pages with numerous diagrams and pictures. "I venture to say," says President Taft, in his message transmitting the report to Congress, "that no legislative body has ever had presented to it a more complete and exhaustive report than this on so difficult and complicated

dition of the Republican party in pretty much all the land is most unsatisfactory, this is due chiefly to local conditions which are not extensively due to the Taft administration. "Politicians have to hang their discontent on some peg and the Taft administration is very convenient for purposes of this kind. It is being more and more felt that a square deal has not been given the President and especially so from men he had reason to expect it from." *The Evening Post* says that even the President of the United States is entitled to fair play, and "Mr. Taft is not getting it." He has been subjected to gross misrepresentation, and "there has been too much hitting below the belt, too much warfare against the President of the nature of sneaking ambush instead of a manly stand-up fight." It has in mind in saying this Mr. Roosevelt, and brings forward its indictment against him in the following words:

"Why does he not frankly state the grounds of his opposition to Taft? It is a public question. The debate is open. Let the Colonel come forward man-fashion, and tell us what he thinks. He surely cannot wish the country to think him capable of a tortuous course, hinting a fault and hesitating dislike, and giving aid and comfort to men under cover, when all the white and square thing to do is to take a bold position in the open and meet all comers."

The *New York Times* and the *World* say much the same thing; but the *Louisville Post* insists that "Mr. Roosevelt owes Mr. Taft nothing; all the obligation is on the other side."

a subject." It certainly does represent a vast amount of labor. Special agents visited 1,200 wool-growers in this country, scattered over 173 counties in nineteen states, and other special agents were despatched to South America, Australia and the European countries. That was for information on but one branch of the subject. On another branch—the manufactures of wool—174 mills were visited in twenty states, comprizing two-thirds of the productive capacity of the industry in the United States, and employing 109,000 hands. Records were kept of 11,080 looms day by day, including the speed of each loom, the number of "picks" per inch in each piece of goods, and "complete details of warp and filling, yarns, ends, shuttles and harness." In addition, the mills of England, France, Germany,

Austria and Belgium were investigated. Still another branch of the investigation covered ready-made clothing, and here the report traces the wool from the back of the sheep to the back of the consumer, showing "the relative increase in cost and price at each stage of the process." You will not need, gentle reader, to think about your list of books for summer reading this year. Here is enough material to keep you busy during all your vacation. And this is on but one schedule of the tariff. The Tariff Board purposes to report on all the schedules!

A Deadlock in Congress  
Probable.

**I**F THE Democratic leaders have their way, the whole presidential election will revolve around the question of tariff revision. This report of the Tariff Board is likely to be the center of the discussion. It represents in concrete form the difference in the avowed policies of the two parties to-day. The real purpose of the Board is to furnish a basis for revising the tariff schedules on the Republican plan of protection equal to the difference in the cost of production here and abroad. The Board is a presidential not a Congressional body, its five members being appointed by the President and reporting to him. The value of the report is bound to be minimized by the Democrats and

magnified by the Republicans. The Democratic House made haste to pass a revision of schedule K in the extra session last summer, flouting the suggestion that this report was so important that it should be waited for. President Taft vetoed the bill on the ground that this report was essential to intelligent revision. The Democrats are again going ahead not only to revise schedule K without special regard to this report but also to revise other schedules on which the Board has not yet made any report. There is likely to be a deadlock between the Democratic House and the Republican Senate. The progressive Republicans in the Senate can again, probably, if they wish, force compromise bills to be sent to President Taft. If any real tariff legislation is accomplished in this session there will be a large number of much surprised men in and out of Washington.

Republican Hopes from  
the Wool Report.

**I**F A truce to politics could be declared at Washington for three months, a tariff settlement could be reached without serious surrender of principle either by the President, the Democrats or the progressive Republicans." Thus the *New York Globe* (Rep.). But there will be no such luck for us. There will be a big row, the *Globe* thinks, and it will all be over



OHIO: WHAT'S THE MATTER, TIGE, DON'T YOU LIKE IT?"

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"practically nothing," for a tariff based on the principle of equalizing the cost of production will not differ radically from any which Mr. Underwood will propose "for revenue only." The *Detroit News* seems to take somewhat the same view. The report, it thinks, undermines one of the main pillars upholding the Payne-Aldrich bill, and justifies a revision such as was passed last summer with Democratic votes. In fact, "it begins to look," says the *News*, "as if the Tariff Board will sit on the remains of what was once a formidable issue." President Taft admits that the report "shows ample reason for the revision downward of schedule K," and he recommends "that such revision be proceeded with at once." In the production of wool, the President says that the difference between the cost here and in the chief competing country is less than the amount of the existing tariff. On many classes of wool manufacture the tariff rates are "greatly in excess of the difference in cost of production here and abroad." This is true of "tops," of yarns and of medium-grade cloth of heavy weight. The tariff rates in these cases are prohibitory, not protective. Congressman Hill, of Connecticut, considered the best posted man in the House on the wool schedule, regards the board's report as "the most wonderful document ever presented to Congress." The *New York Journal of Commerce* thinks that by means of the report the President may "to a considerable degree" reunite his party. "Those who were insurgent last summer," it remarks, "and ready to join with 'the enemy' to block the way of the Administration, appear now to be disarmed and to find little to say against the suggestions drawn from the 'information' of the report, while the 'regulars' profess to be altogether pleased." The *Washington Post* also sees the Republicans now "practically united" on issues, and squabbling only about men. The *Springfield Republican* thinks the Tariff Board's report is one of the "big things" of the Taft administration, and furnishes a basis for a reunited party."

#### The Tariff in the Coming Campaign.

**B**UT if the report of the Tariff Board does indeed bring the Republican position measurably nearer to that of the Democratic, there is no sign that the latter are greeting the approach of the former with a great outburst of long-suppressed love. There seems to be a suspicion,

on the part of the Democrats, that the approach is for the purpose of filching from them the issue they have chosen as their chief issue for the coming campaign. "The tariff is the issue that will not down," cries the *Baltimore Sun*, and the Democrats "should not and will not allow the tariff to be side-tracked for any other legislation whatever." "Tariff reform," says Governor Woodrow Wilson, "must be central to all other issues." "I don't believe," says Congressman Underwood, "that the American people ever settle more than one great issue at one election. The issue is the tariff and the people are going to settle it in 1912." Governor Harmon and Champ Clark take practically the same view. Bryan does not dissent, tho he insists that trust legislation must not be ignored. As for the Tariff Board's report, and its effect upon this central issue, the *New York Times* (Dem.) declares that it "proves really nothing except that the boasted principle of protection is a delusion and a snare and cannot be applied with the remotest semblance of justice."

#### Democratic View of the Wool Report.

**T**HERE is no difference in home and foreign cost, such is the Democratic contention, that can be made the measure of a just protection or anything approaching it. There is not "a" difference but myriads of differences. Says *The Times* again: "We should not be at all surprized, as the study of the report slowly filters down to the minds of the voters, if its final utility will be in tending to convince the Nation that the whole scheme of the tariff is impracticable, fanciful, unbusinesslike, and a nuisance to the permanent interests of the country." The cost of producing wool in Ohio, for instance, is 19 cents a pound. The average cost in the whole country is 9½ cents a pound. The cost in Australasia is considerably less than in South America. "The difference," says the *New York Evening Post*, "may be one of a dozen different things according as comparison is made with this country or that and according to what section or what enterprise in our own country is taken as a basis." The same thing is said in one way or another by many papers. The *New York Journal of Commerce* thinks the Tariff Board has once for all expozed "the utterly delusive character" of the idea that the difference in cost of production can be made a measure of "the true principle of protection."

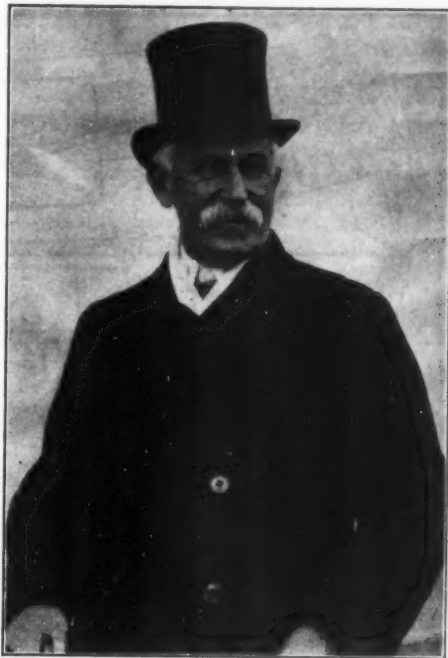


The Monetary Commission  
Launches Its Dreadnought.

**T**HE long awaited report of the Monetary Commission appeared last month, and with it another issue of Dreadnought proportions was launched upon the troubled sea of politics. The industrial vitality of this nation is something superb. It used to be that a tariff agitation alone would throw the country almost inevitably into a commercial spasm. Now we have not only the promise of an unending tariff revision, schedule by schedule, but also the far-reaching readjustment of our whole industrial system to meet the requirements of the Sherman law, and the proposition to reorganize our whole financial system. And under this triple assault upon things as they are and this threefold uncertainty regarding things as they are to be, the bank deposits last year increased by half a billion dollars—reaching the highest point ever attained—national bank dividends amounted to 11.38 per cent. on the capital, farm values during the last decade show an increase from \$16,615,000,000 to \$34,682,000,000—more than double—and our manufactured products in the same time increased in value from \$11,407,000,000 to \$20,672,000,000, or eighty-one per cent. We're a poor distressed country, but we are too busy to stop and think about it. By all the laws of political economy, our railroads should be prostrate, our manufacturers should be in receivers' hands, our bank presidents should be blowing their brains out and our farmers should be shoveling corn into their stoves.

20,000 Banks Included in  
the Aldrich Scheme.

**Y**ET one needs to go back but four and a half years to recall how all this superb industrial activity was thrown into actual convulsions. It may happen again, so the financial doctors tell us, if we hang to our present unelastic and unscientific banking and currency system—the worst in the world according to Mr. Carnegie. No one stands up to defend it. Hence the Monetary Commission and its National Reserve Association, by which all the banks in the country—7,300 national banks and 12,000 state banks and trust companies—are to be knit together into one great organization to issue the nation's circulating medium, regulate its credit system, disburse the funds of the government and transact our foreign ex-

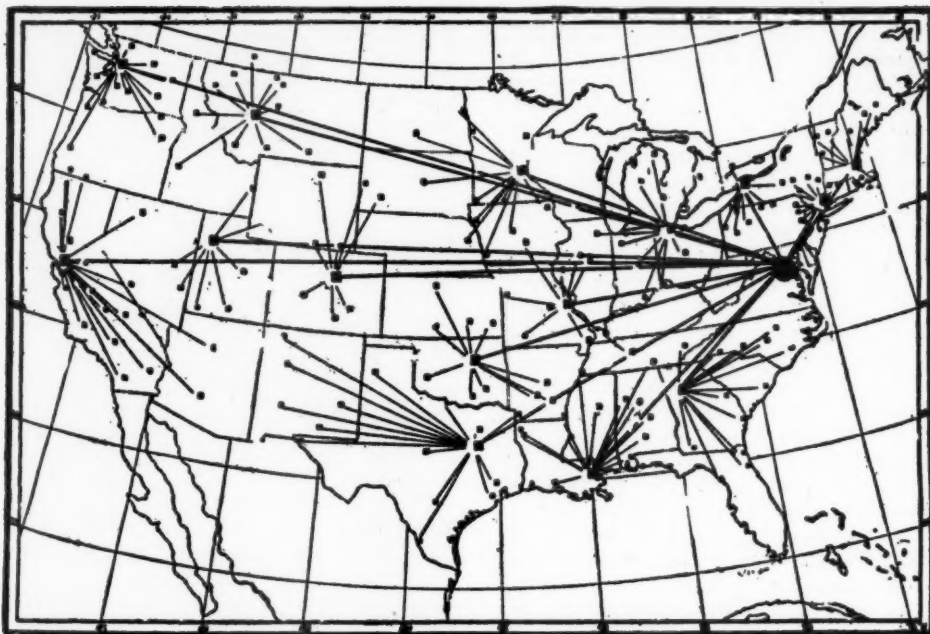


Copyright International News Service

FAVORS THE ALDRICH SCHEME; BUT—

Secretary MacVeagh, of the Treasury, says it is "indispensable" that the Reserve Association must be made impossible of control by Wall Street, which, he thinks, will have the banks of the country, under the present system, at its mercy in the near future.

change. To set forth the details of the proposed bill would require about a dozen of these pages. The main plan has been abundantly described—the Local Associations extending throughout the land, each consisting of at least ten banks; the fifteen Branch Associations, each formed by a group of Local Associations and distributed one in New England, two in the Eastern States, four in the South, four in the Middle West, four in the Far West; the National Reserve Association itself, located at Washington and governed by forty-six directors, of whom four shall be specified federal officials, and fifteen shall be other than bankers, elected to represent the agricultural, commercial, industrial "and other" interests of each branch. Circulating notes may be issued by this organization to twice the amount of the gold held in reserve. It may issue more than that, up to three times the amount of gold, but on all in excess of twice the amount it must pay a tax that increases in rate as the excess increases. It will discount commercial paper, that is, "notes and bills of exchange issued or drawn for



Copyright by W. C. Cornwell

—Moody's Magazine

## THE ALDRICH PLAN FOR A NATIONAL RESERVE ASSOCIATION

Twenty thousand banks are to be organized into the Association. Each small black spot represents a Local Association of ten or more banks; these are formed into fifteen Branch Associations distributed (approximately) as above; the headquarters of the system is to be in Washington, D. C.

agricultural, industrial or commercial purposes, and not including notes or bills issued or drawn for the purpose of carrying stocks, bonds or other investment securities." Loans may be made by the separate national banks upon improved and unencumbered real estate, to fifty per cent. of its value. The rate of discount for all these transactions shall be uniform throughout the United States, and the circulating notes so issued are to be legal tender for the payment of all debts.

## The Line of Battle Forming.

**W**HO will control this vast aggregation of banks which is to control the financial destiny of the nation? That is the question we are to hear asked many, many times in the months to come, and to which we shall hear some very lurid answers. Already the line of battle is forming for a great struggle. The bill has the solid support of the administration, the American Bankers' Association, the National Board of Trade, and, in general, all organized bodies of trade and commerce that have discussed and acted upon it. Business men have organized the National Citizens' League for the specific

purpose of creating sentiment to insure its adoption. The opposition that has appeared so far consists of individuals, but some of them have far-reaching voices. Leslie M. Shaw, ex-secretary of the treasury, is one; James J. Hill, the railway magnate, is another; Victor Morawetz, the economic expert, is another; Samuel Untermyer, the New York lawyer, is still another; and William J. Bryan, Champ Clark, Senator La Follette and, in general, all the political leaders who have fallen heirs to the Populistic sentiment in the Western and Middle States are others. The main burden of their cry is that this plan will constitute a great "money trust" that will be controlled from Wall Street and which will, in turn, control not only our industrial and financial interests but our political destinies as well.

## Fear of Wall Street's Control.

**U**NFORTUNATELY for the future success of the bill, its opponents seem much more capable than its defenders of firing the imagination of the country. Mr. Hill, for instance, has presented a series of tables to show how, by an invest-

ment of less than \$500,000,000, the control of the National Reserve Association, with its total capital of \$2,383,000,000, might be obtained by buying up small banks. He has even questioned "whether this particular scheme has not been developed with this in view." It was several months ago that he expressed this view and changes have been made in the scheme since then, the most important one being to prevent a bank that obtains control of another bank in the system from having more than one vote. Secretary MacVeagh would go further than this. He regards it as "indispensable" that the bill include a provision denying, "with great precision," any bank in the Association, whether national or state, the right to own stock in any other independent bank. President Taft recognizes the same peril of consolidation of control, and trusts that Congress "will carefully and completely protect and assure the individuality and independence of each bank." "It is useless to deny," says the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, "that an intense hostility toward the plan exists," and the ground of it is "a persistent feeling of danger lest into the hands of a few or even many men, acting in concord, there be placed power to sway the financial and hence the industrial activities of the nation in their own interest." Nor does the *Telegraph* think that Secretary MacVeagh gets very far in his effort to eliminate hostility by calling the organization not a central bank but only a central agency of the banks. "How," it asks, "can popular fear of a central bank be converted into popular support of 'a central agency of the banks' unless a wide difference in the potentialities of the two be shown?"

The "Bloody Angle" of the  
Currency Discussion.

**I**T IS evident to the National Monetary Commission itself that this point of Wall Street control is to be the bloody angle where most of the fighting is to be done. And in the report that accompanies the bill, the Commission proceeds with care to choose a strategic position commanding that point. It says that in order to effect any combination that would secure a majority of the directors of the National Reserve Association, a union of eight out of the fifteen Branch Associations would be requisite. No such combination, we are told, could be made "which did not include more than 80 per cent. of the banking power of the country." Just how it figures this out is not

made entirely clear, but the Commission has confidence that this statement "must of itself show conclusively that there can be no local domination—no domination of selfish interests in this organization," and that "fear of possible Wall Street control can have no substantial foundation." But the Commission goes a step farther. Such control is already under our present system, a real, not a fancied danger. Says the report:

"To-day the financial interests of the whole country depend, in times of trouble, upon what is popularly known as 'Wall Street.' Those who express fears of the future domination of Wall Street seem to lose sight of the fact that the domination of New York is an accomplished fact; that we are now staking the safety of all our banking resources on the patriotic character and business ability of bank managers in New York whose hands are tied in emergencies by the restrictions of a defective system and unwise legislation. The responsibilities of continuing this control are too enormous, the risks and failure are too great, for this condition to be tolerated long. . . . This dangerous condition of dependence will continue until we have a thoro reorganization of our banking system. Every financial institution in the United States is in peril whenever confidence is destroyed in the strength of the New York banks or in the wisdom of their management."



LOST IN THE FOG

—Kemble in *Leslie's Weekly*

Thus does the Commission skilfully endeavor to command the situation at the most strategic point in the field. They are assisted by Secretary MacVeagh, who also avers that concentration of the banking power in the hands of the few is, under our present system, "inevitable by the mere operation of financial evolution."

A Wide Distribution of  
Financial Power.

**T**HE last possible precaution seems to the Springfield *Republican* to have been taken in the Monetary Commission's plan against domination by Wall Street. Control is so distributed that the Eastern states, having 41 per cent. of the banking resources of the entire country, will have but 15 per cent. of the representation on the board of directors. New York alone has 29 per cent. of the country's banking power; yet it would have but 8 per cent. of the board. On the other hand, the Pacific States, with but 2 per cent. of the banking resources, would have 23 per cent. of the board. And to avert still farther the possibility of Wall Street control, it has been provided that if the same persons, partnership or corporations own more than forty per cent. of the stock of more than one bank, such owners shall be entitled to vote the stock of one bank only, regardless of the number of banks they control. Says the *Republican* in conclusion: "There are those who will denounce the Monetary Commission's plan of currency reform as another conspiracy of the 'money trust' against the welfare of the people. The truth is, however, that, money trust or no money trust, no more laborious and no more honest and unprejudiced attempt has ever been made to place our banking and currency system upon a sound and permanent basis."

Preponderance of Small  
Banks.

**B**Y A somewhat different path, the New York *Journal of Commerce* reaches about the same conclusion. Of the 7,300 national banks, it finds that 2,000 are in the Middle West, 1,500 are in the South, and 1,500 in the Far West, a little more than 2,000 being in the East. On the basis of numbers, therefore—and three-fifths of the directors are elected on that basis—the chances of any section securing control are almost nil. On the basis of capital—on which basis the other directors are elected—the larger banks, with a million or more of capital

each, have but 38 per cent. of the aggregate capital, and they are distributed among a number of cities and their stock widely held. Of the 7,300 national banks, 91 per cent. have less than a quarter of a million of capital each, and 4,635, or 63 per cent., have less than \$100,000 each. Beside these there are the 12,000 state banks and trust companies just as widely scattered. "What group of men," asks the *Journal of Commerce*, "or syndicate in Wall Street or elsewhere would have any possible chance of acquiring ascendancy over these institutions, associated in their own localities, and with an organization enabling them to act together in their several districts? They would have much less chance of exercising control over centralized operation than they have now." The Wall Street bugaboo, it concludes, is "too childish and silly to talk about without a sense of mortification that it should be regarded seriously."

The Lesson of 1907.

**T**HIS same cue is being taken up quite generally by the press. "While the reserves are centralized by the Aldrich plan," remarks that decidedly "progressive" paper, *Collier's*, "credit is decentralized. The very essence of the plan is that the control of credit, which is now centralized in New York, will be divided." Professor Laughlin, of Chicago, explained at the Trans-Mississippi Congress the way in which the banking of the country is now centralized. The great banks now carry the deposits of the smaller banks all over the country. When trouble becomes acute, as in 1907, these small banks can not get their money and must in consequence squeeze their local customers. This situation is chiefly the result of the temptation of the large banks to use large amounts of money in financing stock speculators. All that sort of thing is cut out of the National Reserve Association scheme, and the consequence will be, as the Portland *Oregonian* puts it, that the current of money will be turned from Wall Street to productive industry—from stock speculation to commercial business. On the whole, while there is not as yet any very general discussion in the press of the new currency scheme, nearly all the papers that have any positive views to express are in favor of it. "Never since the specie-resumption act of 1875," says the New York *Evening Post*, "has the outlook been so favorable for the judicious solution of this great problem within a reasonable time."



The Arbitration Treaties  
Likely to Be Passed.

**I**T IS all over but the shouting, so far as the arbitration treaties are concerned, if the Washington correspondents are to be relied upon. The treaties, that is to say, will be adopted, and adopted without amendment. President Taft will be pleased, Mr. Roosevelt will be delighted, Secretary Knox will be elated, and Senator Lodge will be satisfied. This pacific outcome will be the result of having in the public service the well-trained mind of a man who long ago made himself invaluable to big corporations by telling them not what the law forbade them to do, but what it allowed them to do and how to do it. It was Senator Root who discovered the frictionless way out in the case of the treaties. Senator Lodge has elaborated somewhat upon Root's discovery. The trick is done not by altering the treaties but by altering the enacting resolution. The Senate will ratify, but it will do so saying: "Resolved, That the Senate advise and consent to the ratification of the treaty with the understanding, to be made a part of such ratification, that," etc. Then will follow the statement (1) that the American members of the Joint High Commission are to be appointed by the President "subject to the advice and consent of the Senate"; and (2) that that provision in the treaties which says that "the special agreement in each case shall be made on the part of the United States by the President of the United States by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof" is to be construed to mean "the concurrence of the Senate in the full exercise of its constitutional powers in respect to every special agreement, whether submitted as the result of the report of a Joint High Commission of Inquiry under Article III or otherwise."

Strings to the Arbitration  
Treaties.

**T**HIS leaves the agreement embodied in the treaties unchanged; but the Senate's part in the process of arbitration is now more elaborately defined. The Joint High Commission is still to determine, in case any doubt exists, whether a given dispute is justiciable; but the American members of that Commission must be confirmed by the Senate. If the dispute is a justiciable one, then it is to be submitted, just as the treaties provide, to arbitration by a "special agreement" that shall



Copyright by International News Service

#### THAT COMPLACENT EXPRESSION

Secretary Knox, according to reports from Washington, will have the pleasure of seeing the arbitration treaties go through just as he drafted them, without an amendment. A skilful enacting clause will do the trick.

"define the scope of the powers of the arbitrators," the "question at issue," the "terms of reference," and the form of organization of the arbitration board, if a special board, instead of the Hague convention, is decided upon; but in either case, whether a special board or the Hague Convention be chosen, the "special agreement" must go to the Senate for its ratification. "We cannot see," says the *New York Times*, "that this seriously changes the treaties or reduces their force. . . . Our judgment is that the amended treaties will be an immense advance and benefit." Secretary Knox has insisted all along that the treaties give the Senate just this power over each "special agreement." President Taft said months ago that he was perfectly willing that the appointment of the members of the Commission should be subject to the consent of the Senate. The whole discussion seems to have arisen not from the terms of the treaties themselves so much as from the exaggerated idea which the country immediately assimilated that they provide for universal arbitration with-



SPIRE OF THE PEACE PALACE

What could be more symbolical of the results of The Hague's activities?

—Berlin Kladderadatsch

out any strings tied to it. There are strings. There is a string in the word "justiciable." There is a string in the clauses just cited concerning the "special agreements" for constituting the arbitral board.

Will the Working Classes  
End War?

**T**HE future of the cause of arbitration and peace is evidently dependent, in this world of rampant democracy, not on the ambitions or whims of rulers but on the sentiment of the masses. In this matter of public sentiment there are opposing currents in the world at large from which contrary conclusions may plausibly be deduced. In a pamphlet recently published, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, a radical preacher of New York City, draws one conclusion. In an article in the Paris *Figaro*, Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian, draws a contrary conclusion. Mr. Holmes derives confidence from the great awakening which has come, he thinks, to the working classes of the world. Their enthusiasm for war grows less and less. He points to the reports of Russian peasants driven at the

point of the bayonet into the ranks at the time of the Manchurian war; to the revolts in Barcelona when the King of Spain endeavored to send an army into northern Africa; to the peaceable gathering a few weeks ago in Berlin of 200,000 Socialists who denounced the attitude of their government toward France and resolved not to take up arms against their "comrades" in that country. The meaning of such exhibitions, we are told, is that the working classes "are awaking to self-consciousness," and see at last "that they have no quarrel with their fellow-laborers across the border-line of nations, and that there is no reason, therefore, why they should attempt to shoot them to pieces"; that, if they have any fighting to do, it will not be with their brothers across the border who chance to speak another language and salute another flag, but with "the employers, the landowners, the investors, the capitalists, the idle rich" of their own national household. Mr. Holmes sees in the near future some nation declaring war and suddenly discovering to its amazement that it has no soldiers to fill its regiments and no sailors to man its battleships.

Views of Ferrero.

**P**ROFESSOR FERRERO just reverses this view. Whereas, he writes, in former times peoples were compelled to fight for the pleasure of kings and governments, the time may be approaching when rulers will be obliged to make war for the pleasure of the people! "Sovereigns and governments," he says, "have everywhere become peace-loving, while peoples are growing warlike." The Emperor of Germany, who twenty-three years ago, when he ascended the throne, was heralded as a menace to peace, has not only kept the peace but is to-day "more or less openly accused by his people of being too pacific." A few weeks ago, in the midst of the excitement over Morocco, his government was assailed in Parliament, by the Opposition, for too great a desire for peace. The same sort of situation, says Professor Ferrero, is seen in Italy. The government has delayed a long time attacking Turkey and would have again deferred, but public opinion would not allow it. "It was the nation which forced the government's hand, even the chief advocates of peace being suddenly transformed into apostles of war." "Those philosophers," says the famous historian, "who created the modern State would perhaps be a bit astonished if they could look on at this spectacle.

And  
the  
an  
spo  
sov  
me  
cap  
wo  
nes  
wh  
plic  
liti  
"  
the  
solu  
dan  
"  
plac  
war  
seer  
of  
our  
tion  
quer  
wou  
reas  
com  
mor  
in p  
that  
the  
"N  
pow  
reco  
one  
of  
day  
plan  
men  
eral  
Brus  
daili  
Vora  
for  
lowe  
the  
"the  
them  
name  
Soci  
time  
treas  
head

And their astonishment would increase when they became aware that nations to-day desire and often bring on war with the same irresponsibility which they charged against the sovereigns of the old régime." Public sentiment has become very assertive and very capricious. It is a new phenomenon in the world and also one of the most serious weaknesses of our civilization. One sees everywhere, in monarchies and republics, a multiplication of the symptoms of a serious political crisis. Professor Ferrero continues:

"In all countries the Governments have before them to-day the task of solving problems without solution, and they exhaust their strength in this dangerous and difficult game.

"Among these unsolvable problems must be placed, in future, those occasioned by peace and war. How reconcile the bellicose spirit which seems to be invading the masses and the need of peace which is so great in our epoch? For our civilization, as for all complicated civilizations, war can only be a transitory and infrequent crisis. Too long or too frequent wars would completely disorganize it. Herein lies the reason why all responsible politicians, when it comes to the matter of peace and war, are far more prudent than those who mix irresponsibility in politics, those who are lost in the depths of that enormous and vague mass which is called the public.

"Nevertheless, these men to-day possess a power which must be taken into account. To reconcile these two contradictory tendencies is one of the most difficult but most necessary tasks of Governments, and this, perhaps, is the explanation of why, among the statesmen of to-day, supple and adroit men far exceed in number men who are energetic and audacious."

#### Jingoes in Europe Smile at Arbitration.

**F**EW organs of Jingoism abroad receive the arbitration treaties with anything like confidence. There is much enthusiasm on general principles in liberal organs like the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels and the *Tribuna* of Rome. Socialist dailies like the *Humanité* of Paris and the *Vorwärts* of Berlin ascribe credit for the ideal for which the new treaties stand to the followers of Karl Marx. "Of course," opines the great Berlin organ of the Socialist party, "the diplomatists will be so busy drowning themselves in champagne as they scrawl their names to these parchments that all thought of Socialist agitation for universal peace at a time when the very idea was denounced as treason will be banished from befuddled heads." Organs of conservative and moder-



WINNER OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

Alfred H. Fried, of Vienna, who was awarded the prize for 1911 for the greatest services to the cause of international peace, is founder of the German Peace League and author of many books on the subject.

ate opinion, like the *Paris Journal des Débats*, profess themselves unable to take the subject very seriously. Conventions of this kind, observes the French daily, have no other result than to render more intimate the relations of friendship which facilitated the conclusion of the agreement. These conventions are described as being all the more interesting since they testify to a laudable and ingenious effort to reduce the chances of war.

#### Germany's Attitude to Arbitration.

**A**RBITRATION affords English Jingoism so powerful a weapon against Germany, in the opinion of the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, that little surprise need be felt at the skill with which it is used. Throughout the United States, explains the agrarian organ, the opinion has been disseminated that Berlin diplomacy prefers the arbitrament of the sword to that of reason. This idea, it says, is based upon the existence of the imperial fleet as interpreted from a London point of view. British Jingos love to point out that Germany is building battleships,



THE PEACE PRIZE WINNER IN ACTION  
—Sykes in Philadelphia Public Ledger

regardless of the fact that Britain does the same on a larger scale. Now if England can maintain a fleet and yet arbitrate, why should not Germany do the same? The fact is, proceeds the Berlin daily, that Germany is perfectly willing to go as far as any other great power in the direction of universal peace, and her readiness to negotiate a treaty with the United States is the sufficient proof of this. British influence has so far obscured this truth in the American mind. From a democratic

standpoint, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* commends President Taft as the "one practical friend of peace," which possesses, it fears, too many idealist friends.

#### Arbitration and Bismarckian Diplomacy.

THE consequence of the arbitration pacts presents itself dubiously to German organs of the Bismarckian school like the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. The treaties, this paper says, have afforded Great Britain one more opportunity to misrepresent Germany to the world. It is useless to ascribe this to British malevolence. It is all the result of that departure from the great Bismarckian tradition by Berlin which our Hamburg contemporary can not sufficiently deplore. It hints that a higher order of intelligence at the Wilhelmstrasse would have saved Germany the humiliation of seeming less progressive than Britain. The militarist organs incline to go somewhat further than this in sneering at the treaties as part of a sham, but organs of solidly respectable elements, like the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, dwell upon the practicability of arbitration. It is absurd to denounce the idea as a pious aspiration. It can be made a practical reality. Such German views are echoed with approval by Italian dailies. Yet it must be confessed that many foreign newspapers incline to the impression that in the first stern test of world politics the treaties will prove so much waste paper.

#### A French Premier Under a Charge of Treason.

**Y**EARS have elapsed since the fall of a ministry at Paris in circumstances so productive of a general European crisis as those attending the resignation of Premier Caillaux. The desperate efforts to save him in the very hour of defeat arose from a perception by Théophile Delcassé, the greatest foreign minister the third republic has yet evolved, that the Anglo-French entente itself was involved in the disaster. The supreme hour arrived when the chamber of deputies, stirred by night after night of excitement over charges of treasonable intrigues with Germany on the part of an unnamed minister, abated its din to listen to Premier Caillaux. That brilliant financier had lost his impeccably groomed aspect, reports, the *Paris Gaulois*, when he ascended the tribune

to answer the most serious accusation any politician anywhere can be compelled to face. The foreign minister, Justin de Selves, white-haired and disheveled, had been forced to flee from that very tribune more than once by the frenzied execration of the past month during the discussion over Morocco. A prologue to this drama had been enacted some days before in the presence of the senatorial committee guided by Clemenceau. In an attitude quite uncharacteristically dramatic, M. Caillaux, having raised one arm to the ceiling, declared upon his honor as a gentleman that he had conducted no negotiations with Germany behind the backs of his ministerial colleagues. Nor had those colleagues, he said next, sought to effect, outside the regular diplomatic channel or by clandestine proceedings, any modification of the pact over Morocco which Paris has just signed with Berlin. With that dec-



laration on his lips, Premier Caillaux suddenly called upon Foreign Minister de Selves to confirm it.

Efforts to Betray France  
to Germany.

**E**VERY Senator present in the riotous committee room turned in his seat, apparently, to gaze upon the foreign minister when the Premier thus challenged him. For a full half minute, reports the *Paris Figaro*, the elegant Premier Caillaux and the disheveled Foreign Minister de Selves looked into each other's eyes. The spell upon the silenced Senators was not broken until M. de Selves, who had been standing until now, walked to his seat: "I can confirm nothing!" Whatever else he may have affirmed before he literally fell backward upon his chair was lost in the din that ensued. Voices were heard, shouting that the foreign minister had, resigned. There was a hurried conversation between the Premier and Théophile Delcassé. Ultimately the sitting was suspended in confusion. As a desperate measure for the salvation of the ministry, which claims that it gained Morocco for France, Théophile Delcassé undertook then and there to assume his former control over the foreign policy of his country. The catastrophe was deferred for a few days only. Premier Caillaux resigned with what seems a stain upon his name.

Secret Government  
in France.

**C**LEMENCEAU, greatest of living French statesmen, had provoked this unexpected revelation of the secrets of European diplomacy. Returning lately from that South American tour which enabled him to refill a depleted purse, this most eloquent of French orators consecrated himself to a study of the Moroccan pact. He discovered, if we may rely upon his own *Aurore*, that France is ruled not by the visible government, but by an invisible autocracy of stock jobbers and international money lenders. Their dupes, in addition to the French people, include that shadow of a whilom Premier, M. Monis. That statesman, so recently at the head of the cabinet, lived in dense ignorance of foreign affairs. In truth he knew nothing of domestic affairs either unless one of the prefects thought it advisable to enlighten him occasionally. That happened seldom. There was nobody with whom the Premier could discuss politics except President Fallières, a highly agreeable old gentleman whose ignorance of France and all things

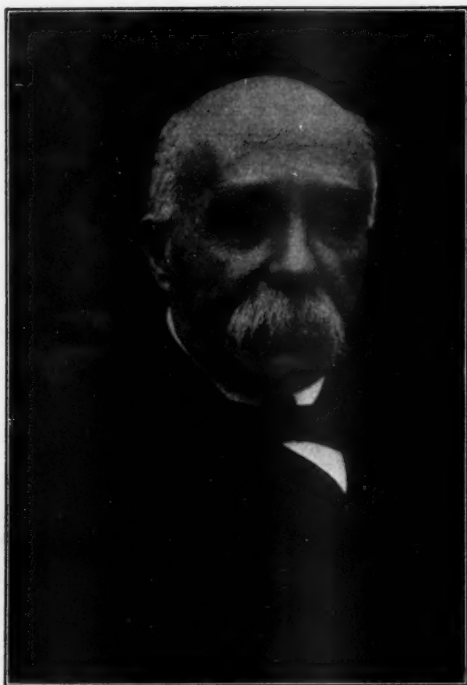
French is, we read in the *Gaulois*, fantastic to the Wilhelmstrasse. The Wilhelmstrasse, adds our authority, lives by selling the secrets of the Quai d'Orsay to Downing street. "And France calls this statesmanship!"

Paris Gives Berlin a  
Secret Hint.

**W**HILOM Premier Monis was busily applying sinapisms to his sore leg when the Morocco quarrel some months since brought the Teuton's mailed fist in fury to the eye of France. The Premier had heard of Morocco before he formed a ministry; but he heard little or nothing of the place later on. (We transcribe from the sarcastic *Gaulois*, enlightened by the disillusioned Clemenceau.) Some colleagues of Premier Monis, his minister of finance (Caillaux) among others, opened negotiations with the Wilhelmstrasse, avowing a willingness to bestow upon Germany a share of the rich colonial empire of France in Africa. All this was done behind the back of the whilom Premier, who, nursing his leg, suspected nothing. The stupefaction of the Wilhelmstrasse upon learning that it could get some of the French Congo, affected the speech of Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter. Jules Cambon, ambassador from Paris in Berlin, lived in an ignorance as dense as that of the Premier with the sore leg. "But," asked Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, emerging from his blank amazement, "what does the Premier Monis think of all this?" Monis—he thought of nothing. It was none of his business. He did not rule the French republic.

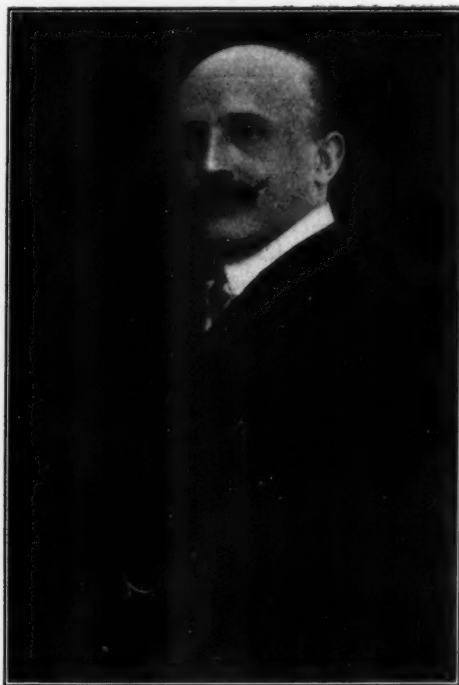
Monis Goes Down and  
Caillaux Comes Up.

**E**VERYBODY was negotiating with Germany in Berlin for a cession of the French Congo—save only Jules Cambon. That diplomatist, however, is, after all, ambassador in Berlin. Why not let him into the secret? The invisible government of France permitted Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter to carry the farce far enough to remark to M. Cambon, in the course of those innumerable conversations which so excited the world last summer: "If we stick to Morocco we'll get nowhere. We must try something else. Bring on something from Paris." The innocent Cambon fell into the trap and wrote home. So far the word "Congo" had escaped no lip. Now it emerged in the despatches between the Quai d'Orsay and the French embassy in Berlin. Rare, says the *Gaulois*, must have been the skill of the



THE MAN WHO MADE THE FRENCH CRISIS

Georges Clemenceau, the man of the terrible tongue, revealed the treasonable tone of the Caillaux correspondence between Paris and Germany.



THE FRENCH PREMIER ACCUSED OF TREASON

Joseph Caillaux, whose ministry fell last month, was apparently in correspondence with the German government with a purpose quite opposed to that of the rest of his cabinet. He is liable, it is said, to indictment for treason.

go-between. He, some say, was no other than André Tardieu, foreign editor of the Paris *Temps*, inspired organ of the Foreign Office. The summer advanced, the Monis ministry fell and that of Caillaux took the reins of government from palsied hands. Caillaux needed no go-between. He negotiated the cession of the Congo with the Wilhelmstrasse on his own responsibility, keeping all secrets from the cabinet. He wanted Morocco mines and he gave away the Congo forest.

Denials of Treason by  
All Concerned.

**C**AILLAUX, as finance minister in the meaningless ministry of Monis, played the game with Germany that has cost France her Congo, or rather a great fraction of it. He has been for months the real ruler of the third republic in all that concerns her foreign affairs. He told Germany that she could have French territory in Africa, but Germany could not believe it. Then he pronounced the name of the Congo in her ear and revealed his secret power by a cession. Thus the Wilhelmstrasse was

taught that France is Caillaux. The President in the palace and the ministry facing the deputies—these were empty forms vivified by puppets. Emboldened by immunity, Caillaux was going to greater lengths, assuring Germany that the Anglo-French entente could be nullified for an understanding between Paris and Berlin. All this went on behind the scenes, Caillaux having no confidant except the foreign editor of the *Temps*. Such is the gist of everything alleged by the opposition press on one side and denied by the ministerialist dailies on the other. The *Temps* itself pronounces the accusations fantastic and incredible. The foreign minister in the Monis cabinet repudiates everything. All is a chaos of denial and of accusation.

The Secret Motive of  
Premier Caillaux.

**B**EHIND the secret history of the Morocco crisis, which involves now, besides France, Germany and Great Britain directly, the Triple Alliance itself, stands a seemingly irrelevant circumstance. That is the effort made last month to



THE MOST BRILLIANT MAN IN FRANCE

His name is Raymond Poincaré and he has just been made Premier. He is an author, a statesman, a financier, a philosopher, a wit, an orator and an artist.



THE ROMAN OF THE REPUBLIC

Léon Bourgeois is the most venerated politician in all France. He has refused many posts of honor, including the Presidency, but he is in the Poincaré ministry.

list Austro-Hungarian bonds on the Bourse in Paris. The scheme is supported by the financial group of which M. Caillaux is an ornament. "The opinion both of the most eminent political leaders of France and that of the nation remains absolutely opposed to the absorption of French savings by an ally of Germany in the present condition of Europe." So declares the astute correspondent in Paris of the London *Times*. From the French point of view the question is not financial but political. "Not only would the effect of the proposed loan be to ease the Vienna market for the benefit of future German imperial loans, it would also commit French finance to a policy which, in the opinion both of its advocates and of its opponents, would ultimately result in rendering French financial resources available for the purposes of German armaments." That was the policy of the late M. Rouvier, sometime Premier. It turns out to be the policy of M. Caillaux. He has never belonged to the rank of great men to whom France owes so much—Clemenceau, for instance, and Bourgeois, Delcassé and Millerand.

Morocco and the New French Ministry.



NE of the most brilliant of living Frenchmen, Raymond Poincaré, emerges from the chaos as Premier in one of the strongest ministries since the third republic was proclaimed by Gambetta. Such is the first European press verdict. Poincaré has long been renowned as a stylist. His essays have been compared for charm with those of Montaigne. His eloquence in the chamber became, almost from the day of his maiden speech there, the model upon which French oratory forms itself. His probity is of the Roman type. His magnetism reminds the *Débats* of Victor Hugo as his brilliance suggests Gambetta to the *Figaro*. He springs from a family in which a genius appears in each generation. His election to the French Academy was as great an event for letters, asserts the *Echo de Paris*, as was that of Rostand. He is more original than his kinsman, Henri Poincaré, the mathematician. The new French Premier, we read, has a passion for science and he meant to be a chemist like Berthelot. Politics seduced him

and his eloquence has kept him in his seat in spite of tremendous clerical efforts to defeat him. His, declares the *Aurore*, should be the most effective ministry the republic has had since that of Waldeck-Rousseau. Its first task will be to find an answer to a question

that now stirs all France: Who first suggested that the republic cede territory to Germany? The most important witness will be the brilliant gentleman who now resides in Berlin as ambassador from Paris, Jules Cambon, the world's greatest diplomatist.

Socialism Achieves a Triumph  
in Germany.



**VICTORY** for the Social Democrats, not so sweeping, perhaps, as some newspapers abroad had anticipated, but very decided from the standpoint of the popular vote, results from the first ballots of the German general election. The returns are still incomplete because, as the *London News* remarks, the powers of organization of the German bureaucracy seem to fail in the comparatively simple matter of providing speedy and accurate returns of the voting. One thing, however, is conspicuous. There has again been an enormous and, to European dailies, most significant increase in the Social Democratic vote throughout Germany. It reached far above four millions.

The return of seats won outright by the followers of August Bebel on the first ballot is given in the despatches as ninety. The distribution of seats, as is well known, is entirely unfavorable to the industrial population. It is, in fact, contrary to the constitution, which expressly contemplates, in the words of the *London Times*, the election of a deputy for every hundred thousand voters. Yet it seems, making allowance for the bungling reports of the semi-official telegraph agency, that the Socialists, besides the ninety seats they seem sure of, will be in the running for over ninety additional seats to be disposed of in the second ballots. This second ballot, it may be repeated, is essential wherever none of the candidates secured an absolute majority of the total votes cast on the first ballot. Basing forecasts on the results of second ballots in previous years, the *Vorwärts* (Berlin) predicts that Socialism will enter the new Reichstag with fully a hundred deputies, if not more. They will be surpassed by the clericals only. Socialist victories seem, in other words, to have been achieved not at the expense of the clericals and conservatives, but at the cost of the radical sections.



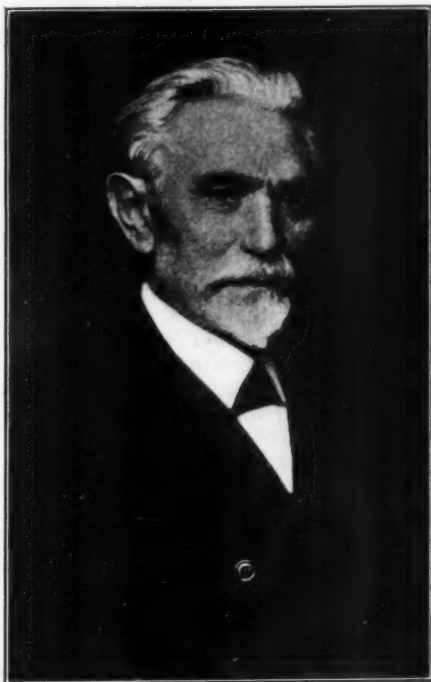
GERMANY'S SLICE OF AFRICA

SIR EDWARD GREY (British Minister of Foreign Affairs): "Here, Germany, your share is small, but it comes from the heart."  
—Munich *Simplicissimus*

Socialism Chants Peans  
in Berlin.

**P**EANS of that victorious sort, with which the Berlin *Vorwärts* has made Germany familiar in the past are chanted in the Marxian organ once more. Germany, it ventures to think, has become once for all the empire of Socialism. Radicalism, which it denounces as a sham progress invented to delude the masses with false hopes, has collapsed. The citadels of the clericals have been stormed. Conservative agrarianism is in retreat before the advancing people. This, with vehement reference to the adamant rock of Socialism against which the waters of obscurantism dash





THE SOCIALIST FATHER OF GERMANY

August Bebel was active in the elections which have just recorded a fresh triumph for German Socialism, but age has enfeebled the grand old man and the new leaders of his party think him too conservative.

their waves in vain, constitutes the sum total of the *Vorwärts'* comment. The stalwart organ of German clericalism, the *Berlin Germania*, is profoundly relieved by the spectacle of the Roman Catholic Center returning from the first ballots over eighty strong, with a certainty of twenty-five more when the final contests close. Socialist expectations of triumph in clerical south German constituencies have not been dashed by the returns so far. Saxony seems to be returning to its former allegiance to Bebel.

Militarism and the  
New Reichstag.

**T**HE clerical Center has become the most stable party, in point of numbers, in the entire Reichstag. It retains its strongholds of Silesia and Bavaria. In the rural constituencies east of the Elbe the conservative agrarians maintain themselves well. Altho some two years are required for the publication of the authoritative analysis of the voting, thanks to the leisurely style in which the statistical bureau



A POSSIBLE GERMAN CHANCELLOR

Ernst von Bassermann, one of the few political leaders of modern Germany, is identified with the liberal movement and his name has been mentioned as a possible successor to Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg.

of the Empire handles official returns, it is already possible for some newspapers abroad to form a few conclusions. Since the Socialist victories have been gained from the radicals, says the *London Standard*, there is seen to exist in Germany a revolt analogous to that of labor in England. As a party of protest the Socialists will combat militarism, compulsory service, the rigid discipline enforced by German officers from colonel to corporal, the drilling which every citizen has to undergo from officialdom in the ordinary pursuits of life. But the threatened interests will draw together. Out of the conservatives, the center and the national liberal group, an effective voting cohort may be assembled by the imperial Chancellor.

More Ships, More Guns,  
More Taxes.

**A**N IMMEDIATE result of the elections will be the submission to the new Reichstag of ambitious naval and military bills, according to the *Berlin Post*. The German government must,

it declares, testify to its own lack of efficiency if it does not draw the right conclusions from the events of the past summer. "We are thus," it adds, "presumably within sight of a fight for the development of our defensive forces. This fight will probably soon be ended victoriously even if it should cost a dissolution of the Reichstag." In the hope of proving to German wage-earners that Socialism is their worst enemy, the *Magdeburger Zeitung*, with the second ballots as a text, says that both Great Britain and France are watching for the right moment to strike at Germany. "That moment will have arrived if a large number of Socialists appear in the Reichstag. Then will German workingmen learn to their cost that the Socialists pursue only party interests because every vital national interest is immaterial to them." The officially inspired dailies tend more and more to dwell upon the possibility of war, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* even hinting that Sir Edward Grey, Britain's foreign minister, gloats over Germany's political situation.

#### Mechanical Politics of the Reichstag.

LEAVING out of consideration the tremendous increase in the Socialist popular vote—certainly four million Germans and perhaps four and a half millions "went red"—the new Reichstag repeats the old one in an essential feature. The conservative group will have about a hundred and the clerical group may attain slightly more. The Socialists should be the largest single party in the Reichstag on the basis of the popular vote. At the last general election, nevertheless, they lost a number of seats while increasing their poll. On any system of proportional representation, says the *London Telegraph*, the Socialists should have had 116 seats in the old Reichstag and 150 in this. It is hardly too much to say, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, that if the anomalies of the franchise in Germany, which nullifies the popular vote with typically Prussian constitutional devices, were once swept away, the realm of Emperor William would become a free coalition of democratic states.

#### The Republican Crisis at Shanghai.

SUN YAT SEN had scarcely arrived at Shanghai when he found himself President of that Chinese republic which, after a wild five weeks of revolution throughout the provinces, is still the supreme sensation of world politics. Yuan-Shi-Kai, emerging suddenly from disgrace as constitutional adviser and Prime Minister to the Manchu dynasty at Peking, insists, first, that China must remain a united

nation and, second, that only an imperial form of government can stay the forces of disintegration. Long and animated was the conference between the haughty and self-willed Empress Dowager, Yehonala, and the tactful Yuan-Shi-Kai, which resulted in Her Majesty's consent to parley with the revolutionaries. Delegates from the eighteen provinces were to have assembled at Shanghai a fortnight since to debate the proposition of empire or republic. The throne agreed to abide by the decision. At the last moment,



CHINA ADOPTS THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

—Mayer in *New York Times*

say the despatches, the conference was deferred for another two weeks. Meanwhile, says the *Paris Matin*, in touch with Peking gossip, the Princess Yehonala declined to help Yuan-Shi-Kai with the vast gold hoard secreted by her within the forbidden city. That left the Bismarck of China, as Yuan-Shi-Kai is dubbed, without material resources for a campaign he seems to have planned upon a most ambitious scale. Money was not to be had elsewhere, owing to the refusal of the powers to sanction loans not authorized by both dynasts and republicans. At last accounts Yuan-Shi-Kai was trying to induce the powers to postpone a united military advance upon the capital, in which United States troops were to play a conspicuous part.

Japan's Elder Statesmen  
Take a Hand in China.

**T**HE Prime Minister of Japan, Saion-ji, left his country residence for Tokyo when the Chinese revolutionaries proclaimed their republic and summoned the so-called "elder statesmen" to a conference. This step caused a European sensation because, explains the *Paris Matin*, the venerable worthies of Nippon meet only when the state is gravely menaced. The question discussed in Tokyo had to do with Japan's attitude to a Chinese republic. "When mediation at Shanghai was proposed, it was assumed that the revolutionaries, having gained their most important demands, would agree to the retention of the dynasty with a nominal rule. It would seem, however, from the latest indications, that a republic will alone satisfy the rebels and that unless this be agreed to, the coming conference is doomed to failure." To Japan, says the French daily, a republic in China would be a matter for regret. "It would not be in harmony with the monarchical idea dominant in Tokyo and it would lead to a spread of Socialism." Nevertheless, if a republic could guarantee the territorial integrity of China, says the *Kokumin Shimbun*, organ of Prince Katsura himself, Japan would place no obstacle in the way of the revolutionists.

Can China Avoid a Civil  
War?

**C**HINA must at all costs be spared a bloody civil war and at the same time escape a secessionist movement.

These are the views of former Japanese Prime Minister Katsura, as expounded in another of his organs, the Tokyo *Yamato*.



THE BLOOM

—Flohri in Judge

It is a matter of grave doubt to this daily whether a republic could be made effective throughout China just now or in the near future, especially in Manchuria and Mongolia, without sanguinary fighting. That is the view of European dailies generally, with an exception here and there. A great civil war in China, says the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, would inevitably involve and even embroil the European powers. For that reason alone western troops may have to be landed in force before another month, a step which might precipitate the very calamity, however, it is the desire of Europe to avoid. What complicates the Chinese struggle, this German daily fears, is the inadequacy of Yuan-Shi-Kai to the crisis. Even his friends in the London press incline to lose confidence in the man. "We do not picture him to ourselves as a man of clear ideas," says the London *Nation*, for instance, "or iron will or magnetic leadership. His significance is rather that he is the sort of man who is apt to be found on the winning side."



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON OF CHINA

Sun Yat Sen, first president of the latest of the world's republics, seems to possess many of the qualities which made the first President of the United States so successful and so beloved.

Growing Distrust of Yuan-Shi-Kai in Europe.

**S**ELDOM has a statesman lost credit for capacity as well as character with the swiftness of the "Bismarck of China." The British organs which extolled him as his country's savior a few years ago, reflect very general suspicions in decrying him now. "He does not," to revert to the *London Nation*, "belong to the new generation, which has really assimilated western culture. He represents rather the earlier phase, in which the shrewder type of Chinaman makes friends with the mammon of barbarian unrighteousness, buys its cannon

(with a fat commission), protects its subjects (for a secret subsidy), plays into the hands of its diplomatists and generally warms itself on the steps of the Temple of the Rising Sun." His origin and advancement, we are reminded, belong to the inner secrets of the most corrupt of all Oriental courts. He betrayed the reforming Emperor, now dead. He assisted the old Dowager Empress in making herself supreme. He was shrewd enough not to be compromised in Boxer fanaticism. "The central fact for him is that the Emperor is a boy of five years, while he is a man of over fifty." It is Yuan-Shi-Kai's game to frustrate reform and reaction, and he is playing that game.

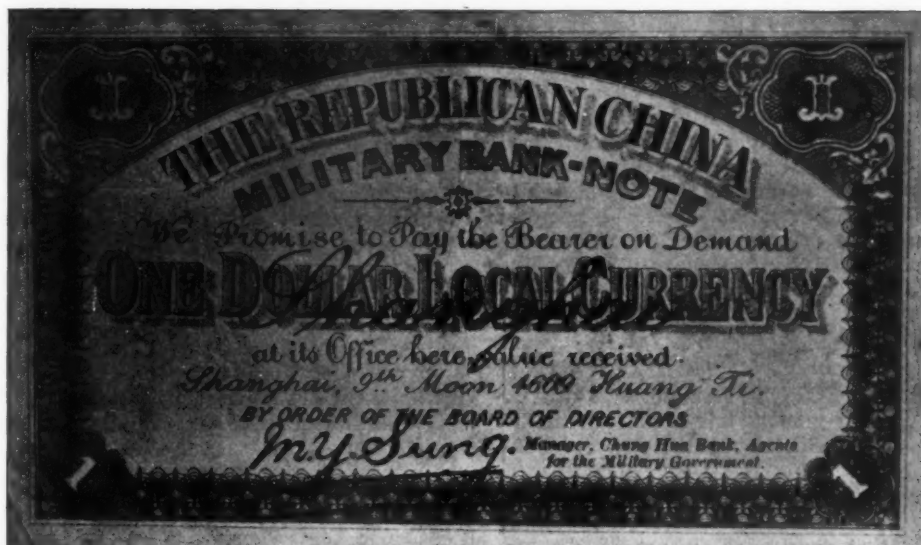
South Against North in China.

**W**HATEVER may happen in Peking, observes the competent Chinese expert of the *Paris Figaro*, whether Yuan-Shi-Kai placates the despotic Princess Yehonala or expels her from the forbidden city, whether the national assembly soon to convene votes the republic or the empire, whether the Bismarck of China exterminates the dynasty or makes a pawn of it, the southern provinces are likely to secede if they do not control events. South China, we read, is wealthier, more educated, nimbler in spirit than the somewhat blunt and wooden North. "It was less completely subjected by the Manchus. It was always less closely allied to them in mind and physical type. It speaks a vernacular which the northerner can barely understand." The South could create from a fragment of the empire a state great enough and prosperous enough to become in time the dominant power in Asia. In the game of civil diplomacy, again, says the *London Nation*, it is the South which can afford to be uncompromising and reckless. If it adheres to the ideal of a federal republic, which knows neither Emperor nor Manchu, the North can take its choice. If the North retains its monarchy, it loses its richest provinces. If it throws over the monarchy it must come into the compromise on terms acceptable to the South.

How Yuan Aroused the Distrust of the Chinese.

**W**U TING FANG, whose name and career are so familiar to Americans, took charge of the foreign relations of the Chinese republic the moment Sun Yat Sen was made President in Shang-



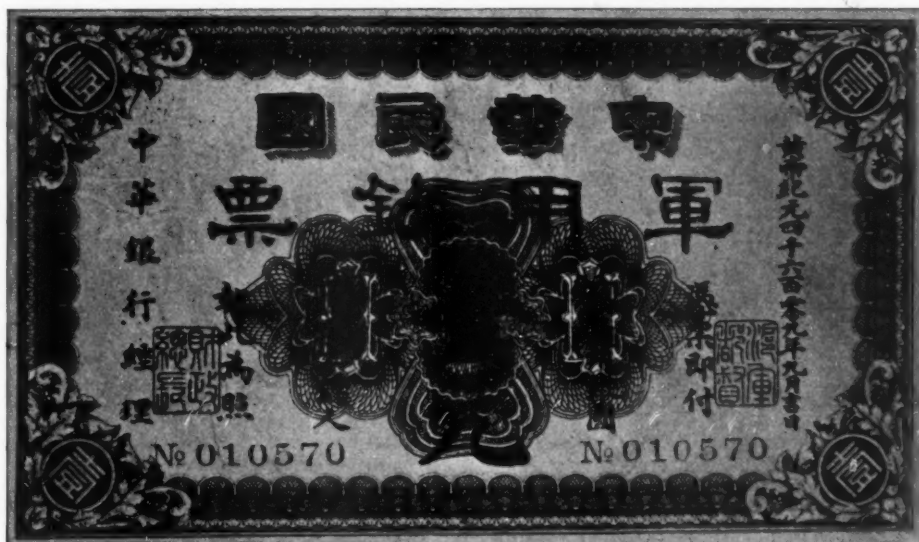


## THE PAPER ON WHICH THE REPUBLIC ALONE EXISTED

President Sun Yat Sen receives his compensation in this money, according to some accounts, and he finds no difficulty in circulating it among his followers, so firm has become the faith of southern China in the future of the revolutionary movement.

hai. The very first official step of the sometime ambassador in Washington was to proclaim the determination of the revolutionaries to abolish the imperial government. Wu, according to the *London Standard's* despatches, aims to seat President Sun in the

forbidden city itself. Yuan-Shi-Kai transmitted Wu's ultimatum to the throne, which retorted with a fresh suggestion. Three delegates from each of the provinces are to assemble some months hence and frame a constitution, republican or monarchical. Mean-



## A NEW KIND OF CHINESE WEALTH

When this currency was first issued by the republican government at Nanking, it was treated merely as a curiosity. Now it is accepted, we understand, in payment of debts.

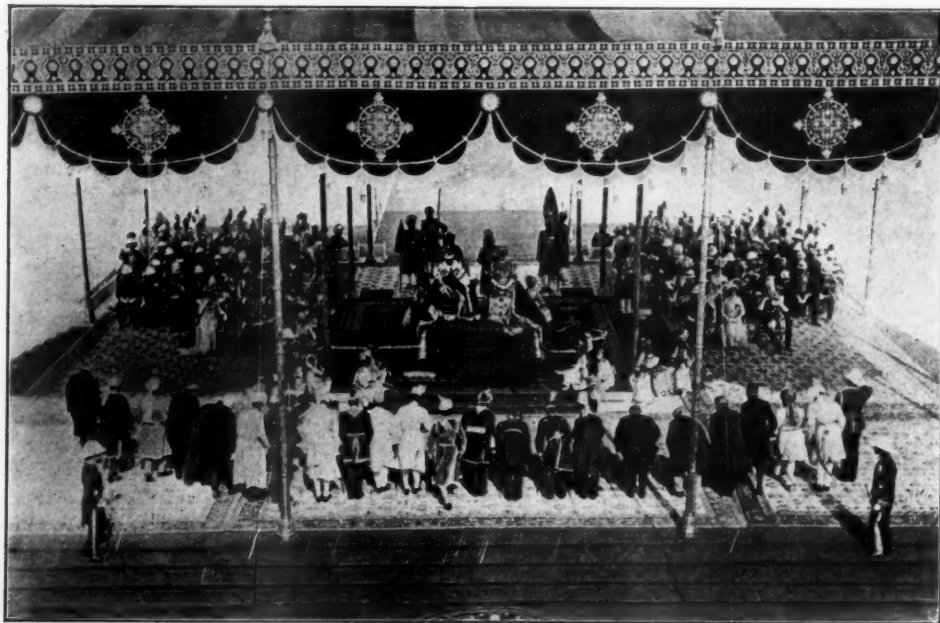
while hostilities are to cease. This plan impressed both Doctor Sun and Mr. Wu as fresh evidence of the Machiavellian subtlety of Yuan-Shi-Kai. He will, they fear, employ the interval to strengthen himself in the palace. Nor was the general republican suspicion of the great man allayed by a sudden demand from Peking that Yuan-Shi-Kai be elected President if the empire be relegated to the limbo of things obsolete. Yuan was accused of striving to capture the republican

movement, his motive being found in the bestowal upon him of a vast sum by the Princess Yehonala. That lady, having leisurely studied the dynastic crisis, handed over liberal donations to Yuan, who shows a command of ready money all at once. He announced a fortnight since his willingness to be made President if the Manchus and the national convention arrive at a compromise on that basis. What Sun Yat Sen thinks of the idea does not appear.

King George Confronts a  
Crisis at Home.

**G**EORGE V. returns to his dominions this month to face that smoldering crisis over the Home Rule bill which threatens the Asquith ministry with disruption. It was agreed by all parties that during the absence of His Majesty at the Durbar Mr. John Redmond would not agitate, Mr. Bonar Law would avoid the controversial subject and Mr. Asquith would reveal to nobody the precise terms of the new scheme for Ireland. In another fortnight

all truces will terminate. The supreme domestic crisis then enters its critical phase. What the Home Rule bill embodies remains a carefully guarded secret still. Not until the provisions of the measure have been disclosed to the King will the newspapers be taken into the confidence of the ministry. This reticence is necessitated, it seems, by one marked peculiarity in the King's temperament. He resents the communication of state secrets to anyone until he is first possessed of them himself. That is why the secrets of the great Durbar were so carefully



A GREAT MOMENT AT THE DURBAR

One by one the princes of India advanced to the thrones upon which King George and his consort were seated, and paid homage. The appearance of each of the native princes was the signal for wild applause from the multitudes who looked on. When the Gaekwar of Baroda appeared he was dressed so casually and he paid his homage in a manner so jaunty as to imply disrespect for the person of the King-Emperor and a painful impression was produced.

kept. The announcement, for instance, of the transfer of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi—one of the greatest administrative changes since the time of Warren Hastings—took the British public completely by surprise. The King kept this news from all but his intimate constitutional advisers until the last possible minute. The House of Commons can, if it chooses, says the *London Chronicle*, censure and dismiss the ministers upon whose advice the sovereign acted. But the step itself cannot be retraced. "The word of the King-Emperor has been spoken," observes Lord Lansdowne, "and the word is irrevocable." The Durbar thus wrought a far-reaching change in Asia upon the responsibility of the King.

The Gorgeous East at the  
Delhi Durbar.

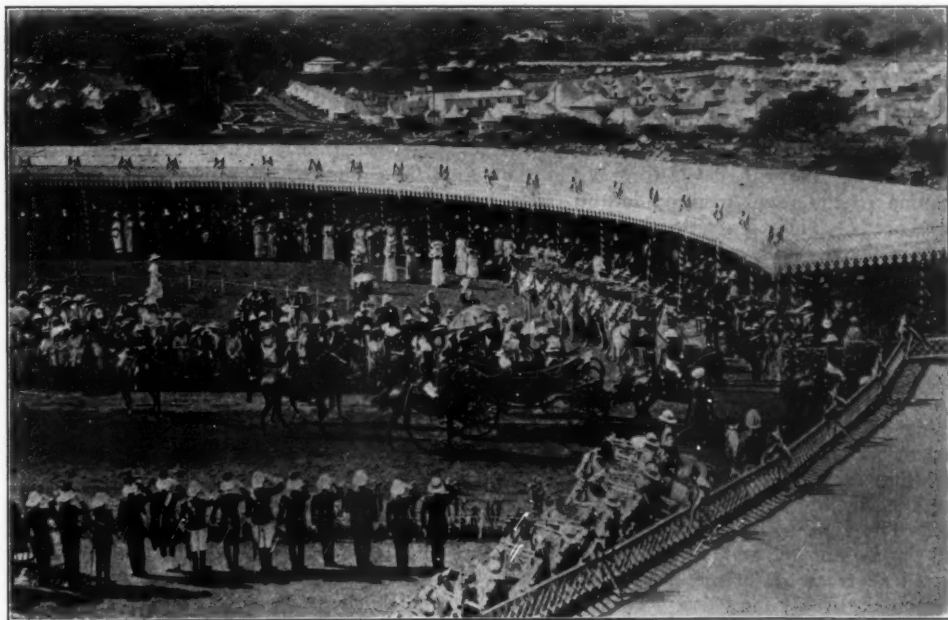
**M**ORE picturesque than any other feature of the Durbar, say all newspaper correspondents, was the homage of the ruling princes—the men who hold sway over at least one-third of all India. First of all, we read in the *London Post*, advanced the young Nizam of Haiderabad, who claims descent from a succession of Maharajahs, followed by the swarthy Gaek-

war of Baroda, the poetical Mahratta Prince, the Maharajah of Mysore and the ruler of Kashmir, the latter received with great cheering. The Rajputana chiefs followed. Amongst these the youthful and beautiful Maharajah of Jodhpur was perhaps the most gorgeous figure. "From the moment he left his place amongst the pages on the dais and advanced to the front of the throne, clad in shining garments of white silk heavily braided with gold and wearing a turban, the costly jewels of which flashed in the sun, he looked a veritable Prince Charming as he stepped before their Majesties." In his hands he carried a jewelled sword sheathed, and laying it at the feet of the King-Emperor he knelt down himself and paid homage. As he retired, there was an especially hearty outburst of applause. Their Majesties were visibly moved by the beauty and grace of this Indian Prince.

The Durbar at Its Most  
Gorgeous.



**A** HUSH came over the vast assemblage, reports the *London Post*, as the Begum of Bhopal advanced to the throne. In the slight, veiled figure all present recognized one of the ablest as




THE KING-EMPEROR AT HIS INDIAN CAPITAL

The scenes which made the Durbar in India so memorable were all enacted at Delhi, to which His Majesty has transferred the seat of government, much to the amazement of the British public. Here we see the sovereigns surrounded by the great personages of their Asiatic realm.


well as one of the most enlightened of Indian potentates. As she returned to her seat after paying homage, this princess was loudly cheered. The Maharajah of Kolhapur was given an ovation. "The chiefs from Baluchistan passed with rough, untutored ways of reverence, but there was something wonderfully fine and picturesque about these rugged men." The Maharajah of Sikkim walked with a stately calm that might have been borrowed from the snow-clad heights of his own dominions. He advanced to the throne, we read, wearing the quaint dress which belongs to Sikkim and he walked with the envoy of Tibet. When he reached the dais, he laid at the feet of the King-Emperor, in accordance with the hoary tradition of his dynasty, a beautiful silken scarf. The representative of Bhutan had with him a scarf likewise, and this he deposited with the profoundest of obeisances at the feet of the sovereign who takes the place of Aurungzebe the Glorious.

Delhi Sees the Wealth of  
Ormuz and of Ind.


OMETHING far more wonderful than the homage of the Princes marked the climax of the Durbar splendors.

When the last group had passed on, to follow the British organ's study of this scene, the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress rose to their feet. Then the musicians broke forth in the march of the coronation. Turning on either side of their throne, their Majesties moved to the rear side of the Durbar Shamiana and went in procession along the raised platform from the Shamiana to the royal pavilion in the center of the arena. Their Majesties paced in front, hand in hand, followed by the little train bearers. Over their heads were borne the gold and scarlet umbrellas of state. In their train followed the Viceroy of India and the Vicereine, Lord and Lady Hardinge, and other members of the suite. As the procession moved slowly over the footpath to the strains of the march, a splash of gold and scarlet was seen against the white roof of the amphitheater. "All about, the people stood transfixed by the spectacle of so much splendor." The Queen-Empress was notably beautiful and stately and the King-Emperor showed no trace of fatigue from the wearing ceremonials of his long day. That eccentric potentate, the Gaekwar of Baroda, created a flurry by making his homage "casually," but he may have had only a sense of humor.

Crowned and Robed at  
the Durbar.

SCENDING the steps of the royal pavilion at Delhi, their Majesties stood in front of the thrones, facing the assembled thousands. It was the climax of the great day. The golden dome of the pavilion flashed in the sun. "High above the thronging tide of life, the King-Emperor stood crowned and robed in state before his people." By his side was Mary, his consort, her presence proving a revelation to the Indian multitudes of the importance of woman in the western world. On the steps of the throne were grouped the brightly attired pages, carrying the royal trains. On the tier below stood Lord and Lady Hardinge, Lord Crewe, the Duchess of Devonshire and the other members of the suite. On a lower tier still were the members of the staffs in scarlet uniforms. "The picture which presented itself was one of imposing grandeur and solemn beauty. The central scene, when the King-Emperor was lifted high above the people so that all in that vast concourse, numbering nigh upon a hundred thousand souls, might see him, and the lofty appeal of the music, made an impression upon the mind which time can not efface." For a while those present gazed in stony silence at the spectacle.

The Great Surprise of the  
Durbar.

FTER their Majesties had descended from the lofty thrones and seated themselves on the canopied dais, came the totally unexpected announcement that the capital of India was to be transferred from Calcutta to Delhi. The thousands assembled within and without the amphitheater looked at one another, reports the correspondent of the London *Times*, in "swift surprise." All that was realized at the moment was that the King-Emperor had made an extraordinarily dramatic announcement of his intention. "It was the act of Kingship, the manner and the suddenness of the disclosure rather than its actual nature, which held everybody spell-bound." In another minute the whole vast audience was aflame with enthusiasm. "The historical and geographical claims of Delhi to the primacy amongst the cities of India," observes the London *Times*, "can hardly be disputed." At Delhi the government of India will not merely occupy a much more central position geographically, but it will be in immediate contact with much more varied types of Indian society.



Russia Triumphs Over  
W. Morgan Shuster.



THE same time with the termination of Mr. W. Morgan Shuster's dramatic career as financial adviser and treasurer-general of Persia last month, there surged at Teheran a fresh crisis relative to the fourteen Americans who went with him to collect the revenues of the boy Shah. Persia had met Mr. Shuster's financial demands upon the basis of his contract with that native parliament which Russia has since scattered at the point of the bayonet. His Americans were taken in hand by the Belgian on whom Mr. Shuster's post devolved with consequences that brought the United States Minister at Teheran into the controversy. It appears, from despatches to the *Paris Temps*, that the new Treasurer-General's view of the contract between the dispersed Parliament and the American revenue collectors is irreconcilable with the arrangements originally made by Mr. Shuster. The matter will probably require the interposition of the Department of State at Washington. For the moment Persia is congratulated by inspired London and St. Petersburg dailies upon being rid of Mr. Shuster and his men. The course of events is summed up by the *London Times* in one rather stately sentence: "The injudicious action of Mr. Shuster, who had unwisely sought from the beginning to ignore the existence of the Anglo-Russian agreement, if not to defeat its purposes, and the various conflicts between his gendarmerie and the Russian authorities, finally led to a Russian ultimatum, with which Persian compliance was so dilatory that the Russian government followed it up abruptly with a second and still more drastic ultimatum, demanding among other things the immediate dismissal of Mr. Shuster." Official London agrees that Mr. Shuster brought his fate upon himself.

Martial Law in the  
Capital of Persia.

EVERY door that affords access to the hall of the Mejliss, as the Persians call their parliament, is locked. The last session was closed by an edict from the Regent. There is no prospect of an immediate election in the land, nor any allusion to one. A military force is on duty outside the meeting place of the Mejliss. Martial law prevails at Teheran. The newspapers have, with a solitary inspired exception, been suppressed. The deputies, expelled from their



AND THEY CALL THIS WAR!

—Gale in *Los Angeles Times*

hall, met in the bazar, whence the police drove them. The statesmen took refuge in a mosque and sent a committee to Mr. Shuster, imploring him to hold his commission. It had already been handed over to another. Russian troops were now at Resht and Tabriz, despatches from those towns reporting over five hundred men, women and children massacred in cold blood. "Houses have been entered indiscriminately and women have been violated." School children were trampled under the feet of the cavalry, if one account be accurate. The inhabitants defended themselves, "after extraordinary forbearance," whereupon a general bombardment by the Russians ensued. These details are all invented, affirms St. Petersburg.

Mr. Shuster As Seen in  
European Comment.

AS A permanent official of the Persian government, Mr. Shuster had no occasion to concern himself with politics, observes *London Truth*, the comments of which upon the episode at Teheran harmonize with those in the *Paris Temps*, the *London Times*, the *St. Petersburg Novoye Vremya* and organs of similar official affiliation. The wonder to *London Truth* is that the British and Russian governments endured him so long. To quote at length:

"What the Persia Committee does not seem to

understand is that the Persians have brought the present situation on themselves by becoming a bankrupt State dependent on Russian charity for ways and means. When, some ten years ago, the Teheran Treasury was emptied by the accumulated extravagance of a spendthrift Shah and his Ministers, Russia came to the rescue with loans

of money which were secured on the Persian Customs. Having done this, Russia cannot now stand aside while Persia is working her way through 'chaos to tranquillity'; for while she is so working, trade is leaving the country, and there will soon be no Customs duties left with which to pay the interest on the Russian loans."

Russia's Ideas of the Jew  
in American Politics.



**L**ITTLE doubt of the ultimate solution of the Jewish difficulty between Russia and the United States seems to affect Premier Kokovtseff. The official adviser of the Czar is credited with an impression that the approach of the presidential election in the United States fully explains the denunciation of the treaty which has endured between Washington and St. Petersburg for generations. Congress, explains the *Novoye Vremya*, organ of the substantial element in Russian society, is composed mainly of mercenary adventurers who, through the medium of universal suffrage, attain in American politics a fleeting importance out of all proportion to their moral and intellectual worth. In no long time, proceeds our St. Petersburg contemporary, an election to the presidency will impart a crucial importance to the vote in New York, "where the objectionable Jewish element is numerically potent." Once the presidential election is over the question will be permitted to drop, predicts the Russian daily. The vested interests of American capitalists in Russia, it thinks, are too great to permit much "Machiavellianism" with reference to the Jew. The many Jews in New York will continue to "drive on" the members of Congress; but the government in St. Petersburg fully comprehends the situation and it does not intend to make "any more trouble for Uncle Sam" than is necessary. The Jews, it reflects, are a source of trouble wherever they go. It is the turn of the United States just now. Such, if we may credit the Paris *Figaro*, are the ideas of Premier Kokovtseff himself, altho he does not give them official expression.

Commercial Aspect of the  
Jewish Question.



**S**O IMPORTANT is the present volume of American trade with Russia, according to the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, that much more than merely political considerations enter into the dispute over the treatment of American Jews in the

Czar's consulates. Exporters, alarmed at the possibility of reprisals, have sent the most urgent messages to President Taft, pointing out that American exports to Russia are nearly four times greater than the imports from that country. These representations have had their effect, the Berlin daily believes, altho the administration in Washington is not guided solely by them. The truth is, to follow the comment of our German contemporary, that the rise of a Jewish question in the United States has long been foreseen by American statesmen. For the time being, the question is in abeyance because the rising generation of American-born Jews, having parents from eastern Europe, is not fairly on the national stage. When the time comes, however, the United States will be forced to make fundamental alterations in the laws to meet emergencies novel in American experience. The dispute with Russia denotes simply the "arrival of the Jew" in the national political life.

Mr. Taft's Appeal for  
the Jews.



**A**S A means of evading what might have been a fierce dispute, President Taft's action commends itself to the Manchester *Guardian*. Official Washington and official St. Petersburg, it thinks, completely understand one another. Neither desires an extension of the controversy from the field of politics to that of commerce. The world need not anticipate serious trouble between the two countries. "Are American Jews in Russia to be subjected to the same rules as Russian Jews, or does the treaty of 1832 override Russian domestic legislation and entitle America to insist that her Jewish citizens shall be treated as Americans and not as Jews?" That, to the British daily, is the whole question. America urges that her law recognizes no distinction between the rights of her citizens based on their religion, and that the treaty-rights given to American are given to all, irrespective of their creed. Russia maintains that this is a claim by America to override domestic legislation.

# Persons in the Foreground

## THE POLITICAL TRANSFORMATION OF WOODROW WILSON

**F**IVE years ago Woodrow Wilson, then the President of Princeton University, wrote a letter of sixty words to a railway president. The railway president—Adrian H. Joline, of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Company—is also a collector of autographs and he added this letter to his collection. A number of months ago he was showing his collection to a friend, Otto T. Bannard, candidate for mayor of New York several years since, and the Wilson letter was laughed over as a good joke. Bannard saw something more than a joke in it. He told about it. The reporters got wind of it and told what they thought the letter contained, professing to quote one sentence verbatim. It is an old newspaper trick and it worked. Wilson said the quotation was inadequate and that the whole letter ought to have been given. Thereupon Mr. Joline gave a copy to the press, and there was, in consequence, last month quite a flurry in political circles. The letter was dated April 29, 1907, at Princeton, and it ran as follows:

My dear Mr. Joline:

Thank you very much for sending me your address at Parsons, Kan., before the board of directors of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company. I have read it with relish and entire agreement. Would that we could do something, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat.

This does not disclose to Mr. Bryan anything of which he was previously unaware. Four years ago at least Mr. Bryan knew of Wilson's attitude toward him then. The story runs that when the national Democratic convention was in session in 1908, Mr. Bryan was called up on the long-distance telephone and asked about his wishes as to the candidate for vice-president. "How does Woodrow Wilson strike you?" he was asked. "He strikes me every

time I see him," was Bryan's reply. Wilson's name was accordingly dropped.

But if the letter makes no surprising disclosures to Mr. Bryan, it is full of interest as illustrating the political transformation which Woodrow Wilson has undergone in a few years' time. It has been a rapid process. William Bayard Hale, in his excellent biography of Woodrow Wilson running in *The World's Work*, tells, in the fourth instalment, what was happening to Dr. Wilson at Princeton shortly after the writing of the Joline letter. It was an experience, as Mr. Hale narrates it, that might well have given a man reared in the academic atmosphere a new point of view as to the relations of wealth to institutions in this country, and as to the needs of new safeguards for democracy. For the first time in his life probably Woodrow Wilson came up squarely against that power which the Populists and Socialists love to call the Plutocracy.

Princeton has for many years forbidden secret societies among the students. On matriculating, students must take oath not to join a fraternity. In the place of these societies there has grown up a series of eating associations, each one constituting a social club. On Prospect Avenue are to be seen twelve of these club-houses, with an aggregate value estimated at \$1,000,000. They house, on an average, fifteen juniors and fifteen seniors—about 350 students in all. The others go to boarding houses, as the university has no provision for dormitories. These clubs, according to Mr. Hale, are well-managed, delightful homes, containing groups of "undoubtedly fine and gentlemanly men." They allow no drinking, and "in no particular has there ever been the slightest scandal about their conduct." The one trouble with them is that "they necessarily constitute an aristocracy in the midst of a community which should, above all things, be absolutely democratic."

Into this situation President Wilson injected a plan. For ten years he had been dreaming of it. His famous preceptorial experiment was leading up to it. His plan contemplated a new line of cleavage in the university, a perpendicular rather than a horizontal cleavage. He proposed a number of "quadrangles," each to be practically a dormitory, housing and feeding a group of men from all classes as well as some of the younger professors. He wanted to cut across the class-lines, bringing seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen into closer personal relations with each other. It was a bold innovation. The trustees appointed a committee of seven to investigate it. The committee reported in favor of this "social coordination of the university." The trustees adopted the plan with but one dissenting vote,—one out of twenty-five present and voting. It was not meant primarily as an attack upon the eating associations; but it was soon seen that it would put an end to them. It was in June, 1907,—two months after that Joline letter was written, you may note—that the action of the trustees was taken. A few days later the storm burst, and the political transformation of Woodrow Wilson may be said to have begun there and then. The wealthy alumni, back for the commencement season, heard what had been done and the shout of battle rose. President Wilson was trying to "make a gentleman chum with a mucker" and "submit to dictation as to his table companions." On October 17 the trustees requested the President to withdraw his plan. The plan was thus defeated; but the storm continued to rage. The preceptorial system was attacked. Wilson was denounced as a confiscator, a Socialist, and several other things. Life-long friendships were broken. Fighting for his democratic ideals, Wilson became more dogged in their defense and more convinced of their necessity. The intolerance of the aristocratic forces came like a revelation to him. Here is a report made of his views at this time, in October, 1907.

"He felt that in this country at the present time there was too strong a tendency to glorify money merely. That with the increasing wealth of the country this tendency would be accentuated. In short, he feared that we would rapidly drift into a plutocracy. To meet this condition he felt that the corrective of an education along purely democratic lines should be given to our boys in our institutions of higher learning. At Princeton, whither come many sons of millionaires, he felt we should so impress these boys

with ideas of democracy and personal worth that when they became, in the ordinary course of nature, masters of their fathers' fortunes, they should so use their undoubted power as to help, not hurt, the commonwealth."

Then came the climax of the trouble. A bequest of \$250,000 had been made the previous year for the beginning of a graduate school. Plans had been drawn up for such a school by Dean West and he had refused a call to the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in order to carry out this plan. The trustees selected a location for the new school on the college grounds. Then, in the spring of 1909, came an offer of \$500,000 from William C. Proctor, of Cincinnati, for a graduate school on condition that a like sum be raised by others and that Dean West's plans should be adopted. Mr. Proctor condemned the site already selected and named two other locations—remote from the present college center—which alone would satisfy him. The fight between aristocratic and democratic ideals again blazed up. The trustees decided that the matter of site was a vital one and could not be decided offhand by a donor, however generous. They asked for a modification of the terms of the donation, so that they would be left a free hand to place the graduate college where they thought best for the interests of the University and to develop its plans according to their best knowledge. In reply the offer was withdrawn. By this time the other half million had nearly been subscribed, and the loss of the entire million of dollars was therefore the result. Of course President Wilson was held responsible. The alumni protested vehemently. "No pent-up Utica confined their powers." The newspapers throughout the East were ringing with their protestations. The anti-Wilson sentiment, according to Mr. Hale, was "practically confined to the cities of the East." The faculty were "practically unanimous" on his side. The board of trustees was nearly evenly divided. Wilson had by this time come to be looked upon as a "dangerous man." He was growing more emphatic. Here is the way he was, by this time, expressing himself before a body of alumni in Pittsburg:

"You can't spend four years at one of our modern universities without getting in your thought the conviction which is most dangerous to America—namely, that you must treat with certain influences which now dominate in the commercial undertakings of the country.





"A CONSERVATIVE ON THE MOVE"

The above phrase is used by Woodrow Wilson to define a "Progressive" in politics. He has himself moved rapidly since, four years ago, he was longing to see Bryan "knocked into a cocked hat once for all." He does not believe in letting things alone. "Will a white post stay white," he asks, "if you do nothing but let it alone?"

"The great voice of America does not come from seats of learning. It comes in a murmur from the hills and woods and the farms and factories and the mills, rolling on and gaining volume until it comes to us from the homes of common men. Do these murmurs echo in the corridors of universities? I have not heard them.

"The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal sympathies, and join a class—and no class ever can serve America.

"I have dedicated every power that there is within me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolutely democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied—and I hope you will not be—until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought, the same sympathy, that pulses through the whole great body politic. I know that the colleges of this country must be reconstructed from top to bottom, and I know that America is going to demand it."

You can see that by this time (April, 1910) Wilson had become—to use his own recent phrase defining a "progressive" in politics—"a conservative on the move." So far he had successfully checked the domination of wealth in the matter of academic ideals. And then, just a month and a day after the above speech was delivered, came a new development before which he went down instantaneously and completely. A Princeton alumnus by the name of Isaac C. Wyman died in Salem, Mass., leaving an estate of about \$3,000,000 for this same graduate college as designed by Dean West. Wilson could breast the surf, but he couldn't cope with a tidal wave. The bequest was accepted and steps taken at once to construct the graduate college on Dean West's lines. Wilson, despite the fact that in the ensuing election for a new trustee his man won, felt that his work at Princeton was finished. Then, in the following September, came his nomination for governor of New Jersey, and he resigned his presidency to engage in the campaign.

Four years ago, when he wrote the Joline letter, Dr. Wilson wanted to see Bryan "knocked into a cocked hat." Referring to this letter the other day in Washington he observed, "the people who do not change their minds are very impossible people." Three years ago Bryan would not have Wilson even for Vice-President. Now he labels him, in *The Commoner*, as a "satisfactory" candidate for President. No transformation has taken place in the case of Mr. Bryan; but one has certainly taken place in the case of Mr. Wilson. Four years ago he was in "entire agree-

ment" with Mr. Joline's speech. Here is a passage from that speech: "But I venture to utter what is perhaps a feeble protest against the blind and foolish outcry against all railways. You and I know who are responsible for this socialistic, populistic, anti-property crusade. It is the cry of the envious against the well-to-do—the old story; it is not new to this generation; only it is louder and more bitter than ever before in this country." A few weeks ago the same man who was in "entire agreement" with the above was expressing himself as follows:

"The great monopoly in this country is the money monopoly. So long as that exists, our old variety and freedom and individual energy of development are out of the question. A great industrial Nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the Nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men who, even if their acts be honest and intended for the public interest, are necessarily concentrated upon the great undertakings in which their own money is involved, who necessarily, by the very reason of their own limitations, chill and destroy genuine economic freedom. This is the greatest economic question of all, and to this statesmen must address themselves with an earnest determination to serve the long future and the true liberties of men."

That passage might have been taken bodily from the speech of any of the Populist orators, from Tom Watson up or down—so far at least as the sentiments are concerned. Dr. Wilson even looks upon possible "revolution" now without any academic shudder. "I do not fear revolution," he said not long ago. "I do not fear it even if it comes. I have unshaken faith in the power of America to keep its self-possession."

Four years ago Woodrow Wilson was still teaching, in his book "The State," that the initiative, referendum and recall have proved an utter failure. Now he apologizes to his former pupils for having misled them. He says now after investigating the situation in Oregon:

"Our constitutions have time out of mind committed us to representative government, and I have not found any thoughtful man anywhere who wanted to get rid of it. But in some states representative government has come to exist only in name. Legislatures not only, but the entire organization of the government, have become subject to the control of political machines, which are themselves, in turn, known to be subsidized and used by special business interests. In those

states the people have insisted, or will insist, upon bringing their governments back under their own control by means of direct legislation, the referendum, and, if necessary, the recall."

He is not, however, a progressive who leaps at everything simply because it has the progressive label on it. He dissents positively from those who advocate the recall of judges, and he has not yet expressed himself on the new Aldrich currency plan. That is, he insists on studying a proposition before he advances conclusions.

Four years ago Wilson was being vigorously championed for the Presidency by George M. Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, which has been identified for years with the conservative element of the Democratic party. Last month Wilson's name was removed from the head of its editorial columns and the explanation was made that Governor Wilson himself requested the removal, believing its support to be injurious to his chances.

Finally, only two years ago, the political bosses of New Jersey were the ones who were calling on Wilson to lead the Democratic hosts. To-day, this is how they are talking

about him, as reported in the Boston *Transcript* by the late Kellogg Durland, in an interview with "an important machine boss in Trenton." Said this boss:

"I don't want to talk too freely about Wilson yet, because it is too soon to do him sufficient harm. I am storing my ammunition for the time when I can hurt him, and help to kill him. Wilson is the greatest faker, impostor, liar, ingrate. Wilson? The world can never know the depths of his perfidy and the unscrupulousness of his acts. Why, we who nominated him, who gave our life's blood for his election, who made him—where are we to-day? Look at the terrible thing that happened the other day in Newark. The chairman of the county committee collapsed in his office—went all to pieces. The doctors and newspapers called it 'nervous prostration.' Really it was the result of a broken heart. That man Wilson has torn the heart-strings out of us all and one by one we are breaking down in spirit and in body. This country has never known a more arrogant, a more cold-blooded, a more faithless leader. I want to live to show him up to the people of this country as he is, as we know him, and then I'm going to retire from politics forever. But not until Wilson has been buried deep."

## GEORGE B. COX, THE LAST OF THE AMERICAN MANCHUS



WE WEEP when we think about posterity. They will wear better clothes, perhaps, in the days to come, eat better food, live in costlier mansions and see less destitution. But oh, how much less picturesque the world will be! China is cutting off her pig-tails and turning into a republic. Turkey is trying hard to get into step with the civilization of Europe. Cuba is building sky-scrapers and modern hotels. Japan is acquiring trolley roads. The noble red men of forest and prairies are debating the tariff. The North Pole has been robbed of its awful impenetrability. Sailing ships are disappearing. The frontiers are no more. The pirates remain as theatrical property only. Love and Youth will endure to the end, let us hope; but Romance—we can almost hear it as it suffocates.

There are voters of to-day who never saw a real political torch-light procession. And in a few years more the last of the old-time political bosses will be no more. That, at least, seems to be the disheartening view taken by Will Irwin. He writes about George

B. Cox as "the last of the bosses." We still have those whom we call "bosses," like Roger Sullivan in Illinois and Charlie Murphy in New York; but they belong, says Irwin, "merely to an allied species." Cox is the last of his race. Even as the Manchu dynasty totters to its fall, so the line of the old-time bosses nears its end. Like the Manchus, they have been a race of conquerors—bold, two-fisted, upstanding men, not deterred by danger, not overburdened with scruples, tough of skin, big of bone, inscrutable, and playing the game with their sleeves always full of opportune aces. We shall miss them. We can find consolation for our loss, but oh, how we shall miss them!

And how Cincinnati is going to miss Cox! That is to say, when he goes. They have broken his grip and elected an anti-Cox mayor. But they have done that before. It was but a few years ago that Cox was beaten and announced his retirement from politics. He probably meant it, too. But bosses can no more retire from politics than a dipsomaniac can give up drink. They have to leave the country as Croker did, or go to the peniten-

tiary as Ruef has done, or drop into senility as Platt did, or die as Quay did in order to give up politics. Cox came back; but this last defeat has damaged his prestige, he is getting into the sixties, the times are changing and the boss is going out of style. He probably sees his finish just as the Manchus see theirs; but there may be something doing in Cincinnati as well as in Peking for many a day to come, nevertheless.

He began, like Senator Lorimer of Chicago, as a newsboy and bootblack of the old "Ragged Dick" type that Horatio Alger used to tell us about. If any anecdotes or myths have grown up about those days of struggle, Will Irwin has been unable to get trace of them. Cox has had a singularly anecdoteless life, in fact. He worked hard to support his widowed mother in those early days, and if he imbibed ethical standards a little lower than those of Marcus Aurelius and Lyman Abbott, let us not be overcome with surprise. He drove a delivery wagon for a small dry-goods store, and then for a grocery. Thus early he contracted the useful habit of delivering the goods. Then he discovered a lucrative job in a faro joint—that of "turning the goose"—and he nailed it fast. He was "a stalwart, handsome, well-formed youth with a fine head of black hair," and he made friends. He kept free from dissipation and he watched for openings in the political game where he has since turned so many and many a goose. He became a bartender next and then a saloon proprietor. "Dead Man's Corner" they used to call the locality where his saloon was located—southwest corner of Longworth and Central avenue—and some lurid tales were once told in the *New York Voice* about the murderous affrays there, inside as well as outside Cox's saloon. It was down into this region that young George Kennan forced himself to go every now and then at midnight just as a matter of discipline to train himself in physical courage. Eight deaths by violence occurred within one hundred feet of the bar behind which Cox, even then singularly imperturbable, officiated. From the first he was in politics. "No saloonkeeper," says Irwin, in his sketch in *Collier's*, "could avoid it in the days of the old game." Cox was ambitious, fairly human, kept his word and had both brawn and brain and the courage to use them.

He was a Republican in a Democratic city; but he became boss of his ward by the usual nonpartisan methods which are so grandly superior to party lines. John R. McLean was

then the Democratic boss. When the courthouse riots came and upset the city for several days, McLean's power was upset at the same time, and in the ensuing Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884 Cox saw his chance to emerge into municipal power. It was not a Republican year in the country at large, but it was in Cincinnati. Cox made it so. He handled the campaign fund and directed the work. "He entered that campaign a captain; he emerged a general." At once he organized the Cox machine, calling it the Blaine Club. It has been his chief reliance ever since. One of the next things he did was to make an alliance with the discerning Joseph B. Foraker, then rapidly mounting the ladder of fame, but a long distance from the falling-off place. Says Irwin: "With his (Cox's) native subtlety, his talent for intrigue, his experience, he set on foot his life-work—the creation of such a well-ordered and permanent machine as no other American city ever knew. Other bosses ruled as absolutely, perhaps, but only for short periods; then their machines broke and beat themselves to pieces with their own force. Cox alone held power for twenty-seven years, and the power is by no means broken, tho its end is in sight."

The methods differ, but the general plan on which all the bosses have worked is the same. An alliance is made between that lower political circle whose center is the grog-shop and that upper circle whose center is the public service corporation. The one supplies money, the other distributes it and supplies voters. One furnishes respectability, diplomacy and legal astuteness; the other supplies brute force, intimidation, repeaters and so forth. Sometimes the boss comes from one of these circles, sometimes from the other; but both circles are necessary to his rule. Cox, of course, came from the lower circle and chose his lieutenants there—Hynicka, Herrmann and Mullen. In the upper circle, his most essential allies have been Charles P. Taft, owner of the *Times-Star*, probably the richest man in Cincinnati, "a Tory by instinct," "with his hand on every public service activity"; and Julius Fleischmann, head of the wholesale liquor interests, rich, respectable and fretting a little over the fact that the lower circle instead of the upper contained the boss.

Year after year Cox held his way triumphantly. His long success was due to his moderation. We quote again from *Colliers*: "Wonderfully moderate were these leaders, and wonderfully shrewd also. The machine



never 'pulled off anything big.' There were no great courthouse steals, no contract scandals, no general graft system in the Tenderloin. Had there been, I make no doubt the machine would have run its course in a few years and collapsed."

The first real war against Cox was started by the Scripps paper—the Cincinnati *Post*. Scripps is a big, picturesque man living in California, who wears a slouch hat and top boots, and runs, with rare genius, a string of daily papers in a score or so of cities all the way from the Alleghany Mountains to the Pacific slope. His papers constitute the backbone of the whole "Progressive" movement to-day. *The Post* started to make trouble for Cox back in 1895. In the war that has continued ever since, three municipal treasurers have been forced to refund to the city \$214,000 because of "gratuities" appropriated in the form of interest on deposits made of city funds in favored banks. Cox was last year indicted for perjury in swearing that he received none of these "gratuities," but the indictment was quashed. This has been the net legal result. But the political result has been much more important. Cincinnati has been a singularly backward city. The municipal book-keeping has been "medieval," the public school system way below par, the parks a joke, the health department inefficient and the death-rate high. While Cleveland gained in the decade ending in 1910 about 47 per cent. in size, and the average Ohio city about 36 per cent., Cincinnati gained but 11½ per cent. Commercial interests have lagged in the same rate. "Knockers" were discouraged. The city has been, we are told, in "a sort of stuffy doze." New manufacturing interests were discouraged because the existing interests did not want any more competition than they could help having. This condition of things has been blamed upon Cox and his allies, and at last the city began to listen to the "knockers"—Hunt and Pendleton and Peck—and their anvil chorus finally reached and aroused the voters to effective revolt. "So far as Cox is concerned," says a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "he is done. His day as a boss is over. A thirty-three-year-old man [Hunt, now the mayor], backed by courage, energy and an awakening public conscience, has thrown him on the municipal ash-heap."

Well, if Cox retires, he will not have to go back to the driving of delivery wagons. He is rated as a millionaire several times over. He was until recently—when he sold



"HE HAS A HARD, INTANGIBLE SURFACE"

George B. Cox, who began his career as a bootblack, has for more than a score of years dominated in political affairs in Cincinnati, been a power in State politics, and an important factor in seven presidential campaigns.

out—president of the Cincinnati Trust Company. He is a big stockholder in steam and electric railways, telephone companies and two car-building enterprizes. He is treasurer of an insurance company, controls several theaters and is said to be the capitalist behind the Shuberts, the theatrical managers. He has a palatial home in Clifton, a suburb of Cincinnati. It is said by a writer in *The National Monthly* that he never gambles in stocks; when he buys he buys outright. Irwin describes him as follows as he saw him a few months ago in court:

"He moved into the courtroom like a king—a massive, somewhat puffy man, twin brother in physical make-up to John L. Sullivan as Sullivan looks to-day. While the clerk read the charge, he sat with his hands on his outspread knees and glared defiance from that dull but powerful eye of his. But as the long arguments went on, his face and manner changed. He began to swallow often, to moisten his lips now and then, and presently I noticed that his complexion, which seemed so florid when he entered the room, had gone pasty and sallow. He had a hard and yet intangible surface, this Cox; Cincinnati remembers not an anecdote about him, not an epigram from him. He lives in thought as a great, impersonal force."

## JULES CAMBON: THE GREATEST DIPLOMATIST IN THE WORLD



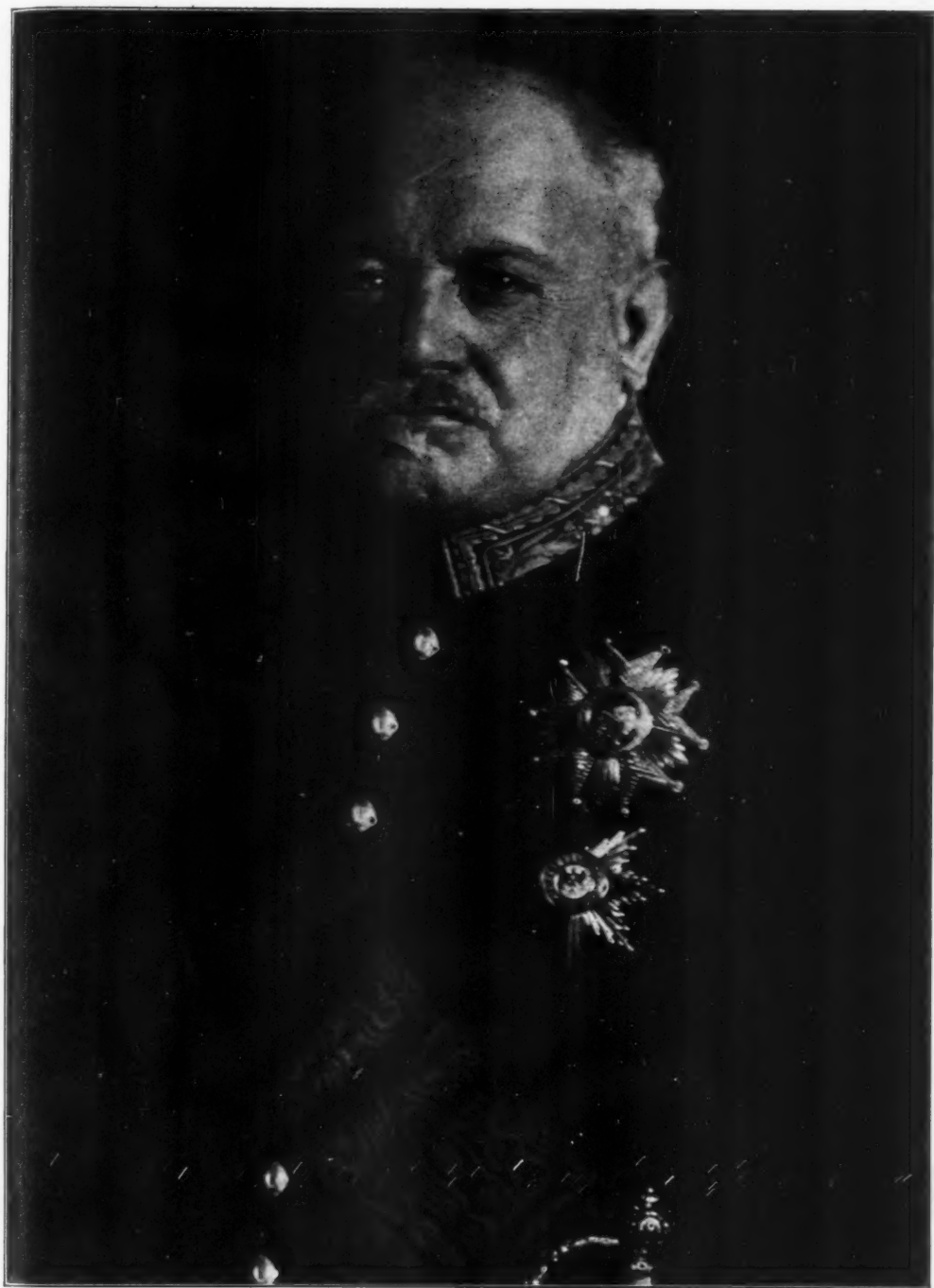
JULES CAMBON, conceded by all students of international relations to be for the moment the supreme figure in world diplomacy, has just scored the triumph of his long career—the agreement between France and Germany over Morocco. Jules Cambon, who must not be confused with his brilliant brother Paul, experiences the embarrassment of the man who “arrives late.” He is nearly seventy. He was past sixty when France made him her ambassador to Berlin. He moves in a world above and beyond the conceptions of ordinary men, observes the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, from which we borrow impressions of things and events behind the scenes of diplomacy. It is no sham realm that Jules Cambon adorns. His concern is not with court etiquette principally nor with gold sticks and the eating of state dinners. He is tremendous because the fate of the old world and the new is bound up with his day’s work. Merely to become aware of his existence is to enlarge the horizon of one’s ideas immensely and stunningly. For the world of Jules Cambon is the real world of politics within and transcending that outer political world we all know and vote in. His smile, his manner, his least gesture and the frown upon his face have for many a tense week preoccupied the world. Emperors, presidents, premiers—these are puppets in comparison.

The successes, like the activities, of Jules Cambon prove the fatuity of a too popular impression that the great days of diplomacy belong to the past. The world has in him, observes the Berlin *Vorwärts*, an impressive example of the type of genius to which Talleyrand, the Frenchman, Machiavelli, the Italian, and Metternich, the Austrian, belonged. Not that Cambon exemplifies the indirections and mistakes of these men morally; but he displays their subtlety, their fineness and every aspect of their greatness. In an age wedded to the democratic ideal and surrendered to the theory of government by majority, Jules Cambon has revived on the most ambitious scale the power once wielded by the Richelieus and the Mazarins. He has worked in secret. Yet fleets have been moved at his bidding, armies have waited for his signal, and the peace of the world has for the past four months hung upon the words that fell from

his lips. He is the master not of politics in the modern democratic sense, but of world politics. His constituency is not parliamentary, for, instead of being the politician in the local and national sense, he is the politician in the world sense.

Behind the career, then, of this Jules Cambon stands the unique historical fact that never in human annals have there flourished side by side in the world so many great powers. Each has its world-policy—America with a Monroe Doctrine, Britain with a two-power standard of naval strength, Germany with a theory that her future is on the water, Russia with her dream of Asiatic expansion. Out of this complexity of world-wide ambitions arises the opportunity of a Cambon. Never before, in the opinion of so competent a student of the theme as the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, did a diplomatist emerge with so fine an equipment for world politics. He has the self-effacement of manner to lull the world back into its dream of the insignificance of diplomacy. He has the republican enthusiasms of his master Gambetta and that firm faith in the destinies of France which has already lifted the third republic out of the defeat of Sedan. Jules Cambon has the indispensable genius for what the Italians call “combination”—the capacity to find allies in desperate extremities and to baffle the might of armed empires with insinuations of dire import. So secretly can he work, moreover, that the world never suspects how autocratic he has made his sway until such a crisis as springs from the partition of Africa discloses to the bewildered democracies of our time forces beyond the control of the people, and issues transcending those boundaries within which decisions taken at the ballot box are effective. Diplomacy has become, in short, the parliament of man; but the representatives who sit there work in secret and their decisions are made not by majority vote, but in accordance with the will of the supreme genius on the spot. That supreme genius belongs to Jules Cambon. He is the greatest diplomatist alive.

Such is the general European verdict with reference to the elderly Frenchman who began life as a lawyer in Paris until the war between Germany and his native land brought him the uniform of an army officer. His unusual quietness of manner and a pronounced reserve in all things caused him to be rated a



ONE OF THE SECRET RULERS OF THE WORLD

Jules Cambon, most illustrious of living diplomatists, gives the lie to the popular impression that ambassadors are ornamental only. He made the Morocco pact that kept the peace between France and Germany and he has been in Washington to make history for his country there.

mediocrity when he entered the public service after the disasters wherein the Napoleonic empire of peace was engulfed. Jules Cambon, who had married and sunk into obscurity by the time France declared herself a republic, acted as prefect in various departments for nearly twenty years without justifying the brilliant prediction of Gambetta. "Jules Cambon," the great statesman once said, "is worth an army-corps to France." It was difficult to comprehend why during the long years he spent as prefect, now in the south and again in the north. He served the highly centralized government set up in Paris after the fall of the third Napoleon, with a diligence never at fault; but he manifested no brilliance. Wherever he went, on the other hand, was peace. More than once after the establishment of the republic it seemed that monarchy was inevitable. Jules Cambon had to watch the progress of conspiracy everywhere and he baffled it with a characteristic presence of mind. But he worked in silence and won no glory. The six years he spent in Algiers in the great African colony of France brought him first to the notice of the outside world. Yet when he turned up in Washington as his country's ambassador there some fifteen years ago, he was in no sense an international figure. But his fine talent for negotiation, his incomparably persuasive speech and the suppleness with which he molded all men to his purposes were understood in Paris thoroly.

Washington, as the *Kreuz-Zeitung* remarks, was the opportunity of Jules Cambon. The war between Spain and the United States enabled him to display his subtle genius in all its power. By the time our troops landed in Cuba, the entire diplomatic establishment of Spain was in a state of collapse no less complete than that of her navy. The real diplomatic representative of Madrid was Jules Cambon. He was the agent of a diplomacy so delicate that while convincing Spain of the devotion of France to her interests, nothing was done to alienate the good will of Washington. Jules Cambon had the miraculous art of making our government realize the difficulty of his position. He actually won a degree of sympathy. It was a triumph of personality alone. To begin with, he loved the United States and proved it by the facility with which he assumed American manners and adopted the American mode of life. Nothing American escaped his vigilant scrutiny. The result of the war with Spain made upon his mind an impression so profound that he traveled somewhat exten-

sively about this country, coming into far more intimate contact with all classes of the population than is usual with ambassadors. For the method of Jules Cambon belongs to what, in the jargon of this subject, is called psychological. The "soul" of America, we read in our German contemporary, interested this Frenchman profoundly. Again and again has he walked in his slow way through one of the great New York department stores, studying the sea of moving faces. He attended games of baseball not to see the play, which he does not comprehend, but to note the deportment of the excited American. So reserved, nevertheless, is the temperament of this unique diplomatist, that no clew to his impressions of America has ever been afforded by any public utterance. He once spent a week in an old-fashioned country hotel in a New England village without inspiring the least suspicion in the proprietor that the shy Frenchman and his wife were great people in Washington. An army of reporters swarmed one day into the town, for the war with Spain was raging. Cambon had fled.

Jules Cambon is in appearance, we read, the antithesis of what he has made himself in reality. The round head, fringed with closely cropped hair, suggests to the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* the bluff heartiness of an English squire, an impression somewhat modified by mustache and imperial worn in the manner of the second Napoleonic empire. The countenance is heavy, but highly intelligent in repose, revealing by its blankness at times the absent-mindedness which is one of his characteristics. The freshness of the complexion indicates the good health M. Cambon has enjoyed throughout his long life and which is attributable to habits of extreme temperance. His garb is the conventional frock coat and high hat of the Gambetta period. He never affects the smartness of French statesmen like Caillaux, whose boots are polished until they shine like wax and whose buttonholes are perfumed with a nosegay. M. Cambon also eschews the smart equipages of the diplomatic corps, preferring to arrive at the Wilhelmstrasse on foot and to leave without ceremony in the same unostentatious style. He acquired in the United States the habit of hearty handshaking, a propensity which distinguishes him markedly.

Conversation is the art in which Jules Cambon exploits a miraculous proficiency. He is said to talk with the clearness of enunciation of the very finest French actors and with all their ease and elegance of gesture. The effect



of what he says is heightened by a pleasing voice, manly but musical. He is a master of the rare kind of wit at which not even the most sensitive can take offense. He is most himself, explains the *Temps*, when couching in the politest phraseology what on other lips would be the bluntest ultimatum. His talk is trenchant yet never bombastic, intimate with never a suggestion of familiarity. The eyes of Jules Cambon talk more eloquently than his lips. They flash when he listens and there is in them, too, or his admirers in the French dailies deceive us, a smile that can be incredulous or infantile or actually minatory. On the stage he could have played Hamlet, avers the *Temps*, without once opening his mouth, so subtle is the expressiveness of a face more histrionic than Bernhardt's. His French is ravishing—intelligible to the least linguistic foreigner and capable of meaning half a dozen things at once, because it is the language of an inspired and impeccable diplomacy.

A seer's insight into human character imparts to the dinner table at which Jules Cambon is a guest something of the zest of a banquet with Voltaire. The greatest of living diplomatists owes his career, asserts the *Paris Débats*, to an instinctive comprehension of the characters, the temperaments, the strength and the weakness of his fellow creatures. He need not study the palm of the hand to tell a fortune. Jules Cambon reads a man's fortune as well as his past by a glance at the least fallible of all indexes, the human countenance. Knowing men and women through the peculiar endowment that is his birthright, Jules Cambon runs counter to no prejudices. He never takes a false step. He negotiates with an eye on

the soul of the man he has to deal with. Perhaps, had he not been called to diplomacy, he might have revealed the genius of a Balzac, we read, or have moved the world with some terrific revelation of our species, like Lear. It is not enough to say that nothing human is alien to him. All things human respond with an instant sympathy to one by whom all things human are understood and utilized. Jules Cambon, thus, would have been great in any sphere.

Jules Cambon is sufficiently English through a remote ancestor from whom his middle name of Martin comes to take his pleasures sadly. He is, in the general opinion of Paris, a disappointed man. The greatness he has won gratifies no ambition of his. He set out to become a political leader in the manner of Gambetta. His republican ardor was always of the old-fashioned Roman sort. Very early he discovered in himself a lack of the heavenly gift of eloquence. In private conversation he could charm. His manner is described as a caress. But he thrills no one when he undertakes a speech. It was with a saddened heart, therefore, we read, that he passed over from the administrative career of a prefect into diplomacy. He gave to that profession not a first love, says the German daily, but an incomparable genius. The young men who go to Paris to study for a career in the foreign office look upon the record of Jules Cambon as the cadet at St. Cyr studies the campaigns of Napoleon. In his profession, this Cambon is the master. He remains solitary, mysterious, inscrutable, the living repository of secrets that would, according to foreign dailies, shake the world.

## LLOYD GEORGE—"THE ARCHITECT OF A NEW ENGLAND"



WHEN Britain's great scheme of national insurance against sickness and unemployment received the royal assent recently, David Lloyd George added to his record, observes the liberal *London News*, the most far-reaching legislative achievement of our time. In the light of that event it seems possible to our contemporary to take stock of the amazing career which "from such small beginnings has become the architect of a new England." For whether one likes David Lloyd George or whether one

fears the man, insists this champion of his policies, that is the part which destiny has allotted him upon the political stage. "There are other distinguished figures in our politics, but his is the crest around which the battle rages. Wherever he is, the fortunes of the day are at stake." To exalt him or to destroy him—there to our contemporary is the whole issue of British politics not alone to-day but for many days to come.

The problem of the influence of personality upon politics is made fascinating, we read further in this study, by the character of

Lloyd George. "When the great adventurer appears, the question always arises, did he make the events or did the events make him?" How would the great revolt in England have fared had there been no Cromwell with his Ironsides and his self-denying ordinance to sweep away the timidities of the Essexes and the Manchesters? "What would have happened to the United States had there been no Lincoln, with his pathos and his jest, to keep the soul of the North stable through the dark hour? What would have been the history of France if the great spirit of Danton had not been extinguished on the scaffold?" What, indeed, might not the history of England have been, asks our contemporary again, if Gladstone had suppressed his distrust of Joseph Chamberlain and made terms with him some twenty-five years ago? At any rate, concludes this student of the personality now dominant in Britain, it was the terrific political convulsion of 1906 that made David Lloyd George. It certainly gave him his opportunity. The career of the man needed its background and that background was afforded by a formless and vague revolt against existing conditions. The great London organ of Liberalism sketches in these terms the outline of the huge political shadow against which the figure of Lloyd George reveals itself like a lightning flash against a cloud:

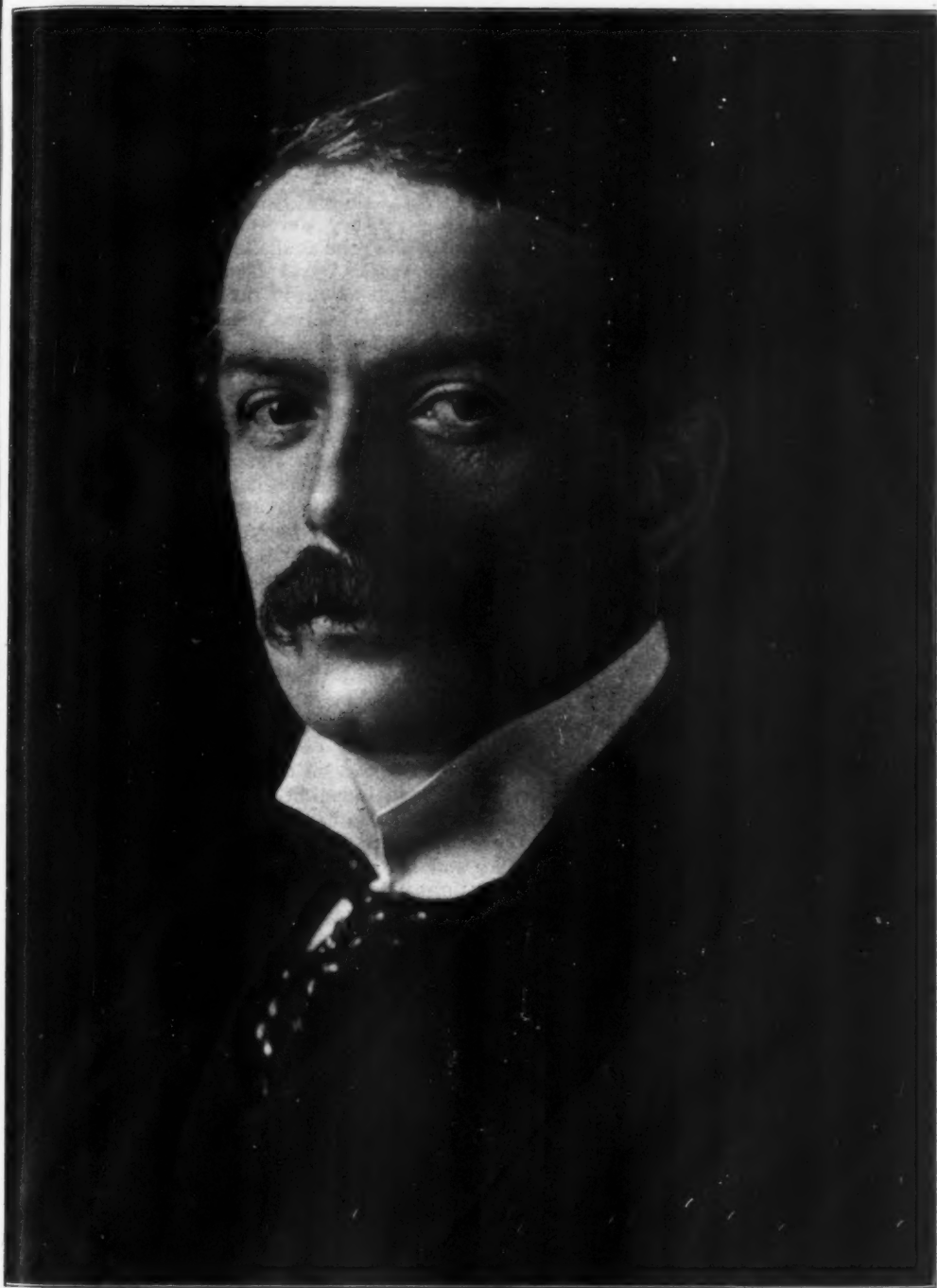
"It was for the Government to give direction and shape to that revolt. If it could not do so then Liberalism had failed and Protection would be the mold into which the future would run. For three years it seemed that the opportunity had been lost. It is true that great things were accomplished. South Africa was founded and Old-Age Pensions were granted. But we had opened up no new horizons. We were still in the old prison and the Lords held the key of the gate. The country was turning against us. We were beginning to calculate when the election would come and by how much we should lose. Mr. Chamberlain had made his bid. For the moment he had failed, but if his bid remained without challenge, if we could offer no alternative policy, then his victory was assured. It was the moment for a great adventure. If the Liberal party was to save its life it must be ready to lose it and with the instinct of the great strategist Mr. Lloyd George seized on the vulnerable point in the enemy's defences and staked everything on the throw. He attacked the land monopoly. It was a bold stroke. It brought him into conflict with powerful interests in his own party. A formidable cave of Liberal landed magnates threatened him. Journalistic fainthearts appealed to him to withdraw the land clauses of his Budget. 'If they

go I go,' was his attitude. And the Prime Minister stood by him like a rock. The triumph was complete. The Liberal cause was rehabilitated, the land monopoly received its first check and out of the struggle came the defeat of the House of Lords."

Now in this case, or the London daily is much in error, personality certainly controlled events. "The country was at the parting of the ways, but its direction was doubtful. Already it seemed to be turning not confidently but in despair of liberalism to protection." But for that dramatic stroke of Lloyd George's with the budget of three years ago there is small doubt that Britain would to-day be celebrating the establishment of a tariff instead of the passing of the famous insurance bill. And it is this combination of imagination and of courage which to our contemporary renders Mr. Lloyd George so formidable a figure in his country's politics.

His eye, it tells us, ranges over wide horizons. He sees the future with the literalism with which the general sees the battlefield. "He calculates forces and possibilities as another man calculates his profits and losses, and, having decided on his line of attack, no fear or hesitation palsies the ardor of the onset." Referring to Joseph Chamberlain's sincerity in advocating protective tariffs for his country, a brother of that statesman said once that "Rupert never rides but to conquer or to fall," and to-day a Rupert is abroad in England again—only his name now is David Lloyd George. "He never rides but to conquer or to fall. It is this comradeship of high-soaring courage that explains Lloyd George's well known admiration for Joseph Chamberlain." Had that elder statesman not been driven out of the Liberal party, according to Lloyd George himself, there would have been nothing left for the Liberals to do in England now. He would have settled the land and the Lords and the social question, using the latter term in the individualist sense. One wonders in that event, observes the *London News*, what would have been the task of this restless, energetic David Lloyd George.

This keynote of courage, it reminds us, has sounded throughout his career from the days when the village schoolboy led his fellows in revolt against the catechism. The greater the odds against him the higher rises his spirit. "What will you do if Mr. Gladstone will not give us disestablishment?" he was asked in his first campaign. The retort came swiftly in the words of Lloyd George's favorite hero,



THE UNCROWNED KING GEORGE

So delicately is the political destiny of England poised just now upon the purposes of David Lloyd George that some Britons are sarcastically inferred to suppose that the George upon the throne itself is no other than he.

Cromwell: "If I met the King in battle I would fire my pistol at him."

Altho Lloyd George shares the adventurous spirit of Chamberlain, his method is different. He bears no enmities. "When he has cut you down with his sword he will pick you up with his smile. He carries himself with a boyish gaiety that is irresistible. There is no such companion at the table, or on the links, or in the smoking-room." His talk flashes from grave to gay with swift, prismatic changes—now a snatch of a sermon, then a phrase of Welsh poetry, now a joke, then a story—and if you are very lucky he will give you a nigger song that he has learned from some minstrel. His talk all comes straight from life. If he speaks about books, it is only as lamps for the present. An intimate friend who supplies these personal details to the *London News* found him once full, very full, of Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome," but Caesar and Pompey, Brutus and Cicero and the rest appealed to him only as parallels to the men on the stage of British politics to-day. This personal friend declines to reveal who in the judgment of Lloyd George is the Caesar or the Cicero or the Brutus of Britain now.

This intense interest in the actual world, adds this friend of Lloyd George, is the source of the statesman's vivacity and freshness. "Whether right or wrong, he is always giving you life at first hand. He does not see things through the spectacles of theorists or the formulas of parties but with his own eyes." He has no abstractions. His ideas are flesh and blood. It is as tho he has come into the world from another sphere and sees it all anew. No man ever rose to so high a power and responsibility with so light a burden from the past, with such an entire freedom from the academic, with such an entire reliance upon the immediate teaching of life. "All his lessons, like his talk, come straight from the mint of experience. Thus, speaking of the perils of the poor from insolvent benefit societies, he will tell you how when a boy he used to take his uncle's shilling a week to the benefit society." When that uncle fell ill the society had failed.

In this nearness to the life of the poor, this champion of Lloyd George discovers the main-spring of his political action. He came from the people and his heart remains with the people. "That, in the absence of theory and scholasticism, is the compass which will keep his course true—that and the touch of imagination and poetry that gives wings to his

purposes and range to his vision." He is thus the portent of the new time—the man of the people in the seat of power. He has no precedent, concedes this authority, in all the political annals of Britain. "Our politics have been governed by men who have studied the life of the people as others have studied the life of ants or bees—objectively, remotely. Even Bright, Cobden, Chamberlain, were not of the people. They were of the middle class and knew the poor as the instruments of the great employer." David Lloyd George, like John Burns, comes out of the great hive of humanity itself. In him democracy has found its voice and to him, predicts our contemporary, it will be loyal as long as he remembers.

And David Lloyd George, we are told by this student of him, does remember. He remembers his humble origin and the trials of the poor among whom he was brought up. On the day he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, he left the House of Commons with a friend of his boyhood, one as poor and as obscure as he had once been. As they talked of his advancement David Lloyd George said: "In all my career I do not remember a hand being held out to me from above and a voice saying: 'Dring i fyny yma.' (Come up higher, climb thou up here.) But don't misunderstand me," he went on, "there have been thousands of hands which have pushed me up from behind." The answering laugh told how this shot had hit the mark.

David Lloyd George does not forget those hands, adds his friend. He does not forget the source from which comes his eminence and his place of power. "There have been times when one has feared—times when his light anchorage seemed in danger of yielding to the impact of opportunism. But that memory of his own people, that loyalty to the inspiration of the mountains and the simple traditions of his fathers has saved him and will save him." However much the glitter of the great world delights him, his heart, untraveled, always turns back to the village between the mountains and the sea. On the day of the memorial service to the late Marquis of Ripon, as David Lloyd George left the Westminster Cathedral with a colleague, he talked of the splendor of the ceremony. His companion remarked laughingly: "When you die we'll give you a funeral like that." "No, you won't," came the swift and almost passionate retort of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "When I die you will lay me in the shadow of the mountains."



# Finance and Industry

## HOW IMPERFECT DAMS MENACE A THOUSAND AMERICAN CITIES



THE fire peril in the United States, discussed last month in these pages, is fearful indeed; but the danger from floods seems to be no less appalling. There are, affirms Henry M. Hyde in the *Technical World*, at least a thousand cities and towns in the United States which, so far as the safety of their inhabitants is concerned, might as well be built on the shuddering slopes of Mt. Vesuvius. Even if the people themselves should escape in time, there is no power on earth, once the crisis comes, which can save their property from destruction. We are horrified by the catastrophes of breaking dams and perished cities, but we make no attempt to remedy causes. In the middle of a May afternoon, more than twenty years ago, an earthen dam across the little Conemaugh River gave way under the pressure of a tremendous flood. Before sunset two thousand lives had been wiped out, \$10,000,000 worth of property destroyed, and Johnstown swept off the map of Pennsylvania. That, the author remarks, was a warning which any sane man might be expected to heed. Last fall another dam, across the narrow valley of Freeman's Run, slipped and broke to pieces. Almost one hundred people were drowned or crushed to death, and property worth \$6,000,000 was destroyed in the village of Austin.

"Austin is also in Pennsylvania. This second warning to the State of Pennsylvania—the first unheeded—may serve also as a warning to the whole country. There is no state in the union which does not need it. And Pennsylvania seems to be heeding the warning, for two men, Superintendent F. N. Hamlin and M. C. Bailey, who had charge of the water supply on the afternoon of September 30, when the dam went out, have been held to the grand jury on a charge of manslaughter.

"Within a week of the Austin disaster the wires brought word of the wiping out of the business section of the village of Black River Falls, Wisconsin. Floods in the Black River burst through two dams, tore the foundations

from under the fifty chief buildings of the village twelve miles away, sent the people flying to the hills, happy to escape with their lives. The property loss was a million dollars.

"The twenty years between Johnstown and Austin were dotted thick with similar warnings: men, women and children swept away and drowned, property wiped out of existence."

Since 1890, thirty-five solid masonry dams, forty-one earth dams, four rock-filled dams and one steel dam—a total of eighty-one—have failed, and death and ruin rode through the land on the crest of the unchained flood. Yet in four states only—Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Colorado—has there ever been a pretense of protecting people against the menace of dams improperly built or maintained. Almost everywhere greedy or ignorant private interests have been permitted, free from the inspection of state engineers, to pen back great floods which were certain, sooner or later, to break and work havoc.

"The swift growth of great cities, the tremendous development of irrigation projects, industry's incessant demands for new and greater sources of power, have forced the building of a dozen dams where one was built ten years ago. And each of these new dams may hold back an ocean of water, by the side of which the flood which swept away Johnstown is the contents of a pint-cup.

"In the Adirondack region of New York state alone there are more than twenty great reservoirs, each blocked by a dam built by the state or some great power company. The dam at Delta, N. Y., is an even hundred feet in height. The Ingham's Mill dam towers up twenty-five feet higher still. If the ninety-foot dam at Hinckley were to collapse a wall of water half a mile wide and thirty feet high would sweep down the rich and populous Mohawk valley. The great reservoir at Conglinsville will impound more water than Lake George—which is thirty-six miles long. A break there would send a fifty-foot wave down the Hudson River—who can calculate the destruction and loss of life? The Olive Bridge dam, which is to form the

Ashokan reservoir to supply New York City with water, climbs up 210 feet above the level of bed-rock and measures twenty-nine feet across the top. The Crescent dam, which impounds the waters of the upper Mohawk for the use of the New York barge canal, creates a reservoir four miles long by two wide, with an average depth of thirteen feet of water.

"There are in New York state alone more than five hundred large power dams and several times that many which are big enough to threaten serious damage to nearby communities. Frightened by the disaster at Austin, Pa., the recent New York legislature made a start at state inspection for the benefit of the unsuspecting public. But it is only a start. A single engineer is appointed, at a salary of \$3,500 a year. Working ten hours a day, it would take him at least ten years to make anything like a thoro examination and inspection of every large dam in the state."

The tremendous strains which a large dam is called on to endure seem to be little understood. Until recently even engineers overlooked some of the danger factors. The pressure against the face of a dam increases by 62.5 pounds per square foot for every foot in depth of the water behind it. At one foot from the surface the water exerts a pressure of 62.5 pounds against the dam; at ten feet the pressure is 625 pounds; at the bottom of a dam 100 feet high the down-stream pressure is

6,250 pounds. "These strains," the writer goes on to say, "are easily calculated and provided for."

"But—as illustrated by the recent disaster in Austin—the water may also exert an equal pressure upward. Forcing its way through light strata at the bottom of the dam it gets under the structure and—if the water behind the dam be one hundred feet deep—immediately exerts an upward pressure of 6,250 pounds to the square foot. In this way it greatly reduces the weight resistance of the dam against the down-stream pressure of the water behind it. By such a combination of forces the Austin dam was first pushed forward from its base and then cracked into half a dozen huge blocks of concrete.

"Even if a dam is anchored to the bed-rock, with no possibility of water getting under its foundations, there is still danger of loss by upward pressure. In a dam of solid reinforced concrete, for instance, unless the greatest care is taken, more or less of a joint will be left between the layers of concrete laid on successive days. Under high pressure, near the bottom of a tall dam, water will be forced into these joints with the possibility of so weakening the structure as to insure its destruction with the coming of the first flood.

"These hazards are continuous and to be expected under normal conditions. But few structures built by man are so certain as are dams to be subject to abnormal tests by the almost resistless forces of nature."

## SEVEN FALLACIES THAT HYPNOTIZE THE BUSINESS MAN



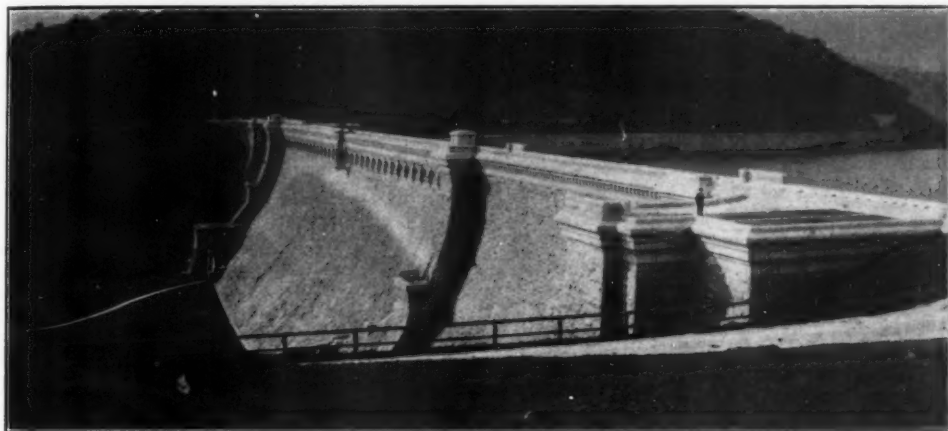
HE average business man is perfectly willing to take what he regards as his "profits," but few men know precisely what profits are. The question, as Professor F. W. Taussig, author of "Principles of Economics," admits in *System*, is by no means a simple one. Some economists, for instance, sharply distinguish business profits from wages. Part of what a business man gets is thought to be simply wages; but part is neither wages, nor interest, nor rent; it is different from these. This peculiar element is regarded as profits. This mode of sharply separating business wages from profits Professor Taussig deems artificial. He says:

"Looking over the whole varied range of earnings among those engaged in the business career, it is simplest to regard them all as returns for labor—returns marked by many peculiarities,

among which the most striking are the risks and uncertainties, the wide range, the high gains from able pioneering.

"In some cases, business profits are separated from wages by considering as wages that amount which the individual would have been paid if hired by someone else. An independent business man's actual earnings are likely to exceed that sum; the excess is business profits. Here emphasis is put on the element of risk. Profits differ from wages in that they are the result of the assumption of risk and are the reward for that assumption."

Academic as these discussions may seem, they affect vitally every business man, large or small. For, as Marshall T. van Slyke remarks in *Business*, to know what dividends you are really entitled to draw, it is necessary to look the facts in the face, avoid all fallacies, count in every expense, and get the price that will pay the profit. This, he goes on to say,



UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES OF PERIL

The Croton Dam Reservoir holds, to the depth of 100 feet, part of New York City's water supply. Alarmed by the recent catastrophe in Pennsylvania, the legislature of New York State has passed an act appointing a special engineer for the inspection of waterways and dams.

is no small order. "But," he insists, "if you have the courage to study your business just as critically as tho it were a competitor's, it is possible to discover the real facts—and make real profits. Search for the expenses that get away and you will know what your business really pays." The average business does not really pay what it is supposed to pay because the owner lacks sufficient business training to discover the hidden leaks. His premises are wrong, his principles wrong, and his calculations often wrong.

The first and most general fallacy is that which, in spite of figures, repeats to itself: "I am making ten or some other per cent." This form of self-hypnosis is so common that it has almost the force of a trade custom:

"If I ever want to sell out," the owner reasons, "I can't sell a business that does not pay. Then, too, if I claim my business is not paying, it is a reflection on my ability. I'll just boost." So he makes the claim of a mythical ten, or twenty, or twenty-five per cent., until he actually believes that he is earning that much.

"A department store man in an Illinois town celebrated, this fall, his forty-fifth anniversary in his town and store. It is his proud boast that he has made, year in and year out, his twenty per cent. So firmly is this fixed in his mind that he resents, as a disloyal act, the attempt of his son—a skilled accountant—to show him that last year's business paid him but fourteen and one-half per cent. and that he has had years when he actually lost money. The son, used to figuring the profits of city concerns, sees in a glance what the father has not seen in forty-five years of business in one store."

A second fallacy is the assumption that all or a great part taken in over the cost price is profit.

"The master barber of a five-chair shop found one of his best men figuring. 'Going to start a shop,' he announced. 'Last Saturday I did nine dollars and sixty cents worth of work for which you gave me four dollars; consequently you made five dollars and sixty cents off me. I am going to start a shop and get all the profit.'

"This journeyman barber, having omitted to note that he had drawn three dollars for Tuesday's work—which day he took in but one dollar and sixty-five cents—he was a surprised man when the new shop was sold out five months later to pay wages and rent."

Third on the list of profit-eating fallacies, Mr. van Slyke goes on to say, is the belief that every expense incurred because of the business should be charged in the expense to run. Thus a delicatessen owner neglected to charge in the wages of his wife and children in running the business. His oversight is duplicated every day. Where a business owns a building, the rental is frequently neglected in figuring; charity donations are often "stood" by clerks and department heads; window displays, particularly where the display is depreciable, often fail to connect with a charge; and interest on investment is never figured by fully sixty per cent. of business men to-day.

A fourth fallacy is to take the price paid the supplier as the actual price of goods, neglecting various other items such as expressage. The cost price of goods is their cost when on the shelves ready to sell.

Fifth—and one of the greatest fallacies of business—is the theory that profit percentages are figured on the price paid for merchandize. That overactivity in one department is successful in overcoming loss, neglect, or lack of method in another, is a sixth fallacy that misleads many in an honest attempt to determine the real profit. "Extra business necessitates extra expenses," rectifies the seventh fallacy. Almost every business man has his eye on a point ahead where he will round out profit by a little more business.

"There is a metropolitan printer, who, for eight years, has been trying to make a profit of \$10,000. A number of consecutive years shows profits of \$8,217; \$6,438; \$8,208; \$8,114, and \$8,716. The second year in the above series—the one paying a profit of \$6,438—was one in which the proprietor figured: 'If I can handle \$17,000 gross more business, I can make the \$1,783 more profit needed.' Next year he did indeed handle his required \$17,000 gross, but to do it he had to bid into complicated machine jobs, jobs which it was found later, when costs systems were installed, were 'losers' for every printer who touched them. Laying his failure to make profit to the type-setting department, next year he pushed press room and bindery, only

to come out \$1,702 behind the profit mark set.

"Interviewed lately on the subject of profits, he declared: 'Extra business costs extra money to handle. No printer, or manager in any other line of business, can force more profits merely by adding to volume. It may work out on paper but it won't work out in the shop. I figure it this way: The manager of any well-regulated business, as mine, is kept fairly busy. Each year he is growing busier. Additional business calls for more oversight and more oversight calls for more time—which is not to be had *without more expense*. When you start out to add to profit by any other method than by cutting expense you have a ticklish road to travel—unless you can get a greater amount of work done for the same money, in which case you are cutting expense by short cuts disguised.'"

It is not enough, the writer concludes, to be able to avoid the sophistries which tend to disguise expenses as profits or inflate a one per cent. dividend until it looks like ten. Knowing what to avoid is only half the game; knowing what route to take and how to take it, is the other half. Profit, as viewed by this writer and as distinguished from theory, is what is left of the selling price after all costs and expenses have been paid.

## AMERICA IN SEARCH OF A NEW SOURCE OF WEALTH



NOT MORE than a few weeks ago the potash controversy with Germany was finally settled by what appears to be a complete surrender of the American interests to the dictates of the German syndicate. The Americans agreed to an annulment of their existing contracts with certain individual members of the German syndicate in exchange for far less favorable contracts with the *cartel* which, backed by the Government, monopolizes the entire industry. Whatever may have been the merits of the case,—for there is much to be said on either side,—Germany held the trump cards. Without potash no plant can thrive, and Germany holds the monopoly of this indispensable mineral. But, if Mr. Guy Elliott Mitchell, of the United States Geological Survey, is right, the United States will get even with Germany before long. Americans, he remarks in the *American Review of Reviews*, are loath to pass under the yoke, and vigorous measures have been instituted to find an American source of supply for potash salts. The search

for American potash, he affirms, is in progress in every direction, and no golden Eldorado ever held out better prospects of success. "When the find is made it will be a bigger discovery and of more economic importance to the nation than the greatest gold camp in the history of treasure hunting."

Last year, the writer remarks, American farmers bought from Germany about \$15,000,000 worth of potash salts. In 1910 we bought \$12,000,000 worth; in 1904 about \$4,000,000. During the last twelve years we spent \$75,000,000 for potash, and during the coming twelve years, at the present rate of increase in consumption, we shall spend \$425,000,000 more. We are just beginning to realize the great value of potash as a fertilizer and its capacity for doubling the agricultural yields of broad areas. Our consumption of some other minerals, coal for instance, has increased in an even more spectacular manner. But it goes against our grain to send abroad our good money, especially for raw material. We pride ourselves on being by far the greatest mineral producer in the world. As a mat-

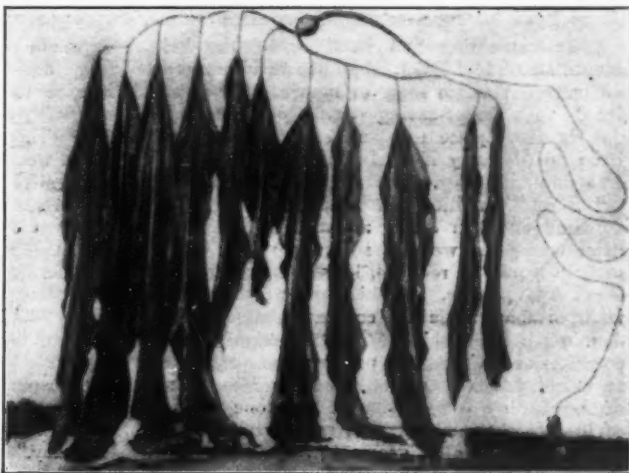


ter of fact, Mr. Mitchell goes on to say, we have countless millions of tons of potash and entire mountain ranges of potash-bearing rock, but, seemingly as a test of man's ingenuity, Nature has tightly locked it up against human use.

"Even as the shipwrecked mariner exclaims, 'Water, water everywhere, but not one drop to drink!' so the American farmer, surrounded on every side by ridges and cliffs of potash rock, may echo, 'Potash, potash everywhere, but not a pound to use!' In short, the enormous quantities of potash contained in the granites and feldspars are insoluble and unavailable as a plant food, and no cheap process of extraction has yet been devised.

"Rocks, then, are one source of potash; another and very likely one is deposits of soluble salts in the arid West, similar to those of Germany. A year ago Congress appropriated \$20,000, which became available on July 1, to enable the United States Geological Survey to search for such potash deposits, and work is being pushed along this line, deep-drilling operations now being under way in the desert regions of Nevada. The source of all potash salt deposits is ocean water and leachings from rocks, and since the West was in an early geological age covered by the primal ocean, and it is known that in the succeeding upheavals of the continent many vast inland seas were formed which later dried up, it is deduced that there were left enormous deposits of salt and potash."

Study of the Great Basin desert region by the Geologist H. S. Gale revealed this as the most promising area for the first drilling operations. On December 1st a depth of 380 feet had been reached. The discovery of the desired saline deposits must still be regarded as a possibility rather than a probability. The German Government, Mr. Mitchell adds, spent five years in sinking the shaft near Stassfurt, which resulted in a discovery of potash deposits whose ultimate value can only be estimated in billions of dollars. Another appropriation of \$12,500 was made by Congress to the Department of Agriculture, and investigations have been carried on by that department in the hope of developing some practical method of extracting potash from feldspars and other rocks. Of several scores of proc-



POTASH-BEARING PLANTS

This plant, growing at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, may, if harvested with care, become a source of untold wealth to the United States.

esses already patented, two are believed to be "all but assured" successes.

The most promising field for harvesting potash is offered by the inexhaustible meadows of seaweeds at the bottom of the ocean. In a bulletin by W. C. Phalen, issued by the United States Geological Survey, attention is called to a paper by David M. Balch on the giant kelps of the Pacific coast as sources of potash. "Here," Mr. Mitchell exclaims, "is a potash supply readily available for the use of the farmer. It only remains to devise a plan for reaping the unique crop; the rest of the process is simple, for seaweed has been used as a fertilizer from time immemorial." The ocean is a vast and inexhaustible reservoir of potash. If we attempt to extract the dozen ounces of potash contained in each ton of sea water we shall find ourselves engaged in a difficult and unremunerative endeavor; but along our coast there are growing with the rapidity and the vigor of the bamboo countless millions of marine plants, each of which may store up during its short life from one to two pounds of chloride and sulphate of potassium.

"A ton of air-dried kelp in addition to valuable by-products can be depended on for a minimum yield of 500 pounds of pure potash salts and three pounds of iodine. These are worth above \$20 in the markets, and with the addition of the by-products Mr. Balch conservatively places the value of the product of a ton of air-dried kelp at \$25. This value he compares with a yield of \$6 per ton from the distillation of wood, which is cut, split, stacked, seasoned for a year, and

after that period is transported to the plant for distillation.

"The harvesting and handling of the kelp, according to Mr. Balch, should present no great difficulty. A steam scow or launch, manned and fitted with labor-saving devices, could move quickly from place to place, cut the kelp, draw it on board, carry it to shore, and unload cargo at a minimum cost. The next step would be to put it into condition for transportation. Dried by wind and sun or by artificial methods to a point where the weed is soft and pliable, a ton of kelp would be reduced, he states, to a bale of about 250 pounds, in which form it is easily transportable, while its contents will keep indefinitely. The subsequent extraction of the potash and by-products presents no difficulties. It would seem, therefore, that the Department of Agriculture is following at least one solution of the potash problem. One species of the kelp, *Nereocystis gigantea*, grows at a depth of from

sixty to 120 feet. Another species of *nereocystis* flourishes in water from fifty to sixty feet in depth, in patches so dense as to impede navigation, and another giant kelp abounds from Mexico to Alaska and from Cape Horn north almost to the equator at a depth of about sixty feet. This plant attains great bulk and during rough weather it is often stranded in vast quantities, entire plants many hundreds of pounds in weight strewn the beaches. Experts of the Department of Agriculture have been investigating these kelp fields of the Pacific Coast and are now considering the practical proposition of annually harvesting the crop. They have made a sort of survey, during the past year, of about 100 square miles of these kelp groves, and Secretary Wilson expresses the greatest confidence that the American people have here an eternal source of potash, readily available as a fertilizer, which will make the United States entirely independent of Germany."

## CHASING THE WILD CATS OF FINANCE



ONE HUNDRED million dollars is about the sum pilfered from the pockets of the American people annually by the sale of "wild-cat" securities. The Post-office puts the sum even higher.

Yet almost every one of the swindling concerns that prey upon ignorance and credulity, declares Will Payne in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is "duly incorporated" and possesses a charter under the great seal of some sovereign state qualifying it to go out and rob as many "suckers" as it can find. Tho nearly every state and territory, with the greatest good nature, will incorporate the rankest fake proposition, only one state—Kansas—seriously attempts to protect its citizens from stock-selling pirates. In every state a purchaser of fake stock may sue for the recovery of his money, which is about as satisfactory as the privilege of suing a pick-pocket for the recovery of your watch. There are also statutes against obtaining money under false pretences. But nine times out of ten the fake stock scheme is framed up with sufficient ingenuity to make conviction extremely doubtful. The Post-office Department is the only effectual barrier between the widow's mite and the set of thieves promoting wild-cat stock-selling campaigns. If the fraud involves the mails and complaint is made to the Post-office Department, prosecution will follow. But the department cannot act until the swindle is well under way and

a great many victims lament their vanished fortunes.

Mr. Payne quotes a state official as declaring that ninety-nine per cent. of the mining companies that go around peddling stock are rank frauds, and that every intelligent person is aware of that fact. "If people are foolish enough to buy such stuff, I don't see how you are going to keep them from doing it." That, remarks Mr. Payne, is the prevailing view; but it is exactly equivalent to saying: "Why, if a merchant is silly enough to take a counterfeit bill, let him stand the loss. Why should we try to protect him by passing laws against counterfeiting? If a bank-teller doesn't know any better than to pay a forged check, why should the State try to save him from the consequence of his own blundering?" Kansas, owing to the initiative of State Bank Commissioner Dolley, takes a different view of the matter and has virtually stopped the swindle as far as the limited power of a single state can accomplish this end. Reports of frauds of this description drifted into Mr. Dolley's office with increasing frequency from year to year. People, he says, usually came to him for information after they had parted with their money.

"An old farmer I used to know came up to Topeka to see me. He'd sold his Kansas farm and had the money in the bank. A couple of smooth gentlemen came along and persuaded him to invest the money in developing a magnificent tract in New Mexico that was just about

to be irrigated. He invested; and, after waiting patiently a good many months for the promised returns, he came up to see me. I advised him to invest some more money in a railroad ticket and go down and look at his land personally. He did go down there. He got off at the railroad station that was to be their shipping point and walked half a day through the sagebrush, and then climbed some bare, mountainous hills until his wind gave out. The land he'd invested in was still higher up. The only way to irrigate it would be from the moon. That was only one instance out of a good many. There was no law to reach the sharks—except, of course, that a man might sue them or prosecute them for getting money under false pretenses; but a man couldn't do either until after he had lost his money. So far as the law went there seemed nothing to do by way of protecting him from losing his money; but I made up my mind I'd do something."

Mr. Dolley started an investigation into the entire question and discovered that there were no less than five hundred agents selling wild-cat stocks in Kansas. They were getting anywhere between three and five million dollars out of the people of the state for values chiefly fictitious. Argus-eyed, the agents watched the payments of life insurance, real estate sales, and similar transactions, to swoop down upon their victims. With the cooperation of the newspapers and the banks, Mr. Dolley succeeded in persuading the legislature to pass the "Blue Sky Law," so nicknamed because it was designed to prevent the swindling of people through sales of stock based chiefly on "atmosphere." The law requires every company, whether organized in Kansas or elsewhere, with the exception of national banks, trust companies, loan associations and corporations not organized for profit, to file exact reports of their financial condition before receiving a license—revocable at the will of the commissioner—to sell stock in Kansas. Severe penalties are provided for violations of the act, and the commissioner is empowered to investigate the books of the companies at his pleasure. The law, in other words, is a real law with real teeth to it. Stock-selling agents must likewise be licensed by the commissioner, and before they are permitted to unload their stock certificates on the public their past is subjected to a rigorous examination.

The "Blue Sky Law," Mr. Payne informs us, went into effect March 15th, 1911; and some idea of the extent of the fraud at which it was aimed may be gathered from the fact that within six months the bank commis-

sioner received more than five hundred applications to sell stocks or bonds in Kansas—and out of about five hundred and fifty applications he approved just forty-four! "No doubt the most outrageous schemes simply withdrew from the state without any attempt to get a license; so that," the writer goes on to say, "the five hundred and odd that did apply and were rejected represent, so to speak, the upper crust or the more plausible of the Blue Sky fraternity."

"Bearing that probability in mind, the rejected applications on file in the commissioner's office are really amazing. They show, more graphically than anything else I know of, with what sublime assurance ingenious gentlemen go out after the money of suckers in exchange for stock engravings; in fact, the astonishing tolerance of the law toward this form of fraud has elevated it into a sort of respectability. It has become a kind of vested interest. Apparently some of the people engaged in it think they have an inalienable constitutional right to sell worthless 'securities'; and they resent any interference with their operations as an act of tyranny and oppression.

"For example, soon after the law was passed two well-dressed, prosperous-looking gentlemen, who made their headquarters at Topeka, waited in person upon the bank commissioner. They were surprised and rather indignant because an application to sell stock in which they were interested had been peremptorily rejected. They thought the commissioner must be mistaken as to the sort of gentlemen he was dealing with; they had good clothes, jewelry and money in the bank; were well acquainted with various substantial and more or less leading citizens, could furnish references. When they had stated their case the following colloquy occurred:

"How long have you been selling stocks round here?"

"Seven years."

"You must have sold stocks in that time to a good many people."

"Oh, yes; a great many."

"Good! I'll give you two dollars a head for all the people you will bring to my desk who ever bought stock of any kind from you and got back as much as five per cent. of their money!"

"Whereupon the prosperous agents faded away.

"Coming back to the application, a majority, it is hardly necessary to say, are from mining concerns. Undoubtedly people will fall more readily for a fake or wild-cat mining-stock than for any other variety. Nothing but bitter experience, it seems, will convince them that any mine, anywhere on earth, which is in such a state of development that large dividends are assured doesn't need to go about peddling its stock at a discount, any more than a man with a pocketful of five-dollar gold-pieces needs to stand on a

street corner beseeching passers-by to purchase them at four dollars apiece.

"Next in number, perhaps, come oil companies—and there is a remarkable assortment of irrigation schemes, plantations in Mexico, Central and South America, transportation enterprises and what not; in fact, the undertakings described in

these applications dot the Western Hemisphere from the Equator to the Arctic Circle. In running them to earth, Commissioner Dolley has written to every state in the Union, to the State Department at Washington and to foreign Governments. In some cases the accumulated documents make a pile an inch thick."

## UNCLE SAM'S LESSON IN EXPORT TRADE



ECONOMIC conditions in the United States, which have not been entirely satisfactory during the past four years, have driven the manufacturers to pay greater attention to the possibilities of export trade. The Foreign Department of the National Association of Manufacturers has had a canvas made, extending to all parts of the world, in which political and agricultural conditions affecting trade are clearly set forth. If the present business disturbances within the United States have taught the American manufacturer a lesson in the importance of our export trade, the ill wind of political agitation, to which our captains of industry ascribe their troubles, will have blown good to some one. We are accustomed, by reading the muck-raking magazines, to regard Uncle Sam as a fool handicapped by ignorance and indifference in his commercial dealings with foreign nations. The figures and conclusions offered by Steven de Csesznak in *American Industries*, in a brief survey of our export conditions, prove, on the contrary, that we are rapidly and steadily advancing. Uncle Sam is no backward pupil, even if he still has much to learn from the older nations.

Uncle Sam, claims Mr. de Csesznak, is learning that there is no essential difference between export and domestic trade. "Minor alterations in method to meet variations in conditions, slightly increased difficulties in correspondence and shipment, the interposition of the set formalities of the custom-house—these," we are told, "are the only noteworthy conditions which distinguish foreign trade from business here at home, and they are distinctly minor in importance."

"In plain truth, foreign sales are not more than the every-day, prosaic process of a business growth, and the variations and consequent difficulties encountered in that process are frequently much less noticeable in export than in home trade. Export has suffered more from its misguided friends than from any other single

factor in the case. The very general effort to set export in a class altogether by itself, to magnify the insignificant details of difference, to claim for it a suspension of the natural business laws, has discouraged many a manufacturer from even the minimum of effort necessary to lay the foundation of future business abroad."

Until recently the bulk of our foreign sales consisted of food-stuffs and raw materials, whose sale abroad was a matter of accident rather than design. Within the last decade manufactured products gained preponderance over raw materials. In spite of the enormous increase in the sale of raw cotton, the balance is still in favor of the manufacturer. This fact seems to prove that we are wide awake, notwithstanding pessimistic writers and speakers on export topics. The mere sale of manufactured merchandize, the writer assures us, is positive proof that behind the sale there has been an intelligent, persistent, effective effort to secure the market.

"For the raw materials may still follow the blind law of supply and demand, manufactured products in the main sell only where they are made to sell, move only in those directions in which a powerful, continuous force endeavors to drive them. It is the lack of this single essential which has militated against the earlier development of American export, so far as manufactured products are concerned. We have not developed certain foreign markets, for the ample and excellent reason that, in the main, we have not needed those markets nor cared to undertake their conquest."

A close scrutiny of our foreign sales indicates that most success has been made in those lines which require specialized and persistent selling campaigns.

"Taking as a basis of comparison the totals for the first ten months of 1910 and 1911 respectively, our exports of automobiles show the remarkable increase of 28 per cent.—a most creditable result, considering the relative youth of this industry in America and the unusual advantages of priority and reputation enjoyed by



European competitors. Even more striking is the growth in exports of typewriters, which increased from \$5,300,000 in the first ten months of 1910 to \$7,800,000 in the same period of 1911, an advance of over forty-seven per cent. in a single year! Cash registers gained 22 per cent., cameras and photographic supplies (in which some particularly effective sales effort has been noticeable) advanced 30 per cent., and through the entire list nearly every large percentage of increase is found to occur in some line offering apparently enormous difficulties of sale.

"This extraordinary record affords a most convincing argument in favor of the common-sense plan of applying to foreign sales effort the same peculiarly shrewd, direct and careful selling science which has characterized the modern development of our trade at home. For these lines, if their export sale had been attempted under the haphazard, apathetic, passive system still in vogue for certain articles of relatively easy sale, could have displayed no such advance. Typewriters, automobiles and cash registers are sold only when high-power, high-grade selling science makes them sell. The older methods of export, in which direct sales effort was practically unheard of, could gain for such goods only a cursory sale, in which no such rapid or extensive development could be possible. These ancient methods, still in force in certain lines of manufacture which find an export outlet rather in spite of them than because of them, are destined to disappear with increasing rapidity."

The total of our sales to Europe, the writer goes on to say, increased by over \$170,000,000. Much of this, however, is accounted for by the heavily increased exports of raw cotton, which to England alone amounted to \$70,000,000.

"Sales to South America show the very satisfactory advance of nearly \$15,000,000; to Central America of approximately \$3,000,000, and satisfactory advances are evident in all directions except that of Mexico, in which a heavy decrease was caused by the disturbed political condition of the country during the last year. When this condition is taken into account, the fact that our sales to that territory fell off by less than \$7,000,000, leaving a total of over \$50,000,000 during a period when business was almost absolutely paralyzed and the country in a state of guerrilla warfare, is more than satisfactory, especially when it is considered that this sale consisted very largely of railway equipment, structural iron and steel, electrical machinery, typewriters, automobiles and other goods of difficult export sale.

"Sales to Japan increased in a very satisfactory ratio, while Canadian purchases show that recent political differences have exercised no unfavorable effect upon our commercial relations in that direction."

The history of our trade relations with Porto Rico affords a valuable object lesson. Until thirteen years ago our sales to the island were inconsiderable. To a certain extent the existence of the tariff wall and the restrictive effect of Spanish control militated against the development of our trade with the territory; but there is sufficient proof to show that this was not the sole factor nor indeed the chief one.

"Since 1898 our total sales to Porto Rico have multiplied by thirty-three, a rate of increase not surpassed by any other trade growth on record. The disappearance of the export feature from Porto Rican trade—the merely nominal change effected by its transition from a foreign to a domestic status—is unquestionably the prime cause of this development. Previous to 1898 the chief obstacle existed in the mind of the American manufacturer, who so long as Porto Rico was foreign territory, regarded it as too difficult or too insignificant to merit exploitation. When this obstruction disappeared, through the advent of American political control, the almost automatic application of domestic sales methods to the territory produced the remarkable result set forth above. . . .

"The condition of our export machinery to-day shows surprisingly few defects, considering the apparently recent inauguration in the new movement in foreign trade. Much criticism of our equipment for export is based on conditions which are practically extinct and still more has its roots in gross ignorance of the facts. Our facilities for securing and handling foreign business are quite as highly developed as the state of the trade warrants, and in point of fact compare very favorably with those enjoyed by nations whose export experience is several times as old and extensive as our own. Our means for advertising in foreign fields, for securing credit information regarding foreign buyers, for investigating business conditions abroad, for financing and shipping, are adequate to our present needs and must necessarily improve and enlarge with the demand for better and bigger facilities.

"It is a very common fallacy to suppose that a perfectly developed system of incidental machinery is essential for the development of export trade from the very outset. Practically no great commercial development ever possessed such an artificial aid. Certainly no national commerce could afford the maintenance of a complete plant during the years in which slow-growing trade could make use of only a part of its capacity. These incidental factors in business developments are creations of business itself more commonly than creators of it. They expand and multiply economically as trade itself demands them."

## HOW INDUSTRY PAYS TRIBUTE TO A SMALL SWEDISH MERCHANT



**I**N A private and closely guarded room of a small shop in an unknown Swedish hamlet there toils a man in secret. The result of his labors is known and appreciated by machinery manufacturers the world over, we learn from *Cassier's Magazine*; but in this country this monopolizer of a unique secret of science finds his most enthusiastic admirers and patrons, for the United States is the reputed home of accuracy in machine manufacture. Just how this odd scientist accomplishes what he does no one knows, not even his own sons, who work with him, writes Charles B. Hayward in the periodical of engineering science already named:

"Johannson has made the world beat a path to his door in Eskilstuna, Sweden, for he discovered the secret of making a more accurate limit gauge than any previously in use. Not alone a single gauge, but a set of gauges, and a unique system of employing them, by means of which eighty-one gauges are capable of producing 80,000 gauge sizes, accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch—much less than the proverbial hair's-breadth. It is known as the Swedish combination gauging system, and a single set of gauges gives a practically unlimited series of sizes rising by increments of one ten-thousandth of an inch to twenty-six inches. A definite figure has been set as the limit of the number of combinations obtainable—80,000; but this is a calculated result and life is too short to prove its truth in practice; as repeated attempts have failed to cite a dimension within the limits of the gauges which they are not capable of producing."

Extreme accuracy is the greatest desideratum in the building of machinery of almost every class, but more particularly of motor cars. Yet no such thing as perfect accuracy is commercially practical. The first step towards the goal is naturally the perfection of the standard, for the work can not surpass the criterion by which it is judged. Making such standards is a tedious and expensive process. Evidently Johannson has not found it so, or else he values his secret but little, for he is able to offer them in the American market for a few hundred dollars. An American concern of long standing and of international reputation is affirmed to have said that it could not reproduce a set of gauges of similar accuracy for many times their selling price. Mr. Hayward writes further:

"When two of these Swedish gauges are 'wiped' together so as to exclude the air from between them they adhere with a pressure which experiment has shown to exceed thirty pounds to the square inch. The pressure of the atmosphere is less than half this. Whence this mysterious force that is equally powerful? It is very difficult to explain. Certain it is, however, that magnetism has naught to do with it, for the pieces have no attraction whatever for one another unless thus 'wiped' or 'wrung' together. An indefinite number of combinations may be subjected to this test, or twenty or more pieces may be thus wiped together and supported horizontally by merely holding the last one, which means that the accuracy of their various surfaces is almost absolute. Finishing one surface, or two surfaces, to a very close limit by lapping—rubbing together with a fine abrasive between—is a comparatively simple matter. But achieving such perfect parallelism as is shown by these remarkable gauges is quite another thing, a secret quite well worth knowing.

"The peculiarity about this mysteriously powerful adhesion of the separate pieces is that the *feel* of the built-up gauge thus formed is exactly the same as that of a single piece of metal, and this holds for any combination, the number of pieces forming it not affecting the sensation in the slightest. Any skilled mechanic will understand instinctively the meaning of this and its testimony to the accuracy of the gauges. For instance, a 1-inch gauge may be built up of pieces representing  $0.5 + 0.2 + 0.05 + .150 + 0.1$  inch, and the resulting piece will be 1 inch, absolute. Or any one of several other combinations may be made to represent an inch, and, blindfolded, the most expert mechanic could not detect any difference between the manner in which the two gauges fit."

The fact that perfection of accuracy is well-nigh unattainable is the basis of the curious situation in which the Swede finds himself. A ten-thousandth part of an inch is about as close a limit as can ordinarily be set. It is not commercially practicable to obtain such a dimension absolutely. There must be a tolerance within which the piece may approach to the dimension set and still be acceptable.

Mr. Johannson, the backwoods inventor, who discovered what thousands of the most expert mechanics in machine-building centers have vainly sought for half a century, limits his output to a few hundred sets of gauges a year—whether from inclination or because of mechanical difficulties is as much a secret as the process itself.

# Science and Discovery

## ARE MEMORIES TRANSMITTED FROM PARENT TO CHILD?



HE memories gained and stored up by a man or by an animal can, according to some students of heredity like the late Francis Galton and even Lombroso, be transmitted to offspring. Hence the young is born with some or all its parents' recorded experience. Now comes Sir Ray Lankester, one of the most noted students of biology and heredity abroad, to deny that memories are transmitted from parents to offspring. In fact, observes Sir Ray Lankester in the course of a discussion of the subject recently, children have to learn even to walk and to speak. It has been pointed out that children do not have to learn to suck the mother's breast. In reply Sir Ray Lankester notes that children have to learn to find the mother's breast. A series of hospital experiments proves that conclusively. Children, indeed, have to learn to put food to the mouth with the hand, a thing they can never do until someone instructs them. Children have to be taught to distinguish between sand and sugar. There is not the slightest evidence that the mechanisms of memory are transmitted from parent to offspring. Memories are in truth built up afresh in each generation and arise from individual experience. Not that the eminent scientist who states these things is unaware of the evidence in seeming support of another view entirely. To quote his words as reported in the *London Telegraph*:

"A good many instinctive actions among lower animals are of such a nature as to lead to the suggestion that they are due to memory—for instance, the stinging of a grub by a certain kind of wasp just in the right place where the nervous system lies, so that the grub is paralyzed and remains alive and fit for food, altho unable to move; and the building of its own proper form of nest by a bird. Some thirty years ago it seemed to some naturalists and philosophers that the existence of 'instincts'—the inborn mechanisms of the nervous system—could be best

explained as transmissions through the living particles, the germ-cell and sperm-cell, to later generations of what had been in ancestors individually acquired memories. Instincts were thus regarded as race memories (as opposed to individual memories). This theory of the origin of 'instincts' is not at present accepted as one of general application.

"Many regular and characteristic actions of the lower animals are due, like their form and color, to variation and the selection by survival of the most favorable variation. Such variations in action are the result of variations in the nervous mechanism, and would have originally no purposive character. Out of hundreds of possible movements (due to structural variations of the nervous system) in circumstances of danger, or in grasping prey or storing food, and similar emergencies, one procedure or mode of action would be best suited to ensure the survival of the race, and the variety of mechanism producing it would thus survive and become fixed by heredity, establishing what we call 'an instinct.' The instinctive response to danger, whatever form it takes, and the usual accompaniment of movements (which in ourselves is associated with the mental state which we call fear) appear to be in many lower animals of this nature; they are not a result of individual memory, and did not even arise in the animal's ancestors as the result of memory of a danger experienced, followed by a consequent shrinking from the danger when it re-appeared, as when the burnt child dreads the fire."

It may still be argued that some of the instinctive actions of animals are due to transmission of memory acquired and recorded in an ancestor, even tho many are not. The duckling takes to water and swims without education, even in the absence of other ducks which it might imitate. This, it is held, is a case of inherited memory—the sight of the water calling up a chain of memories, including the experience of the use of the legs as swimming organs and the advantage of the water as a place of safety and freedom. But it would seem less probable that what has been transmitted to the duckling is not a memory acquired by the observation and

memory of an ancestor, but a memory which arose in the duck's ancestors by the survival of ancestral birds which, when driven into or overwhelmed by water, made better use (owing to individual variation) of their legs as swimming organs and so survived. The descendants of these birds, in a long series of generations, were improved by such selection both as to their powers of swimming and their readiness to take to the water for safety and for food.

"Most mammals (nearly all except man) and very many terrestrial animals of lower kinds, when suddenly thrown into water make movements of the limbs which for a time prevent the drowning of the animal. Even cats can swim for a short time, and the tiger and the leopard habitually do so. The variations in individuals of the vague struggles which cause an animal to float have resulted in the course of generations in the improvement of the swimming capacity of the race by the survival of those whose motor nervous mechanism happened to give the better result, and so the variation, selection, and transmission have been started which have led to skilful swimming and to the production, from dog-like ancestral carnivora, of such accomplished swimmers as the seals, and of such submarine monsters as the whales. The same line of argument applies to the case of the foal and the chick, which are born with the ability to walk and run. Higher animals which are born without this ability are not really recapitulating the primitive condition of their race. They have, owing to various reasons, lost what is the most ordinary possession of animals on escaping from the egg-envelopes or the protective chamber of the mother's body, and was present in their ancestors. The foal inherits a locomotor and guiding nervous mechanism which cannot be connected with anything corresponding to what we call 'memory' in its ancestors. This mechanism must be traced step by step as one gradually developed by selection from marine locomotive worms, through fishes, amphibians, and beast-like reptiles to the earliest mammalian parents. We cannot suppose that there is here the transmission of ancestral memory of spatial relations!"

Cases which seem to favor the belief in a transmission of an ancestral memory are those of innate fear and terror in the presence of certain objects—such as that said to be exhibited by a monkey at sight of a snake, by a chick at the cry of a hawk and by a horse at the smell of a lion. The possibility of this fear being due to imitation of elders who have had the individual experience of unpleasant associations and remember it, has, of course, been offered as an explanation. But it is as-

serted that experiments have been made which exclude the possibility of imitation. Sir Ray Lankester does not feel confident of this, however, in regard to monkeys and snakes. There is the curious fact that many monkeys exhibit terror at sight of a harmless creature, the armadillo. Possibly in the case of monkeys the terror shown at the sight of a snake is merely a special case of general terror at strange unfamiliar creatures, similar to that shown by children.

"We have all received these beliefs and superstitions by stories and phrases and customs in early childhood, both consciously and unconsciously, from dozens of sources, and have forgotten not only how or whence we received them, but even that they are there, stored in unconscious memory. It seems to be quite unnecessary to have recourse to the organic transmission by the medium of the egg-cell and sperm-cell of nerve-cells inscribed with these special memories. The tremendous external record kept alive in the speech, songs, pictures, stories, taboos, laws, and the written and printed accumulations of the world, are quite enough when acting on the unconscious memory of an individual to stock him with strange beliefs and superstitions buried deep in those unconscious recesses."

Apart from this sufficient explanation of the genesis within the individual man of primitive beliefs and superstitions of which he is unconscious—until he is excited or deeply moved—it is of interest to note that a very much larger assumption is made when a superstition is supposed to be carried by inherited memory than when the activity of inherited memory is only assumed to transmit a simple response of terror or fear (or may be of pleasure) in regard to some definite object of which the parent or forefather had definite experience and lodged it in his memory. By a superstition we understand something far more elaborate than this. We mean something which can not be expressed without words or symbols agreed upon as representing words:

"In fact, 'a superstition' involves a story, a narrative, a series of events, and relations of various things and persons—possibly very brief, but none the less quite distinct from a mere feeling of dread or of affection. We have already seen reason to doubt whether any memorized impression of even so simple a nature as the connection with a person or thing of the feeling of fear or the feeling of attraction can be transmitted by bodily inheritance from parent to offspring. How far more complicated is the mechanism built up in the memory by a superstition! It is many thousand times more complex, and we could not,



even if experiment led us to admit the transmission of the association in memory of fear or love with certain things, proceed to argue therefrom that it is probable that there is a transmission of the immensely more elaborate structural mechanism concerned in the memory of a story or event or superstition."

Were there really a transmission in the human race of the memory of such complex things as words and their meanings, concludes Sir Ray Lankester, we should be totally different creatures from what we are. There is no transmission of memory in the substance of the brain from generation to generation,

but only a transmission of the power of building up each one his own individual memory. That power we call "educability." Every man and woman of whatever race commences to build his or her memory on a razed table, a blank sheet, a smooth wax surface. The value of this new and individual upbuilding depends on its being related afresh to the individual's conditions. It is large in proportion, as there has been a suppression, a riddance, of inherited instinctive mechanisms and it is certain that fragments of inherited memory would not only be valueless, but would impair the value of the individual education.

## WHY MAN'S FOSSIL REMAINS ARE SCARCER THAN THOSE OF ANIMALS



WHY have the paleontologists failed to find any adequate evidence regarding the ancestry of man, while they have found a series of ancestral stages showing the evolution of the lower animals?

The question has been discussed recently by that careful student of man's fossil remains, Dr. W. D. Matthew, curator of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Human remains, he writes, are found only in the latest geological formations. To quote his exact words in the *New York Times*:

"No authenticated remains are older than the Pleistocene epoch (ice age). In North America they are all very late Pleistocene. They are not especially rare as compared with the remains of lower animals, but most of the finds are due to interments of one kind or another.

"In the older formations (Tertiary and preceding periods) the bones of extinct animals are found, sometimes in abundance, but no remains certainly attributable to man or to any direct ancestor of man have been found. All reports to the contrary are based on questionable or insufficient evidence. These facts are true of the regions which have been extensively explored for fossil remains, viz., the greater part of Europe, a large part of the United States, and minor areas in other parts of the world.

"The obvious inferences are that man probably did not inhabit these parts of the world until during or after the great ice age; that he did not evolve from lower animals in these regions, and that the practice of interring the dead, instead of leaving them at the mercy of wild beasts, was a very ancient and universal custom among primitive races of man."

The regions explored, adds Dr. Matthew, are a small fraction—possibly 5 per cent.—of the area of Tertiary formations of the same nature known or believed to exist in different parts of the world. There are vast areas of promising "badlands" in every continent, which have been little or not at all searched by fossil hunters (these specimens are very rarely noticed or recognized by others). Even in the Western States, fifty years of exploration are so far from exhausting the field that every Summer some expedition reports finding extinct animals hitherto unknown to science. Nevertheless, we know enough to make it very improbable that the ancestry of man will be found in the Tertiary of North America.

"There is a great deal of indirect evidence, in the present distribution of the races of mankind, and what is known of the history of their migration, and from other sources, all pointing toward Asia, and especially Central Asia, as the original home of the race and the theater of its evolution during the Tertiary period. This is unexplored territory to the paleontologist, and too difficult and dangerous for systematic search even to-day. But if it is opened up to exploration during the next half century as the Western States have been in the past fifty years, we may look to find there the remains of Tertiary ancestors of man along with those of various lower races of animals which are believed to have originated in that region. If, after a thorough search, this belief is not substantiated, explanations will be in order, and it will be necessary for us to modify or reconsider our present view as to where and how man originated."

## THE CHEMISTRY OF MORALS



FROM the cradle to the grave the contents of life, according to Doctor Jacques Loeb, the famed biologist of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, are wishes and hopes, efforts and struggles and, unfortunately, also disappointments and suffering. Can this inner life be analyzed chemically—is it amenable to what is known technically as physico-chemical analysis? In reply, Doctor Loeb, speaking before the congress of monists in Germany, affirmed his conviction that such an analysis is, in the light of recent scientific discovery, attainable. "As long as a life phenomenon has not yet found a physicochemical explanation it usually appears inexplicable. If the veil is once lifted, we are always surprized that we did not guess from the first what was behind it." That in the case of our inner life a physicochemical explanation is not beyond the realm of possibility is proved by the fact, says Doctor Loeb, that it is already possible for us to explain cases of simple manifestations of animal instinct and will on a physicochemical basis—what are called animal tropisms, for instance.

As the most simple example, Doctor Loeb mentions the tendency of certain animals to fly or creep to the light. We are dealing in this case with the manifestation of an instinct or impulse which the animals can not resist. It appears as if this blind instinct which these animals must follow, altho it may cost them their lives, might be explained by the so-called law of Bunsen and Roscoe, which explains the photochemical effects of inanimate nature. This law states that within wide limits the photochemical effect equals the product of the intensity of light into the duration of illumination. It is not possible to enter here into all the details of the reactions of these animals to light. Doctor Loeb merely points out in which way the light instinct of the animals may possibly be connected with the Bunsen-Roscoe law.

The positively heliotropic animals—that is, animals which go instinctively to a source of light—have in their eyes—and occasionally also in their skin—photosensitive substances which undergo chemical alterations by light. The products formed in this process influence the contraction of the muscles, mostly indirectly, through the central nervous system. If the animal is illuminated on one side only,

the mass of photochemical reaction products formed on that side in the unit of time is greater than on the opposite side. Consequently, the development of energy in the symmetrical muscles on both sides of the body becomes unequal. As soon as the difference in the masses of the photochemical reaction products on both sides of the animal reaches a certain value, the animal, as soon as it moves, is automatically forced to turn on one side, or rather towards one side. As soon as it has turned so far that its plane of symmetry is in the direction of the rays, the symmetrical spots of its surface are struck by the light at the same angle, and in this case the intensity of light and consequently the velocity of reaction of the photochemical processes on both sides of the animal become equal. There is no more reason for the animal to deviate from the motion in a straight line, and the positively heliotropic animal will move in a straight line to the source of light. It is assumed that in these experiments the animal is under the influence of only one source of light and positively heliotropic. Doctor Loeb enlarges thus in the paper we quote from, *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"In a series of experiments I have shown that the heliotropic reactions of animals are identical with the heliotropic reactions of plants. It was known that sessile heliotropic plants bend their stems to the source of light until the axis of symmetry of their tip is in the direction of the rays of light. I found the same phenomenon in sessile animals, e. g., certain hydroids and worms. Motile plant organs, e. g., the swarm spores of plants, move to the source of light (or if they are negatively heliotropic away from it) and the same is observed in motile animals. In plants only the more refrangible rays from green to blue have these heliotropic effects, while the red and yellow rays are little or less effective; and the same is true for the heliotropic reactions of animals.

"It has been shown by Blaauw for the heliotropic curvatures of plants that the product of the intensity of a source of light into the time required to induce a heliotropic curvature is a constant; and the same result was obtained simultaneously by another botanist, Fröschl. It is thus proved that the Bunsen-Roscoe law controls the heliotropic reactions of plants. The same fact had already been proved for the action of light on our retina.

"The direct measurements in regard to the applicability of Bunsen's law to the phenomena of animal heliotropism have not yet been made.

products  
time is  
Conse-  
in the  
he body  
fference  
reaction  
reaches  
a as it  
on one  
soon as  
mmetry  
metrical  
light at  
ntensity  
of re-  
on both  
here is  
te from  
ositively  
ght line  
that in  
der the  
ght and  
enlarges  
*Popular*

own that  
identical  
It was  
nd their  
axis of  
n of the  
phenon in  
worms.  
pores of  
if they  
and the  
n plants  
n to blue  
red and  
and the  
s of an-

ne helio-  
oduce of  
the time  
ure is a  
ined si-  
al. It is  
controls  
he same  
ection of

o the ap-  
mena of  
n made.



Photo by Brown Brothers

#### THE SUPREME BIOLOGIST

Professor Jacques Loeb has connected his name with greater triumphs in laboratory work than have fallen to the lot of any investigator in his field during the past generation, the influence of light upon organisms having afforded him facilities for profoundly modifying former conceptions of the nature of life.

But a number of data point to the probability that the law holds good here also. The first of these fact is the identity of the light reactions of plants and animals. The second is at least a rough observation which harmonizes with the Bunsen-Roscoe law. As long as the intensity of light or the mass of photochemical substances at the surface of the animal is small, according to the law of Bunsen, it must take a comparatively long time until the animal is automatically oriented by the light, since according to this law the photochemical effect is equal to the product of the intensity of the light into the duration of illumination.

"If, however, the intensity of the light is strong or the active mass of the photochemical substance great, it will require only a very short time until the difference in the mass of photochemical reaction products on both sides of the animal reaches the value which is necessary for the automatic turning to (or from) the light.

"The behavior of the animals agrees with this assumption. If the light is sufficiently strong, the animals go in an almost straight line to the source of light; if the intensity of light (or the mass of photosensitive substances on the surface of the animal) is small, the animals go in irregular lines, but at last they also land at the source of light, since the directing force is not entirely abolished. It will, however, be necessary to ascertain by direct measurements to what extent these phenomena in animals are the expression of Bunsen-Roscoe's law. But we may already safely state that the apparent will or instinct of these animals resolves itself into a modification of the action of the muscles through the influence of light; and for the metaphysical term 'will' we may in these instances safely substitute the chemical term 'photochemical action of light.'"

Our wishes and hopes, disappointments and sufferings have their source in instincts which are comparable, Doctor Loeb tells us, to the light instinct of the heliotropic animals. The need of and the struggle for food, the sexual instinct with its poetry and its chain of consequences, the maternal instinct with the felicity and the suffering caused by it, the instinct of workmanship and some other instincts are the root from which our inner life develops. For some of these instincts the chemical basis is at least sufficiently indicated to arouse the hope that their analysis, from the mechanistic point of view, is only a question of time. There are, of course, two conflicting conceptions in regard to the nature of life, namely, a vitalistic and a mechanistic. The vitalists deny the possibility of a complete explanation of life in terms of physics and chemistry. The mechanists proceed as tho

a complete and unequivocal physicochemical analysis of life were the attainable goal of biology. Now it seems to Doctor Loeb that whenever a vitalist desires to make a contribution to science which is more substantial and lasting than mere argument or metaphor, he forgets or lays aside his vitalism and proceeds on the premises and methods of the mechanist. Nobody doubts that the durable chemical elements are only a product of blind forces. There is no reason to Doctor Loeb for conceiving otherwise the durable systems in living nature:

"If our existence is based on the play of blind forces and only a matter of chance; if we ourselves are only chemical mechanisms—how can there be an ethics for us? The answer is that our instincts are the root of our ethics and that the instincts are just as hereditary as is the form of our body.

"We eat, drink and reproduce not because mankind has reached an agreement that this is desirable, but because, machine-like, we are compelled to do so.

"We are active because we are compelled to be so by processes in our central nervous system; and as long as human beings are not economic slaves, the instinct of successful work or of workmanship determines the direction of their action. The mother loves and cares for her children not because metaphysicians had the idea that this was desirable, but because the instinct of taking care of the young is inherited just as distinctly as the morphological characters of the female body. We seek and enjoy the fellowship of human beings because hereditary conditions compel us to do so. We struggle for justice and truth since we are instinctively compelled to see our fellow beings happy. Economic, social and political conditions or ignorance and superstition may warp and inhibit the inherited instincts, and thus create a civilization with a faulty or low development of ethics. Individual mutants may arise in which one or the other desirable instinct is lost, just as individual mutants without pigment may arise in animals; and the offspring of such mutants may, if numerous enough, lower the ethical status of a community.

"Not only is the mechanistic conception of life compatible with ethics; it seems the only conception of life which can lead to an understanding of the source of ethics."

Such are the conclusions of the greatest living authority on the chemical phenomena involved in the subject he deals with. It would seem that Doctor Loeb has arrived at these conclusions partly—perhaps not wholly—as a result of his memorable investigations into the relations of an organism to the source of light.



## THE LAST OF THE MOSQUITOS

**T**HE mosquito at last had drunk her fill. She had been born three days before in a neighboring cesspool. The water there was warm, and her larval life, from egg to perfect insect, had occupied only about fifteen days. On emerging from the water she had flown about in the foul air of the cesspool for twenty-four hours, and had fed on the floating excrement. Then she had consorted with a male of her species—one that had probably arisen from the same egg-raft as herself; he was in fact her brother. Her spermathecae were, in consequence, full of spermatozoa, and this had made her crave for a more strengthening diet than anything the cesspool could give her. For hours she had striven to find an exit from that environment without success. But at length she had found her way with a swarm of others through some chink into the adjoining cellar, and had flown up the stone stairs to the kitchen on the ground floor.

Thus does that brilliant student of the subject of mosquito extermination, Dr. Edward Halford Ross, famed for his campaigns

against tropical disease, begin what is both a scientific monograph and a short story in one—a unique contribution to the literature of his specialty.\* To follow the narrative:

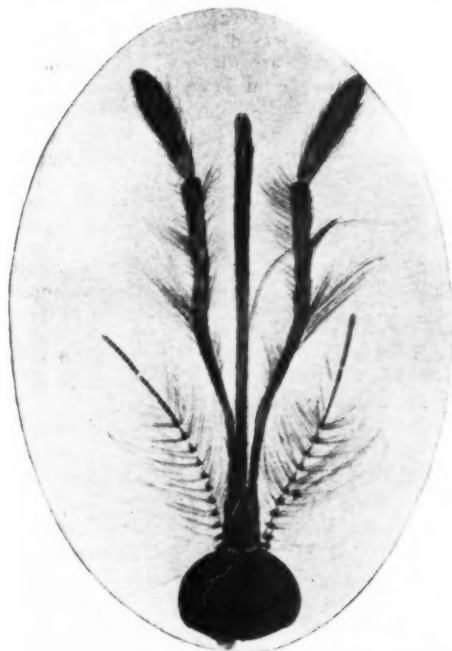
"It was the evening when she emerged into the society of human beings, and the air was still and the heat overpowering. The long flight had been accomplished by easy stages, for she was famished for blood, and had been obliged to rest in dark corners. She had flown to some clothes that were hanging behind the door and had rested again.

"After a short time, hunger again manifested itself. So she tried to clean her proboscis with her forelegs, but it only made them sticky and uncomfortable. She then tried to thrust the end of the proboscis into the cloth, but this was only partially successful, and the cotton hurt her bristles. She flew out of the kitchen, which was deserted, for the native servants were cackling to each other on the stoop, and she at length found her way into a bedroom, where there was a man lying ill on a bed. He had pushed the mosquito net aside to get more air and then had fallen asleep. The room was almost dark. She settled at once on the mosquito net, waving her hind legs in an expectant way. The thoughts of a meal made her feel a pleasurable excitement, but she also felt instinctively the need of caution."

The man's hand, the story proceeds, lay exposed on the coverlet, so she hopped down and alighted very softly on the back of his fingers. Again she rubbed her proboscis and then very gently attempted to thrust it through the skin, which was hot and pungent with fever. The sleeper was sweating profusely, but the skin here was hard and she could not pierce it. She changed her position slightly and tried another spot, where at the bottom of a tiny fold between the palm and the little finger she could gain an entrance. Immediately the point of her proboscis entered the cuticle, her saliva began to flow through and into the skin and before she could pierce any small vein the sleeper moved his hand:

"But she was ready for this, and quickly flew up to the gathered mosquito curtain above. Soon all was quiet, and after a moment's rest she again determined to venture for her food. She moved down gently as before and attacked the man's lip. Here she obtained a few minute drops of blood but again the sleeper moved and she was obliged once more to seek her refuge.

"The frugal meal she had obtained had only



FEMALE

The stings for which the mosquito is famous are all given by the female of the species, whose proboscis is here shown.

\* THE REDUCTION OF THE DOMESTIC MOSQUITOS. By Edward Halford Ross. P. Balkiston's Son and Company.

whetted her appetite for more, and a third time she returned to satisfy her lust. This time she approached the sleeper's ear, but the buzzing her wings made woke him, for he suddenly sat up in bed with an oath, waved his arms about his head, and then set himself to scratching his lip. The wind and disturbance he made with his arms caused the mosquito to fly away to a far corner of the room and contemplate with quaking thoughts the difficulties of obtaining the necessities of life. In the meantime the sleeper pulled down his mosquito curtain and tucked it in under the mattress. She tried again to approach him, but he had hidden himself behind an impregnable fortress of muslin. So she stood on the perpendicular part of the curtain and waited as the evening closed in.

"Suddenly a bat flew in through the open window, and swooped about the room, attracted by the small midges that were disporting themselves in a shaft of light thrown by a street lamp outside. The bat did not see her, but its presence terrified her as its wings flapped past the mosquito net."

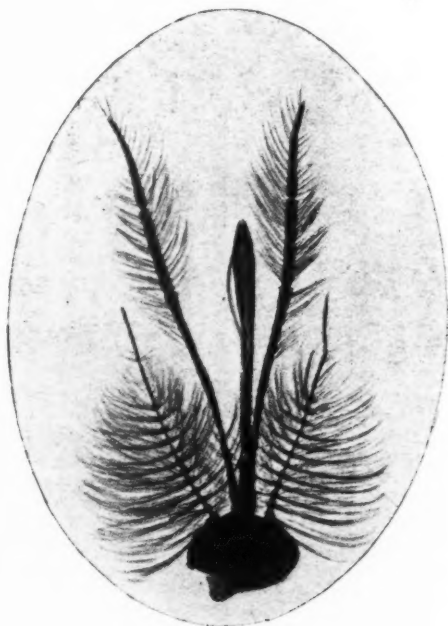
At last her hopes of renewing her meal were again raised. The bedroom door opened and a servant appeared carrying a tray. The mosquito at once settled on his clothes near his bare neck and was carried by him into the passage of the house. He moved so quickly, however, that she was obliged to leave him and entered the open door of another room. Here there was a child asleep in a cot which was covered by a long mosquito curtain. On this she alighted and again waited. Presently the infant's arm was thrust against the net and then she was able to satisfy her appetite for its blood. But on this occasion the child moved and she took refuge under the bed, as she realized that this was the safest place from her natural enemies. When on the child's net she noticed that there were a score or so of mosquitos like herself, with their bodies distended with blood. But there were only two males among them and they belonged to an alien species and they had not fed on the child.

What had become of the swarms of males that she had left in the cesspool?

Why was it only her sex that required blood? Why had she to risk her life for food, while her mate and her brethren remained contentedly in their home, the cesspool? But she had had a good meal at last and it was making her drowsy. Her body was distended and it sagged downward with its weight. This tired her legs, so she crawled up to the net to a place where a fold made it more

horizontal and she could get a hold with her claws. Then she slept.

"That night and all the next day she slept and digested her meal. In the evening she felt hungry again, but it was early and the child had not returned. Therefore she flew out of the open window and distended herself from the black skin of a native who was sleeping in the backyard; his ankles supplied her wants readily. The next night the baby in the cot satisfied her through his mosquito net, which was badly tucked in under the mattress; and again she noticed the absence of her brethren, but noted that the numbers of her sisters on the net had increased—somebody had opened the cesspool and they had flown out in search of blood. Four nights later she had her revenge on the sleeper in the front room, for he was tossing about in the semi-delirium of fever. She gorged herself, and was satisfied enough to sleep for hours after. She rested every day and fed every night until she had made the acquaintance of every member of the household, including all the servants. She even knew the geography of the house and the taste of the water on all the washhand-stands. But for the occasional bats, lizards, spiders and a bird in the garden, her life was a peaceful one. However, as she grew older she learned to avoid such enemies by hiding, and she knew exactly



MALE

The male mosquito does not bite owing to the nature of the apparatus here outlined after the original in the Ross book quoted here.

how to get under the bed when a sleeper woke and tried to squash her distended body.

"As time progressed the eggs within her developed, and she felt the weight of pregnancy bearing upon her. Her meals of blood had been regular and frequent, and she was ready to lay her first brood within a fortnight of her first meal of blood."

Where should she go to lay her eggs? She had tried all the water in the house, but it was clean and filtered. It contained no food for her young. She searched the house. If she did lay her eggs on the clean water in the jug there would be no male for her to consort with again. She looked everywhere—no males.

At last she determined to return to the cesspool where she had been born. She knew there would be males of her species therein and that the water would contain plenty of food for her young larvae when they had hatched out of the eggs. She flew down the stone stairs through the chink in the wall of the cellar. But a new smell assailed her—that of petroleum. The surface of the water was covered with it. Everywhere she went the oil faced her. There were no males here. There were no mosquitos of any kind. What was she to do? She could not lay her eggs on oil. So she left her birthplace and sought another water collection. Everywhere she found the work of the mosquito brigade. Utensils were either empty or contained only clean water

and all stagnant water had been recently and carefully oiled.

Eventually, after searching in every direction, she wandered to another house and found a fountain in the garden. There had been goldfish there, but they had died for some unknown reason and the brigade of sanitary workers hired by the community to fight the mosquito had not noticed the fact. She laid her eggs on the still water during the night and in the morning found a newly hatched male to fill her exhausted spermathecae with his spermatozoa.

"Then she reentered the adjoining house and started feeding again; but she noticed how the mosquitos had almost disappeared. This was of some advantage to her, for the inmates of the house no longer used mosquito curtains and she was able to feed uninterruptedly.

"Six weeks later she had another brood of eggs to lay. The fountain was now dry. She searched high and low, but there was no water anywhere that was suitable for her eggs; also there were no male mosquitos. All the cesspools contained petroleum, and even the cisterns were screened with wire gauze. So she laid her eggs in some clean water in a basin, but the larvae died for want of food. She searched for a male mosquito of her species to consort with again; he could not be found. There were no mosquitos at all. Then the craving for blood seemed to forsake her. She became a vegetarian, living on the juices of old banana skins and discarded watermelons. But her life, once so full of adventure, was blasted."

## A GREAT SURGEON'S THEORY THAT CANCER IS A NEWLY DISCOVERED ANIMAL



HERE is one and only one explanation of the conduct of the cancer cell—it has been endowed with that wondrous gift which no man has seen and which no man can understand, the gift of life. Owing to that gift, it is an independent creature, a living thing. The host in which it dwells has fashioned it out of his own tissues and in the likeness of those tissues. To borrow the figurative language of Scripture, the creator has breathed into it the breath of life and it becomes a veritable Frankenstein's monster, bent on the destruction of its host. After the ages during which scientists and philosophers have sought to explain the origin and nature of life, we have come no further than this. He who discovers

the true origin of cancer will have solved the enigma which has hitherto baffled the searchers in all ages and of all countries.

Thus is the problem of cancer stated by one of the most brilliant and renowned of Britain's medical scientists, Sir Henry Butlin, Bart., past president of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Even if one can not agree with his theory—which is making a sensation abroad—one must at least suspend judgment, declares the London *Lancet*, in view of Sir Henry's right to speak with authority after a lifetime of experience and study of the subject. To quote from the words of his recent lecture before the Royal College of Surgeons of England:

"If the cancer cell be in truth a new creature, to what class of creature does it belong? It is

nearest to the protozoa—so near, indeed, that it is difficult to keep it out of the protozoa. Every new observation of the last six years—every new discovery—has brought it nearer to the protozoa. But the biologists will have none of it. I must therefore make a special place for it and provide it with a name. It shall be *Unicellula cancri*. And for the different varieties the shape of the cell can be expressed in simple terms which will be familiar to us all. . . .

"I am perfectly conscious of the far-reaching consequences of admitting that unicellular bodies derived from such a source are a new species of created beings, but there is no alternative. The facts are plain and cannot, I believe, be otherwise interpreted. If the theory is false, I can only say it is very remarkable that it should explain, in so satisfactory a manner, the chief and nearly all the subordinate phenomena of cancer.

"Students of cancer, research workers, biologists who have studied cancer, are all practically agreed that the cancer cell is derived from the cells of the part in which it takes its origin, or appears to take its origin, and they are bent on finding an explanation of the reasons which lead the cancer cell to behave so differently from the cells from which it is derived. Escape from natural restraints—the acquirement of the habit of growth—the theory of embryonic rests—chemical stimulation—a self-contained and ordinarily invisible micro-organism living in symbiosis with the cell—these are some of the theories by which learned men have sought to explain the strange conduct of the cancer cell.

"Empty phrases! They might account for variations in color, size, shape, secretion, degeneration, physical activity—for a multitude of the variations from the normal cell exhibited by the cancer cell. But how can any of them account for the vital difference which I will express in two short sentences? Implant the normal cell, and you cannot make it live. Implant the cancer cell, and you cannot kill it."

Reviewing the application of his theory to the conditions of cancer, Sir Henry points out that it offers a ready explanation of the first great phenomenon of cancer—the tumor—and of all the changes which may occur in it. It offers an explanation of metastasis—the occurrence of masses in various parts of the body, resembling nearly always in their elements the tumor. In fact it explains so simply so many of the phenomena of cancer that it is necessary to make diligent search to discover the two or three phenomena which are not explained by it. Of these, again, it may be said that there is not one of them which endangers the acceptance of the theory and that they are equally inexplicable by any other theory which has yet been advanced:

"It fulfills also the conditions laid down by a writer in the *British Medical Journal*, who pointed out that, to make my case good, my parasite must be tried by the laws laid down by Koch—to wit, 'A specific micro-organism must be constantly associated with a given disease; it must be isolable and studiable apart from the disease, and when introduced into a healthy animal it must be able to reproduce the disease in that animal, and in the animal in which the disease has thus been experimentally reproduced the organism must be found under the original conditions.' It fulfills these conditions with a fidelity which is remarkable. The only one of them on which any dispute could arise would be whether the cell is 'isolable and studiable apart from the disease' in the sense in which Professor Koch used the expression. If that is all that is lacking we are not likely to have to wait long for it. Indeed, Carrel and Burrows maintain that they have already solved that problem in the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research."

In all the circumstances which attend the growth and development of the tumor—the primary disease so far as we know it—there is nothing which does not equally occur in the attacks of certain parasitic protozoa on their hosts. For instance, the parasite known scientifically as *Myxobolus cyprini* invades, destroys and takes the place of the kidney epithelium or outer kidney membrane of the carp. Another parasite called by scientists *Myxobolus pfeifferi* destroys and takes the place of the muscles of the barbel.

"It is the same story, common to both the cancer cells and to the protozoa which are not toxic—destruction of the natural tissues and their replacement by the cancer cells or parasite. And just as the masses formed by cancer cells are attacked by bacteria, and break down and ulcerate when they are exposed, so do the masses formed by *Myxobolus pfeifferi* break down from similar causes when they reach the surface of the body and are exposed. All these phenomena of the tumor are perfectly intelligible if the cancer cell is accepted as an independent organism, pursuing the two great objects which are pursued by the parasitic protozoa—maintenance of itself and continuation of its species."

That a cell of the body other than a cell derived from the organs of generation can take upon itself to live a life independent of the rest of the body—in it but not of it—is hard to believe, says the London *Lancet*, commenting editorially upon the startling theory of the eminent specialist; and that this should happen from such a cause as injury or irritation can not but surprize us still more. It feels that judgment must be suspended.



## SUPERLATIVISM: THE NEW INSANITY



**SUPERLATIVISM** ought to need no explanation, no definition. It is too clear. It designates the mania for putting into the most hyperbolical of phrases—whether idiomatic in the language one uses or invented by a torture of terms—every impression, every sentiment, every judgment of import, especially the last. Thus the renowned psychologist Doctor Max Nordau, most successful of all the pupils of Lombroso.

There are two kinds of men, observes our high authority, writing in the *Paris Revue*, who have a natural propensity to the language of excess—madmen and charlatans. The demented, who suffer from a systematized delirium and a maniacal excitement, receive few impressions. These, however, are very strong. Their consciousness is filled with a small number of representations, often containing one only. About this their ideation unfolds itself in an impetuous whirl, like the waters of a torrent boiling about a rock in its way. These invalids have no relations with reality and they have no comprehension. The violence of their subjective feelings renders them insensible to impressions from without. Their obsessions expel from their heads all other thoughts, covering with a shadow the whole image of the world. They have lost the sense of proportion and the faculty of comparing external phenomena with one another and with their reflection in their own minds. The content of their consciousness, their feelings, their notions, has for them the importance of the absolute. When they give utterance in language to their impulses or to their inner visions, no expression, no word, seems to themselves strong enough to do justice to the unprecedented importance of their mental operations.

This is the whole explanation of Nietzsche. The writings of Nietzsche, especially those of the latter period—the fourth and final part of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Antichrist," and so forth—are excellent instances of this unrestrained mode of expression, rising constantly to the most frenzied accents. Nietzsche in this stage is the typical example of a madman whose mania has become intensified and chronic.

In the case of charlatans, the case is immensely simplified. Extreme exaggeration is not, with them, an inner necessity but an external one. It is not an organic impulse but a

well-thought-out intention, with a definite end in view. They raise their voices in order to drown the din of the circus, to rivet attention upon themselves inevitably. They seek to disturb, to deafen, to hypnotize their auditors. By paralyzing the faculty of judgment, they hope to cast a spell of suggestion.

The natural superlativists, the madmen and the charlatans, serve as models to many imitators, who make use of their grotesque and piercing cries not from any instinctive impulse, but in a manner coldly methodical. This is because the methods of the superlativist seem to his imitator fine, efficacious and all that is most modern. In thus speaking, Doctor Nordau affirms that he has not in mind the art of advertizing as such. Advertizing is, in its essence, he says, too reasonably practical to find among lunatics many kinds of remunerative inspiration. Advertizing forces its note and makes immense noise, but that is simply because it seeks to take the senses prisoner. But advertizing as a branch of science is cautious enough not to go to audacious extremes and to offend against good taste consciously. Hence



THE GREATEST OF LOMBROSO'S PUPILS

Max Nordau has discovered a new aspect of modern degeneracy which he says is German in origin and deals in superlatives.

it may be affirmed that advertizing has become both a science and an art. It is really a department of applied psychology. Its most consummate adepts make not a restrained use of superlativism. It represents to them but the infancy of their science, which has now got past its own immaturity. The adepts in advertizing realize that the unfamiliar impression is as powerful as the merely brute impression, and they try to be fresh and original rather than monstrous. The domain in which the mania of superlativism under its two natural forms, that of the madman and that of the charlatan, gains real ascendancy is afforded by contemporary German criticism:

"I say deliberately German criticism, because the use, the methodical use, of superlativism is the specific phenomenon of the intellectual life of Germany to-day. Outside the regions dedicated to the German language one encounters it only sporadically as the affectation of literary posers who wish to render themselves interesting by abusing an exotic mode.

"The new generation which has come in during the past fifteen years to join the ranks of literary men has evidently not learned to confront a fact tranquilly, to regard it coolly, to examine it by a process of weighing and measurement, to make a comparison of it with others, to place it alongside of what is superior and to assign it the place proper to it.

"This new generation is evidently always superheated to the boiling point.

"It perpetually puts itself into the posture of ecstasy. It constantly works up a state of agitation exceeding the limits of self-control. Read the current criticisms, studies, essays dealing with the men and the things of to-day, especially as regards esthetic subjects—that is, the fine arts, music, the drama, literature. All these are without exceptions models, perfect examples, of superlativism. The cry, the ejaculation, the hyperbole, make up always their entire rhetoric. Their language proceeds in piping style, in a precipitate and irregular rhythm, known indulgently as Dionysiac, because in reality it recalls the drunken rollings of sots who, by wriggling their legs, describe a zigzag gait. These critics seek to create the effect of having written in a sort of fevered frenzy, their eyes rolling meanwhile and the pulse beating like a steam engine. These criticisms are designed to impart, of the authors who wrote them, the notion that they resemble the ancient pythoness, who, possessed by a god, crouching upon her tripod, enveloped in the sacred fumes that arose from hell, tortured herself into spasms as her foaming mouth belched the incoherence so pregnant with the secrets of the supernal deities."

Hence, Doctor Nordau observes, the phrases used by superlativists are, for the most part,

abrupt and fragmentary. They stammer and they gasp. There is in their style a lack of the essential in discourse. The order of terms is inverted. That which, according to logic, should come last is put first. The text is laden with exclamation marks. That there may be no misunderstanding of the thing he has in mind, Doctor Nordau furnishes some instances. In a criticism of one of those innumerable novels which these maniacs emit and which not a dozen persons will ever read, it is written: "This book looks out at us with eyes of eternity. The profoundest things—this is what it undertakes to tell us—and the subtlest." Upon what is really a caricature (whatever the artist may have intended) are the words: "Torn, this is, out of the stone—formed by hands divinely creative. Irrigated, it is—by all the thought torrents of this time. And feelings! And tremblings!" Within one volume of pretended verse, of which the rigmarole is as senseless as it is often monotonous, to say nothing of an occasional absurdity quite unintended, are the phrases: "A new voice is this narrow book." Parenthetically, it may be noted that this book is no narrower than the others. It is exactly as wide as any volume in ordinary octavo form. However, the employment of familiar terms in a sense quite false is characteristic of the new insanity of superlativism. "Narrow" is employed here for "slender." To resume: "A new voice is this narrow book—a cosmic voice. An absolute! Words find herein the infinite. Its mysteries reveal themselves in these poems. Where they are veiled . . . they are intimated." The disarticulation of this phraseology is inevitable if one wishes to convey an idea, at least approximately, of the original.

The sort of person who employs this jargon—very much the fashion—strives to outdo every rival in the exaggeration it represents. The work, the artist, the thinker, these superlativists happen to be dealing with does not concern them at all. The subject is but a pretext or an opportunity. This sort of thing goes back to a common source—Nietzsche. As in a past age every poetaster sought to be a small edition of Heine, every thinker or rather every retailer of lines poses as a little Nietzsche. The phenomenon has its root, psychologically, concludes Doctor Nordau, in a failure of what is known technically as inhibition. It is all a mania springing in the last analysis from defective self-control, from a lack of restraint carried to such an extreme as to comprize a diseased mentality.

# Religion and Ethics

## WHO ARE THE TWENTY GREATEST MEN OF HISTORY?



MOST distinctive contribution to the thought of the day" is what Chancellor Brown, of New York University, calls Andrew Carnegie's recently published list of twenty men

who, in the opinion of the ironmaster and library builder, are the greatest men of history. "The list is tremendously interesting," says the Chancellor, "not only because it is an example of what so interesting a man as Mr. Carnegie believes to be the world's chief leaders, but also because it sets other men thinking what men are truly great." Mr. Carnegie's list is as follows:

SHAKESPEARE.

MORTON, discoverer of ether.

JENNER, discoverer of vaccination.

NEILSON, inventor of hot blast in manufacture of iron.

LINCOLN.

BURNS, the Scotch poet.

GUTENBERG, inventor of printing.

EDISON, applier of electricity.

SIEMENS, inventor of water meter.

BESSEMER, inventor of steel process.

MUSHET, inventor of steel process.

COLUMBUS.

WATT, improvement on steam engine.

BELL, inventor of telephone.

ARKWRIGHT, inventor of cotton-spinning machinery.

FRANKLIN, discoverer of electricity.

MURDOCK, first to employ coal as illuminant.

HARGREAVES, inventor of spinning jenny.

STEPHENSON, inventor of locomotives.

SYMINGTON, inventor of rotary engine.

Mr. Carnegie's one comment on his twenty heroes is that all were born poor, and that seven were Scots. His list is greeted as characteristic, but as decidedly narrow. It is felt to lack historical and intellectual perspective. "A mechanical and technical bent or bias," one critic says, "is all over and under it." Thomas A. Edison, in a recent interview, declared: "Mr. Carnegie's list is a steel-maker's list. Every man has his own particular list."

When asked himself to mention offhand the men whom he regarded as greatest, Mr. Edison named five—Gutenberg, Watt, Stephenson, Shakespeare and Herbert Spencer.

Elbert Hubbard, in an amusing critique of Mr. Carnegie's list, published in the *New York American*, notes: "Seven of the men are Scotch—naturally. But how the names Murdock and Burns are put in and Adam Smith, the most influential man Scotland has produced, left out, we cannot say." Mr. Hubbard is inclined to depreciate Shakespeare on the ground that, while he showed a great command of language and insight into human frailties, he solved for us no problem and was strictly unmoral. Of Burns Mr. Hubbard says: "He was an obscure Scotch poet who never built anything but a monument of debt and broken hearts. While some of his poetry is certainly pleasing, there is much that is silly. I submit that in order to be called a world-maker you must do something besides warble." Proceeding in drastic and radical fashion, Mr. Hubbard expresses his conviction that Morton, as the inventor of ether, and Jenner, as the inventor of vaccination, have both been absurdly overestimated. "Ether," he holds, "is a palliative, and has made it easy for millions of people to be carved, cut, slashed and scissored who otherwise might have lived long and useful lives. It is an invitation to an operation." Of vaccination he says: "Vaccination is the introduction into a healthy body of a virus which gives a man a disease in order to keep him from catching one. It has supplied us a most persistent superstition, which is that health is to be obtained through the ministrations of a poison and a surgeon." Mr. Hubbard's own list of great men follows:

1. MOSES, who formulated a religion founded on a sanitary common-sense code, and fused religion with life.

2. PERICLES, who took the treasure of Delos—a fund raised for war purposes—and used it to build the most beautiful city the world has ever seen. The influence of Pericles in architecture, sculpture, oratory, the drama, physical culture,

still endures and animates and inspires every worker in the arts.

3. ARISTOTLE, the world's first scientist, to whom very much of our scientific terminology now traces; the man who organized the first herbarium, the first geological collection, the first zoological garden and who taught the world that health, sanity and happiness were to be obtained only through an understanding and a love of nature. The world has not nearly caught up with Aristotle. Besides being the world's first scientist, Aristotle was the world's first school teacher. His teaching was founded on the idea of making all study pleasurable—as all life should be. He led the way for Fröbel.

4. MICHAEL ANGELO, a workingman who sanctified manual labor; the first of modern architects; a poet, a painter, a sculptor, an engineer, who lived a long, happy and useful life. Millions upon millions of simple folk look upon his work to-day and are uplifted by it. The dome of the Capitol at Washington is patterned after the dome of St. Peter's, built by Michael Angelo, and all domes trace a pedigree to Michael Angelo. His work inspires every lover of art and every builder who strives for the ideal.

5. COLUMBUS, who gave the world a continent, even tho he died in chains.

6. THOMAS JEFFERSON, who taught the principles of a Republican form of government, founded our public school system, which he designed should be based on the honor system; who introduced Greek architecture into America; a man singularly patient, creative, loving, generous, and with whom the world has not yet nearly caught up. The only democrat the world has ever seen.

7. CHARLES DARWIN, discoverer and teacher of evolution, who has changed the complexion of every orthodox religious sect.

8. FRANKLIN, discoverer, inventor, business man, financier, diplomat, philanthropist.

9. LINCOLN, the statesman.

10. EDISON, applier of electricity and common sense.

11. WATT, practical inventor of the steam engine.

12. GUTENBERG, who invented printing.

13. BELL, the first inventor of the telephone.

14. ARKWRIGHT, inventor of cotton spinning machinery.

15. HARGREAVES, inventor of the spinning jenny.

16. STEPHENSON, inventor of the locomotive.

17. PERRY G. HOLDEN, who, through the selection of seed corn, has shown the world how to double its productive wealth per acre.

18. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, inventor of over fifteen hundred electric and mechanical appliances.

19. FREDERICK FRÖBEL, through whose teaching corporal punishment has been aban-

doned, and who gave the world a new system of education.

20. ADAM SMITH, author of "The Wealth of Nations," the first book that treats economics as a science.

On the assumption that it is quite as important to present the world with a thought as with an invention or a discovery, Alfred Henry Lewis offers this list:

WASHINGTON:

"Put none but Americans on guard."

COLUMBUS.

GALILEO:

"It moves, nevertheless."

FREDERICK THE GREAT:

"Every man must get to heaven his own way."

LINCOLN:

"You can fool part of the people all of the time, and all of the people part of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

WATT.

FRANKLIN:

"Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't take down your fence."

CROMWELL:

"A battleship is your best ambassador."

MAHOMET:

"There is no god but God."

GUTENBERG.

JEFFERSON:

"Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

CONFUCIUS:

"Honor lies not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

LUTHER:

"To pray well is the better half of study."

MORSE.

MAGELLAN:

"The church says the earth is flat, but I know that it is round, for I have seen the shadow on the moon, and I have more faith in a shadow than in the church."

NAPOLEON:

"Imagination rules the world."

NEWTON:

"I cannot calculate the madness of a people."

GRANT:

"Let us have peace."

PETER THE GREAT:

"I would give half my kingdom to know how to govern the other half."

CAESAR:

"Better first in a village than second in Rome."

In England, where Mr. Carnegie's list has been as keenly discussed as in this country, the best list has been compiled by Frederic Harrison. Mr. Harrison is an octogenarian, a



Positivist, and a man of the widest culture. He has spent much of his life in the study of those who are most worthy in history. His list, which is conveyed to the New York *American* by W. T. Stead, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, is credited as one having real authority:

MOSES, early theocratic civilization.  
HOMER, ancient poetry.  
ARISTOTLE, ancient philosophy.  
ARCHIMEDES, ancient science.  
JULIUS CAESAR, the Roman Empire.  
ST. PAUL, Apostle of Christianity.  
CHARLEMAGNE, founder of European State.  
DANTE, father of modern poetry.  
GUTENBERG, inventor of printing.  
COLUMBUS, discoverer of America.  
WILLIAM THE SILENT, founder of Holland.  
SHAKESPEARE, greatest of modern poets.  
RICHELIEU, founder of modern France.  
NEWTON, founder of modern astronomy.  
FRANKLIN, discoverer of electric forces.  
FREDERICK THE GREAT, founder of Prussian State.  
WATT, inventor of steam machines.  
WASHINGTON, first President of the American Republic.  
COMTE, founder of the Positive Philosophy.  
DARWIN, author of "Origin of Species."

A personal statement accompanying the list explains why Mr. Harrison rejected some and accepted others:

"We must start with Moses, Homer, Aristotle and Archimedes—i. e., the obvious types of early priestly civilization, ancient poetry, ancient philosophy, science, logic and sociology, ancient geometry and mechanics.

"The effect of these four founders' teachings lives and works still. The most creative spirit of the ancient world, the founder of the mighty Empire of Rome, out of which all medieval civilization rose, was Julius Caesar; and so Charles the Great was the primeval founder of modern Europe.

"As Jesus Christ is obviously *hors concours*, St. Paul is the true founder of Christianity as a doctrine. And as truly Dante is the founder of European literature. Why Mr. Carnegie ignores the Gospel and prefers Burns to Dante and Milton we cannot understand. The next two names—Gutenberg and Shakespeare—are in his list, and, of course, in everybody else's list.

"Columbus must stand for the beginning of the vast American New World. William the Silent, Richelieu and Frederick the Great represent the creators of three nations. Cromwell was as great a man, but he was a revolutionist rather than a founder, and I will not insert our own hero.

"Newton will be everywhere accepted as the type of all modern physical science, and Franklin is perhaps the earliest and best known name in the enormous range of electrical invention.

"With more than one-seventh of our twenty names already devoted to modern mechanical inventions, I am not prepared to follow our multi-millionaire iron-lord in adding more inventors to the list."

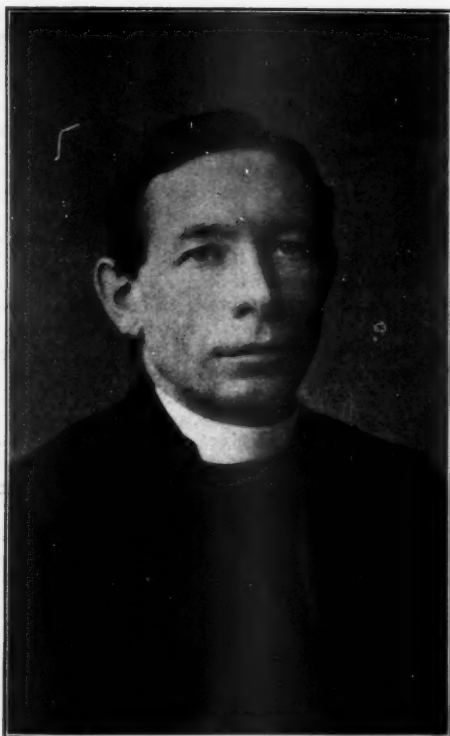
## THE SIXTH SENSE

**E**VERY man, according to Charles H. Brent, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, possesses in addition to his ordinary senses a Sixth or Super Sense. We see, smell, hear, taste, touch; and we also feel and apprehend psychically. "By the Sixth Sense," says Bishop Brent in a new booklet,\* "I mean the Mystic Sense, or that inner perceptive faculty which distinguishes man from the highest below him and allies him to the highest above him. So distinctive among created objects is it of man that it might, not inaptly, be characterized as the Human Sense." This faculty manifests itself in relation to man physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. Upon its development and use depends the efficiency of the lower senses and all other faculties. "It is

supplementary to all, contradictory to none. Without its exercise there can be no progress or growth." Bishop Brent meets the objection that he is but dilating on certain aspects of "mind" with the statement: "I am not concerned to deny that all may be comprehended under that convenient blanket-word. But they are as distinct from the rationalizing media as from the will." He adds:

"The nearest approach to a satisfactory substitute for the term 'mystic sense' in terms of the reason is 'conceptual reason.' It furnishes us with the thought of a faculty which has procreative or generative properties capable of being fertilized by intercourse with that which is separate from and higher than itself. Its first activity is to lay itself over against that which, tho partaking of its own nature, is not itself. It is not self-fertilizing and can conceive or beget only after having perceived and apprehended. It has constant regard for an objective and communication with it."

\* THE SIXTH SENSE. ITS CULTIVATION AND USE. By Charles H. Brent. B. W. Huebsch.



THE ANALYST OF OUR SPIRITUAL NATURE

Bishop Brent exploits in a recent brochure that Sixth or Super Sense which all possess, yet which few could define.

The relation of the Mystic Sense to the physical body may be said to underlie Christian Science, New Thought and all the healing cults of our day. We are never really well unless "the inside and outside of man work as a unity." As Bishop Brent puts it:

"The unity between the outer and the inner necessitates not only an intelligent and scientific treatment, but also that which is mystical and more or less mysterious. Prayer, which is at once an appeal to the Source of Life to let loose saving health in our direction and an opening up of our being for the reception of hidden and unknown aid, is a higher form of psychic effort than either suggestion or auto-suggestion, in that it includes both, tho not precluding the concurrent use of either. Auto-suggestion looks only for self-induced benefit to the patient by application to an impersonal ideal; prayer does not think merely to apprehend a passive or indifferent remedy, but also to be apprehended by healthful, forceful Personality, like but superior to our own. A prayer to the ether would have in its reflex effect a totally different influence on

the petitioner from a prayer to what was conceived to be a personal God. Similarly the quality of the virtue which is the result of mere ethical culture is as different from that which is the product of correspondence with the Christian's God as cotton is from linen. Nor is it that God is inactive until we pray. He is operating to the uttermost that our listless or passive or antagonistic personality will allow. The highest personality can do his best to the object of his love only when the latter adopts a responsive and cooperative attitude."

In its relation to thought and to science, the chief function of the Mystic Sense may be said to be that of providing hypotheses. The whole body of our knowledge concerning the material universe is constructed upon a few ultimates, chief among them being the ether. "The discoverer of ether," Bishop Brent reminds us, "never perceived it by touch, taste, smell, sight or hearing. Newton postulated it because he said it was a necessity, exactly as we postulate the existence of God." Again, the atomic theory, first conceived by the Greeks, was restated by Dalton more than 2,000 years later. But neither Dalton nor anyone else ever touched an atom, saw an atom, heard an atom, smelt an atom, or tasted an atom, ultimate of matter that it is. No sense but the Mystic Sense has yet sensed the electron. Bishop Brent goes on to illustrate "the princely place which the Mystic Sense holds in scientific research" by a reference to mathematics, with its array of imperturbable digits and prosaic facts:

"No sooner does the mathematician begin to move than he finds it necessary to call to his aid the self-same faculty, which furnishes the physicist with his ether and atoms and enables the worshipper to pray. Else how could he explore the fifth dimension and define a line as having length without breadth, or a plane superficies as having only length and breadth, or a point as having no parts? It is not astonishing that the mathematician, 'Lewis Carroll,' was the author of those most delicious imaginative works of immortal fame, 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking-Glass.' His vocation prepared and trained him for his avocation, and his avocation gave him new efficiency in his vocation. That which made him able to write the story of dreamland equipped him as an able scholar—the use in proper relation to his other mental gifts of the Mystic Sense."

The function of the Mystic Sense in its relation to character is described by Bishop Brent as a process comparable with the photographing of ideals on a film monopolized by the

actual to the discomfiture and obliteration of the latter. "Better to-morrows are obtruded on poor to-days, partly by virtue of the fact that the Mystic Sense is naturally in constant contact with the ideally best, sensing and appropriating it just as the body, without conscious effort on our part, senses and appropriates light and air, and partly because, either feebly or vigorously, most men claim for themselves by deliberate volition a larger life than that which is."

In connection with religion, finally, the Mystic Sense resolves itself into what is commonly called faith. Bishop Brent declares toward the close of his argument:

"Faith has become increasingly rational as the world has grown older and experience has been added to experience. Its explorations in the world of ideals have been more frequent and daring with the advance of time. Consequently the man of to-day makes his flights thitherwards with a fulness of assurance on rational grounds or grounds of high probability which would have been impossible to an Abraham. If the triumphs open to faith have multiplied, so have the deterrent forces holding it back or set in battle array

to thwart or otherwise impair it. The commonest injury wrought upon faith is the deflecting of it from the worthy to the unworthy or less worthy. If a man's Mystic Sense, acute in other directions, is dormant or sluggish in religion, the reason is usually to be found, I think, in circumstances analogous to those which make a student of *belles-lettres*, for instance, indifferent to science, or a philosopher careless of the exploits of commerce, cases of which are not wanting. The mind finds higher pleasure among certain persons in being exclusive and technical than in being catholic. So the Mystic Sense can fall short of its highest employment simply because there is not in its possessor the will to employ it commensurately with its capacity. The explanation why some men are not actively religious must be sought elsewhere than in the contention that they are short a faculty. The Mystic Sense, which by virtue of their humanity they possess, is not employed by them religiously from whatever reason—defective interest, prejudice, antagonism, environment. Nevertheless the same inner sense is pushed to its fullest activity in other directions. The faculty which by a daring leap fixes on the evolutionary hypothesis, or with imaginative subtlety suggests the plot of a novel, is the selfsame one which enables us to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

## AMERICA'S LOST OPPORTUNITY TO END WAR



terse, blunt, forceful sentences the accusation is now brought against the Americans of to-day and yesterday that they have thrown away an opportunity unique in the history of the human race. "Ours," declares the late Professor William Graham Sumner, of Yale, in a book of essays\* published a year after his death, "was the opportunity to break away from old traditions, the opportunity to build up a new and infant society based on peace, thrift and simplicity, the opportunity to dispense with all that was useless in the civilization of the old world. This opportunity was recognized by the founders of the United States, but hopelessly squandered by us."

Sumner has been called "a disappointed radical." Evident in this forceful essay is his disappointment in human nature, in the seemingly innate disposition of men to war against each other. This disposition he finds quite as much developed in America as in Europe. In striking contrast to our characteristic

American optimism, our "failure" is thus presented by the former dean of American sociologists:

"It is a very remarkable fact, and one which has had an immense influence on the history of civilization, that the land of the globe is divided into two great sections—the mass of Europe, Asia, and Africa on the one side, and these two Americas on the other; and that one of the worlds remained unknown to the other until only four hundred years ago. We talk a great deal about progress and modern enlightenment and democracy and the happiness of the masses; but very few people seem to know to what a great extent all these things are consequences of the discovery of the new world. As to the matter of war, which we are now considering, the fact that the new world is removed by such a distance from the old world made it possible for men to make a new start here. It was possible to break old traditions, to revize institutions, and to think out a new philosophy to fit an infant society, while keeping whatever seemed good and available in the inheritance from the old world. It was a marvelous opportunity; to the student of history and human institutions it seems incredible that it ever could have been offered. The men who founded this republic recognized that opportunity

\* WAR AND OTHER ESSAYS. By the late William Graham Sumner. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.

and tried to use it. It is we who are here now who have thrown it away; we have decided that instead of working out the advantages of it by peace, simplicity, domestic happiness and thrift, we would rather do it in the old way by war and glory, alternate victory and calamity, adventurous enterprizes, grand finance, powerful government, and great social contrasts of splendor and misery. Future ages will look back to us with amazement and reproach that we should have made such a choice in the face of such an opportunity, and should have entailed on them the consequences—for the opportunity will never come again."

While Professor Sumner points out the tremendous waste incurred by the nations of Europe in pursuing the "chimera" of "preparedness for war," he is inclined to believe that Americans have a greater love of war than the continentals. He characterizes the situation in this fashion:

"It is evident that men love war; when two hundred thousand men in the United States volunteer in a month to a war with Spain which appeals to no sense of wrong against their country, and to no other strong sentiment of human nature; when their lives are by no means monotonous or destitute of interest, and where life offers chances of wealth and prosperity, the pure love of adventure and war must be strong in our population. Europeans who have to do military service have no such enthusiasm for war as war. The presence of such a sentiment in the midst of the most purely industrial state in the world is a wonderful phenomenon. At the same time the social philosophy of the modern civilized world is saturated with humanitarianism and flabby sentimentalism. This humanitarianism is in literature; by it the reading public is led to suppose that the world is advancing along some line which they call 'progress' toward peace and brotherly love. Nothing could be more mistaken. We read of fist-law and constant war in the Middle Ages, and think that life must have been full of conflicts and bloodshed then; but modern warfare bears down on the whole population with a frightful weight through all the years of peace. Never, from the days of barbarism down to our own time, has every man in a society been a soldier until now and the armaments of to-day are immensely more costly than ever before. There is only one limit possible to the war preparations of a modern European state; that is, the last man and the last dollar it can control. What will come of the mixture of sentimental social philosophy and warlike policy? There is only one thing rationally to be expected, and that is a frightful effusion of blood in revolution and war during the century now opening."

In searching for the causes of war in human nature itself, Sumner reiterates his lack of

faith in "moral forces" as being of any value in the progress of nations, declaring rather that such forces are the source of confusion and trouble. "If you want war," he asserts bluntly, "nourish a doctrine."

"Doctrines are the most frightful tryouts to which men are subject, because doctrines get inside a man's own reason and betray him against himself. Civilized men have done their fiercest fighting for doctrines. The reconquest of the Holy Sepulcher, 'the balance of power,' 'no universal dominion,' 'trade follows the flag,' 'he who holds the land will hold the sea,' 'the throne and the altar,' the revolution, the faith,—these are the things for which men have given their lives. What are they all? Nothing but rhetoric and phantasms. Doctrines are always vague; it would ruin a doctrine to define it, because then it could be analyzed, criticized, and verified; but nothing ought to be tolerated which cannot be so tested. Somebody asks you with astonishment and horror whether you do not believe in the Monroe Doctrine. You do not know whether you do or not, because you do not know what it is; but you do not dare to say that you do not, because you understand that it is one of the things which every good American is bound to believe in. Now when any doctrine arrives at that degree of authority, the name of it is a club which any demagog may swing over you at any time and apropos of anything. . . .

"What has just been said suggests a consideration of the fallacy in the oft-quoted saying, 'In time of peace prepare for war.' If you prepare a big army and navy and are all ready for war, it will be easy to go to war; the ministry and naval men will have a lot of new machines and they will be eager to see what they can do with them. There is no such thing nowadays as a state of readiness for war. It is a chimera. When the army is supplied with the latest and best rifles, some one invents a new field gun; then the artillery must be provided with that before we are ready. By the time we get the new gun, somebody has invented a new rifle, and our rival nation is getting that; therefore we must have it, or one a little better. It takes two or three years and several millions to do that. In the meantime, somebody proposes a more effectual organization, which must be introduced; signals, balloons, dogs, bicycles, and every other device and invention must be added, and men must be trained to use them all. There is no state of readiness for war; the notion calls for never-ending sacrifices. It is a fallacy. It is evident that to pursue such a notion would absorb all the resources and activity of the State; this the great European states are now proving by experiment. A wiser rule would be to make up your mind soberly what you want, peace or war, and then get ready for what you want; for what we prepare for is what we shall get."



## THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS CRISIS, AS MR. BRYCE DEFINES IT



THE age in which we are now living is a critical time. It is perhaps the most critical moment there has ever been in the history of the non-Christian nations, a moment most significant in its bearing upon their future." So writes Ambassador Bryce in the first issue of *The International Review of Missions* (Edinburgh). His statement occurs toward the close of a paper recording "the impressions of a traveler among non-Christian races," and is attracting widespread attention in the religious press.

No traveler of an observant eye and an impartial mind, who passes among those uncivilized, non-Christian races in which missionaries are now at work, Mr. Bryce tells us, can fail to be struck by the immense improvement which they have wrought in the condition of the people, and which often is quite irrespective of the number of actual converts that have been formed into Christian congregations. The work done in the way of education, for instance, in the Turkish East, where missionaries are now far less occupied in the effort to make proselytes than in endeavoring to spread education and enlightenment, and the work done in India, the influence of which extends far more widely and is more beneficial than is recorded simply in the number of converts, not to speak of regions like South Africa and the Pacific Islands, where the aborigines have been reclaimed or are being reclaimed from a savagery which in many tribes has been cruel and debasing, give evidence, in Mr. Bryce's eyes, of the excellence of the work and the claims which it has upon the support of the Christian world. "No doubt," he remarks, "it frequently happens—this is only what must be expected—that those who are nominally converted are far from rising to the Christian ethical standard, and sometimes relapse into their old degrading practices. Nevertheless, after allowing for all such cases, the gain is great and seems likely to be permanent."

Still it must be conceded that the spread of the Gospel is less swift and its effect in lifting the aboriginal peoples less complete than there was ground for hoping when one considered the amount of effort expended. Why is it, Mr. Bryce asks, that when Christianity was able to overspread and conquer the world

against all the forces of imperial persecution in the first four centuries after it had appeared, its progress in these last four centuries, with all the impulse of civilization behind, should be still in many quarters so slow, and the results so far from perfect? He replies:

"Among several reasons which might be suggested for this fact there is one which is not sufficiently appreciated by those who have not seen with their own eyes the phenomena that attend the coming together of civilized and uncivilized man. Missions are not the only form in which the contact of advanced and backward races has taken place. This appeared from the first days of the spreading forth of the European races. When the Spaniards began to conquer the New World they made it one of their chief objects to convert the Indians, and they excused or justified their invasions and the cruelty that accompanied them by the defence that all was done for the propagation of the Gospel. In this they were, according to their lights, not insincere. They did wish to spread the faith. They overthrew the idols, and stopped or tried to stop human sacrifices, and many other horrors. Crowds of friars accompanied them. There was much preaching to the Indians; and the desire to save the souls of the heathen, and to make the Gospel reign over all American lands, was a genuine desire. But they did many other things besides preach. They were greedy for gold; they recognized no rights in the natives; they forced them to till the soil and to labor in the mines. They did this with such ruthless cruelty that in some thirty years all the native Indians in Hispaniola (now Hayti and San Domingo) are said to have perished. The same thing happened, before long, in the rest of the Antilles, and altho the stronger races in Mexico and Peru were not exterminated, they were reduced to a sort of slavery and treated with the greatest harshness for centuries afterwards, and this in spite of the efforts made by noble-minded men, such as the illustrious Las Casas and not a few among the Jesuits in Chili and Peru, to secure justice for the Indians. Down to our own time the same thing has gone on, tho in later years with far less violence and cruelty than that which marked the doings of the sixteenth century. Everywhere the native has suffered; everywhere the white adventurer or trader has attempted to treat him as if he had no rights, or has regarded him as a mere instrument by the use of which he can profit."

The British Government and that of the United States are credited by Mr. Bryce with doing their very best to prevent these oppressions. In India, he says, perfect justice is

dealt out by the British officials as between natives and Europeans; and in the Philippines the same ideal is held in view. One of the most important things, in Mr. Bryce's estimation, that both governments can do is to keep strong drink from these races. "But in spite of all that governments can do," he continues, "the action of private white men who go among the natives often disgraces the Christian name, and their conduct constantly hinders or retards the good work which the strongest and most enlightened governments desire to do, as well as that of the missionaries." The great need of the hour is old-fashioned morals and fair-dealing on the part of individuals and governments alike.

The second reflection which forces itself upon Mr. Bryce is based on what he regards as the urgent necessity of providing the native races with a new foundation of life in place of that which is crumbling beneath them. He declares:

"Our material civilization is permeating every part of the earth, and telling, as it never told before, upon every one of the non-Christian peoples. In another fifty years that which we call our civilization will have overspread the earth and extinguished the native workers and organizations of the savage and semi-civilized peoples. They are being exploited as they never were before, and the means of transportation by land and sea which have penetrated among them have brought foreigners everywhere, and are completely breaking up and destroying not only the material conditions of their life, but also their ideas and beliefs and worships, their

ancient customs and all that is associated with these customs and beliefs. Their morality, such as it was, with all its tolerance of vices and all its degrading practices, was, nevertheless, for some purposes, a sanction which did restrain them and which elevated their notions and directed their actions for some good purposes. All of this is crumbling away and disappearing, perishing under the shock and impact of the stronger civilization which the European peoples have brought with them. Unless the backward races receive some new moral basis of life, some beliefs and precepts by which they can live, something to control their bad impulses and help them to form worthy conceptions of life and work, their last state will be worse than the first.

"The process of destruction and disintegration which I have described is inevitable, and it is advancing rapidly. This then is the critical moment at which we are bound, since we have destroyed the old things, to replace them by new things of a better kind, to give something by which they may order their life and through which they may begin a truer progress than was possible under their ancient ways. . . . Let the gospel of Christ come to them, not as a crushing force in the hands of their destroyers, not as being the mere nominal profession of those who are grasping their land and trying to profit by their labor. Let it come as a beneficial power which can fill their hearts with new thoughts and new hopes; which may become a link between them and ourselves, helping them forward and averting those conflicts and sufferings which will otherwise follow, a bond between all races of mankind of whatever blood, or speech, or color; a sacred bond to make them feel and believe that we and they are all the children of one Father in heaven."

## WINSTON CHURCHILL'S CHRISTIAN ANARCHISM



WITH the sincerity and moral fervor of an American Tolstoy, Mr. Winston Churchill, the well-known novelist and publicist, has lately formulated an argument in which he finds the key to world-history in the development of a greater and greater freedom, and in which he tries to show that the Christian ideal can never be fulfilled until humanity has outgrown government as hitherto understood. The very essence of the Christian principle, as Mr. Churchill sees it, is the "placing of authority in the individual soul." The tragedy of history has been the effort to substitute something else for this principle. But now at last we are beginning to see the issue clearly. We

"stand on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen."

The substitution of external authority—of hierarchy and monarchy—in place of individual autonomy is what, in Mr. Churchill's opinion, made necessary the Protestant Reformation. Martin Luther "lighted a fire which was to burn through the centuries, despite the efforts of men to quench it; which was and is to endure until all the misconception and superstition are consumed; until the deathless Spirit, the true idea of God as Christ preached it, alone remains." It cannot be said, Mr. Churchill avers, that Luther's was merely a revolt against abuses. It was infinitely more than that. It set in motion world-forces, and may even be held to have inspired our own

Declaration of Independence. Mr. Churchill writes (in *The Atlantic Monthly*):

"As the meaning of history, of God's hand in history, becomes plain to us, a fact of remarkable significance stands out. We see that our Declaration of Independence had a vital religious significance: it was the first application of what may be called the Protestant principle to what was to become government on a large scale. We, representing a race in the van of civilization, had left one idea of government and religion behind us forever, and were slowly and painfully advancing toward another. Who will read the story of the revolt in Luther's day and say it was not political, as well as religious? It shook the very foundations of society.

"The new Republic proclaimed to the world that transfer of authority to which the Reformation logically pointed—this is what I should like to make clear. Universal suffrage, which by many was thought madness, was in reality but the Christian principle directly applied, the recognition of the intrinsic worth of the individual, the ignoring of property as a qualification, the expression not only of an ideal but of a firm conviction that God resided in the soul of man, that the individual conscience was therefore the only authority for an enlightened people. And the confidence that this would work out was a superb and supreme faith in the teaching and life of Christ, a faith in the humanity which he loved. It had a far-reaching religious significance, and exerted an influence on thought and government all over the world."

Mr. Churchill contends that hierarchy and monarchy are actually anti-Christian. Christ condemned, he firmly believes, that kind of authority. The early Christian communities, which were nearest to Christ in time, rejected it. "The world and his church went back to it and held it for fifteen hundred years, when the light dawned again,—the light of his true meaning,—and grows brighter and brighter as the false conceptions are slowly burned away. And the government founded one hundred and thirty-five years ago, in this new world (let us dare to say it), was a nearer approach than any that had gone before to those first communities which took their form directly and naturally from what he taught."

But the cry goes up that we are not ready for liberty, yet, that men will surely abuse liberty if it is given to them. Mr. Churchill replies: "Until individual responsibility begins to be felt, excesses are the inevitable result of liberty. And so we behold hypocrisy, selfishness, ruthless competition—as terrible contrasts between luxury and misery as in Mark Antony's day. Should we, for that



A NOVELIST TURNED PROPHET

Winston Churchill, the distinguished author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," sees in human development toward "the least possible government" the realization of the Christian ideal.

reason, go back to leading strings? Can we if we would?" A little thought, he feels, should convince us all that the liberation of the individual can not be revoked, that it has forever destroyed the power of mere authority and tradition to carry conviction. "We cannot go back to the Middle Ages; to do so would be to deteriorate and degenerate. We must go on. We have definitely transferred our authority to the conscience of man, and there it must remain for better or worse. We must and do believe that God dwells there. Nay, that God is that conscience, for God is a Spirit." The argument proceeds:

"Who freed the negro slaves? The negroes? Or rather, what freed them? The spirit of Christ freed them, the spirit of Christ in the soul of Wilberforce, of Mrs. Stowe, of Lincoln, in millions of people who had nothing but sorrow and suffering to gain by the struggle. Is not this a

wonderful thing, and does it not contradict and confound the wise, the cynical, the materialist? The negroes, they said,—and say still,—were not ready for freedom, emancipation. Who is ready for it? Who is ready for responsibility, the only thing that develops us in this world, until it is thrust upon him? And then, somehow, he works it out."

To America, rooted in idealism despite all that has been said of its commercialism, Mr. Churchill looks for the effective working out of the free ideal.

"Only the man who has read Americans superficially would say we are not idealists. Our very Declaration of Independence, so scoffed at in Eu-

rope, itself proves it. And it is that idealism more than any other element which has drawn millions of emigrants to our shores, which will save us in the end. What then is the Christian ideal of government? We must not let the brightness of the vision dazzle us, we must not let it frighten us—we must keep our eyes steadily turned toward it. The Christian ideal is the least possible government, a government wherein neither you nor I nor any other man or woman will labor and obey because we have to, but because we have learned the lesson which Christ taught, that happiness lies alone in service, in giving to the world that which God gave us. To hold up that vision, the vision of what we may be if we try, the vision of what God wishes and expects us to be, is the mission of the church."

## IS THE BERGSON PHILOSOPHY THAT OF A CHARLATAN?



RAVISHING as is the skill with which the famed French philosopher Henri Bergson handles the language which only the few can follow—the language, namely, of ideas—he resembles, nevertheless, the quack who offers us the most familiar of drugs disguised in mysterious company and, dowered with some highly-sounding new name. Thus does that clever English critic, Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, attempt, in the London *World*, to puncture what he deems the Bergson bubble. He charitably concedes that Henri Bergson may be only an unconscious charlatan; but he sees no unfairness in calling him a charlatan, all the same. His device is that of the sensation-monger, his charm that of the specious headline writer on the gutter press. It requires infinite cleverness, naturally, to make fools of thinking people with the tricks of the intellectual clown, but Henri Bergson, a French Jew, is desperately clever. "He sees that the age, too 'nervy' to find comfort in the old faith, is feverishly asking for a sign, and forward he comes with just what is required." It has a specious air of being new, adds Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, and yet it contrives to fit into all the corners which the old faith occupied. It has the exquisite merit, for a system of philosophy, of being capable of meaning anything you choose to make it mean.

And what, asks this sneerer, is Henri Bergson's message, his evangel of good tidings? What has brought him into favor with those who seek ever "some new thing to chatter

about"? Stripped of all eloquence and ingenuity, it amounts, according to Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, to this:

"Dissatisfied with the notion that life with all its activities developed from matter, and that the conditions both on our planet and throughout the universe were the result of chance, M. Bergson conceived the idea of a vital essence existing independently of matter, and striving always to move matter, to change it into other forms. He admits Evolution, but he denies that it happened 'of itself' through Natural Selection and the automatic adaptation of shapes to circumstances. 'Intuition tells me,' he says, 'that this is not a sufficient explanation. I feel that there must be some force behind pressing onward and upward. Evolution cannot be the result of chance. There is some creative design in it.' So he arrived at the theory of the *Elan Vital*, the *Rush of Life*, which is for ever beating against inert matter in the effort to make it live; and so his work, *Creative Evolution*, came to be written.

"In what does this theory of the *Elan Vital* differ from the belief which is at the back of Christianity? In nothing but the name. Call M. Bergson's Life-Force God, and you have the doctrine of the Church. Spirit and matter, the breath of God into the clay, the escape of the soul when its bodily tenement returns to clay—where is the difference? It is true M. Bergson hesitates to credit his Life-Force with definite progressive ideals, just as he hesitates at many other points where the familiarity of his hypothesis shows through. But if it be not God, it is mere Blind Chance, of which he will not admit the possibility. Frequently, too, he implies that the *Elan Vital* is the 'good' principle and matter the 'bad' one. The medieval devil over again! His devil, tho, is more often victorious than Beelzebub was al-



lowed to be. His Life-Force is beaten at every turn. For M. Bergson holds the essentially Christian view that Man is the chief concern of God. 'I see in the whole evolution of life on our planet an effort to arrive . . . at something which is only realized in man.' But how is it, then, if all creation has been groaning and travailing to produce men, that there still remain so many other forms of life which are admitted to be 'failures'? Clearly the Life-Force is anything but almighty, in which case we may fairly ask, Where did it come from? We are back in the same difficulty as before.

"In short, the New Remedy (consisting of the familiar drug) is not nearly so effective as the old mixture. Anyone who can believe in M. Bergson's Life-Force can have no difficulty in accepting Christianity, tho this does not mean accepting all the legends and dogmas which, like ivy, have almost smothered the parent tree."

Of course, notes Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, what has made a "hit" with the world is not the soundness of the Bergson philosophy, but the delightful way in which it is presented—it is not the things Bergson says that interest, but the irresistible way in which he says them. He is such a fascinating writer and we all like to be fascinated, even by a charlatan of a philosopher. "And after all should not philosophers be judged less by the ultimate value of their theories than by the pearls they strew on the way?" Certainly, the Bergson philosophy has been "knocked to pieces," contends this critic of it, who refers to no less eminent an opponent of the Frenchman's ideas than Arthur James Balfour. Mr. Balfour knocked the Bergson theories to pieces delicately and with such good breeding that some crude minds imagine the whilom Prime Minister a Bergsonite! But that is because Mr. Balfour concealed his deadly criticism in such finely polished sarcasms. There is another critic of Henri Bergson, however, who speaks out plainly in *The Literary Guide* (London)—the distinguished English rationalist, Mr. Joseph McCabe. To Mr. McCabe there are two Bergsons: "the keen, subtle, metaphysical analyst, a splendid intellect, dealing acutely with problems of time and space and knowledge," and "the vague, poetical, sophistical Bergson, who assails the instrument which he almost invariably uses"—the rational intellect—and "who makes a desperate and unavailing effort to find a backdoor out of the material universe." The Bergson philosophy strives to glorify instinct or intuition and it strives feebly, impotently, according to Mr. McCabe, because

it would glorify instinct or intuition at the expense of reason, the rational faculty in man.

"The original and profoundly revolutionary feature of the new thinker's campaign is that, from Plato to Bradley and Bosanquet, all the philosophers of all ages have been using an instrument of thought that was never intended for the use of philosophers at all, but of engineers and such lower folk. In a word, he says that reason, intellect, or logic is the wrong spiritual eye to use in the search for truth. Its proper object is material reality; its distinctive quality is that it is essentially superficial; its proper purpose is to be used in practical matters, like making bridges.

"In this fundamental and most prominent feature of the Bergsonian creed, which is attracting attention the world over, we have a revolution in philosophy, quite parallel to the French Revolution in politics. . . .

"He says flatly, repeatedly, emphatically, that intellect is essentially superficial, not profound; is fitted only to deal with practical, not speculative, matters, and must be discarded in the investigation of such subjects as the nature, origin, and destiny of the human mind. This is not a deduction from Bergsonism, but the essence and first message of it. . . . He has found that the mind is 'spirit' after all. But when you seek his grounds for saying so, you merely find him relying on quite inaccurate physiological statements as to the part of the brain in acts of memory. His intuition is merely a bad piece of reasoning. He has found positively that man is 'free,' and all determinists are wrong; but then you learn that all libertarians also are wrong, and that this new freedom is something to which the name was never given before. All the old problems he leaves unsolved. His theory of the relations of life, mind, and matter is a piece of pure rhetoric, and his general reading of the evolution of life is only a reintroduction of mysticism into science—it is not philosophy at all—and is based upon bad reasoning and an imperfect acquaintance with the facts."

It would be but justice to M. Bergson, on the other hand, concede his critics of the moment, to point out that he is suffering the reaction inevitable from the prestige he has won. The point was made much of in a recent communication to *London Truth*. Paris, we read, had neglected Bergson mainly because he taught when clericalism was in the ascendancy. He was almost deliberately obscured as a dangerous heretic. He trenched too near the domain of dogma. It is the wave of anticlericalism that brought him suddenly to the forefront and it was that wave that ranked him too highly. He is now finding his level.

## ELLEN KEY'S REVALUATION OF WOMAN'S CHASTITY

No more important struggle is going on in the world to-day than the struggle of woman, in all civilized lands, to readjust herself to the changing world—to its social and ethical as well as industrial changes. No woman is more courageously, more sanely and more clearly doing the thinking that is necessary to a successful issue of this struggle than is Ellen Key, the great Swedish writer. In a newly translated essay, here summarized, she endeavors to point out what she considers the only true moral course for woman to take in marital matters, between the perils of so-called "free love" on one side and the marriage without love on the other.

**T**HE revolutionary formula that "love is moral even without legal marriage, but marriage is immoral without love," opens Ellen Key's essay on "The Morality of Women,"\* recently translated from the Swedish. A "reevaluation of all values," according to this world-famous woman, is taking place in the erotic ethical consciousness. Christianity's depreciation of the significance of sex and of the significance of love in the sex relation, she further states, with startling directness, brings into it all the immorality still imposed upon us by conventionalism in the guise of morality. That this conventionalism is esteemed to-day by large sections of society, and especially by the women, cannot be denied. It centers in the old ideals of womanly purity and chastity. But a new conception of sex-morality, we are told, is beginning to oppose the old moral dogma; and women, according to Ellen Key, must submit to a reevaluation of their most cherished virtue.

Ignorance of that side of life which concerns the propagation of the race is no longer considered by intelligent people the essential condition of womanly purity; but the idea persists that virginity is one of its essential elements. And this would be right, in Ellen Key's opinion, if a distinction was made between purity and chastity. "Purity," she writes, "is the new-fallen snow which can be melted or sullied; chastity is steel tempered in the fire by white heat." For chastity is developed only with complete love, and this, we are told, forbids a dissipation of our forces, just as it makes a separation between the demands of the heart and of the senses impossible. She quotes George Sand's profound definition of chastity: "To be able never to betray the soul with the senses nor the senses with the soul." Absolute consecration is its difficult demand; and this alone, says Ellen Key, is the chastity which women should cultivate and cherish, "which must characterize

the family life and form in the future the foundation for the happiness of the people." She continues:

"Because from time to time powerful voices have been raised, like that of George Sand and that of Almquist [the Swedish novelist] declaring immoral not only that marriage which is consummated without mutual love, but also that marriage which is continued without mutual love, a purer consciousness has been awakened in regard to questions concerning the genesis of the unborn race, and the conditions of personal dignity for man and woman have been elevated. So finally it will come to pass that no finely sensitive woman will become a mother except through mutual love; that this motherhood, whether sanctioned legally or not, shall be considered the only true motherhood and every other motherhood untrue. Thus will mankind awaken to such a feeling of the 'sanctity of generation' and to such an understanding of the conditions making for the health, strength and beauty of the race, that every marriage which has its source in worldly or merely sensual motives or in reasons of prudence or in a feeling of duty shall be considered, as Almquist calls it, 'a criminal counterfeiting of the highest values of life.'"

Ellen Key stands for a higher and purer monogamic ideal, an erotic love so perfect and consummate that, to quote her words, "it can be given to only one and only once in a lifetime." This ideal, she finds, has adversaries of two opposite types,—the adherent of the conventional standard of morality, and equally the supporter of that "transitory union to which the name of 'free love' is erroneously applied." It is always among women, she declares, that conventionalism reaches its acme:

"Women are as yet seldom sufficiently developed personally to distinguish, in that which they wish to cherish, the appearance from the reality, the form from the content; or if they do distinguish, they have as yet rarely the courage to choose the content and reality if the majority have declared for form and appearance.

"In the literature of the last ten years, however, and in part also among women during that period, a strong opposition to conventionalism has begun to prevail. This opposition has been directed especially against that archaic ideal of

\* THE MORALITY OF WOMEN, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Ellen Key. Translated by Namah Bouton Bothwick. The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company, Chicago.

TITY  
oman, in  
well as  
the think-  
Swedish  
considers  
so-called  
ture the  
people."

al voices  
and and  
declaring  
is con-  
also that  
mutual  
awakened  
genesis of  
personal  
elevated.  
no finely  
except  
herhood,  
be con-  
ry other  
awaken  
eneration'  
nditions  
auty of  
has its  
tives or  
of duty  
'a crim-  
of life."

l purer  
ect and  
"it can  
a life-  
ersaries  
of the  
equally  
ion to  
neously  
she de-  
acme:

ly de-  
which  
om the  
if they  
ly the  
if the  
arance,  
how-  
ng that  
anism  
s been  
deal of

woman according to which re-  
nunciation (self-denial) is still  
considered the highest attribute  
of woman; and against that an-  
tiquated conception of morality  
which, while regarding love with-  
out marriage as immoral, re-  
garded any marriage, even with-  
out love, as moral.

"The women who adopted the  
new ideal—which a Norwegian  
poet strikingly defined as 'self-  
assertion in self-surrender' ('af-  
firmation of self in the giving of  
self')—encounter now on the part  
of the modern woman's-rights  
advocates the same kind of con-  
ventional objection as that which,  
in the fifties and sixties, was  
directed against the then new  
ideal of the earlier woman's  
movement."

The extreme result of either  
conventional morality or "free  
love" would be retrogression,  
Ellen Key maintains, to a far  
lower degree of culture than we  
have at present; in one case, to  
the asceticism of the Middle  
Ages, in the other to the promiscu-  
ity of savages. Each ignores  
the reality of life,—convention-  
alism in its absolute demands,  
without consideration of tem-  
perament or circumstances, in  
its assertion of the unqualified  
moral superiority of woman,  
and its depreciation of the sig-  
nificance of love in the sex re-  
lation; free love in taking from  
woman her moral restraint. Both make here,  
Ellen Key points out, a fundamental mistake  
when "they learn nothing of the nature of  
woman from the many younger and older  
women who live solitary and yet sound and  
useful lives, in the deep conviction that since  
they have not found the great, mutual love  
which decides existence, any union with a  
man would be degrading and unhappy." She  
explains further:

"Multifarious influences have contributed to  
make complete and continuous love a greater  
life-necessity for the woman of culture in gen-  
eral than for the man of the same intellectual  
level. Therefore a man ordinarily dissolves an  
erotic relation without bitterness when he has  
ceased to love, while a woman often suffers, even  
after her love has ceased, because the relation-  
ship has not endured a lifetime. It is this ever



\* THE PRIESTESS OF A NEW WOMANHOOD

This striking picture of Ellen Key in her academic robes is being circulated among her friends and disciples. It seems to transcend the individual type and to have universal significance.

more peremptory demand for erotic complete-  
ness of the individually developed woman of the  
present time which causes her to wish more  
fervently to cherish the personality of the man  
to as complete a degree as it is her happiness  
and her pride to be able to give her own. It is  
this demand for entirety which, at least among  
Germanic peoples, makes woman neither desirous  
nor psychologically fitted for so-called 'free  
love.'

The growing consciousness that love can  
dispense with marriage, yet marriage cannot  
dispense with love, Ellen Key maintains, finds  
social expression to-day in the increasing fa-  
cility of divorce. It is only a question of time,  
in her opinion, before the law which gives to  
one person the power to hold another against  
his or her will, must be altogether abrogated.  
She writes:

"Man will be penetrated with the consciousness that the whole ethical conception which now gives to a husband or a wife rights over the personality of the other is a crude survival of the lower periods of culture; that everything which is exchanged between husband and wife in their life together can be only the free gift of love, can never be demanded by one of the two as a right. Man will understand that when one can no longer continue the life in love then this life must cease; that all vows binding forever the life of feelings are a violation of one's personality. . . . Even tho this new moral ideal should in the beginning dissolve many untrue marriages and thus cause much suffering, yet all this suffering is necessary. It belongs to the attainment of the new erotic ethics which will uplift man and woman out of that sphere in which the spirit of slavery and of obtuseness now, under a holy name, abase them; in which social convention sanctions prostitution alongside monogamy, and vouchsafes to the seducer, but not to the seduced, social recognition, calling the unmarried woman ruined who in love has become a mother, but the married woman respectable who without love gives children to the man who has bought her!"

The revaluation of woman's chastity is now actually going on, according to Ellen Key, in the many conflicts of married life and the literary discussions to which they give rise. There are men and women legally married to-day who have pledged each other full freedom to dissolve their union at the will of either; others who refuse to give legal form to a marriage which, nevertheless, realizes "fully and richly love in 'sorrow and in joy' ('prosperity and adversity'), in sympathetic work together, in reciprocal, true devotion." But these, of course, are still exceptional cases. More commonly, the "marriage of convenience" is already considered ignoble; and parents no longer to any great extent coerce their children into marriage without love. "In the geological deposits of legislation," says Ellen Key, "and still more in those of literature we can study these risings of the levels of erotic sentiment." By means of a single terrific drama, "Ghosts," Ibsen, for instance, has "etched into the moral consciousness" the truth that a woman's fidelity to her own personality, to truth, courage, chastity (in the new conception of that word), is more important to the welfare of the world than any possible fidelity to conventional morality. The experience, often only the dream of a higher and more comprehensive love, has raised to-day the erotic demands and the erotic existence of thousands of men and women beyond that of

their contemporaries. They point the way. Ellen Key continues:

"It is this experience or this dream which has already begun to assume form in the art and literature of the present time. It is true the extreme discord between the peculiar character of man and of woman has long been a favorite theme for comment, especially in modern literature. But among the wild, discordant tones a new *Leitmotiv* resounds, which will swell and rise and fill the void with a harmony still but faintly divined.

"If this harmony is to become as perfect as possible, woman, both in life and in literature, must begin to be more honest and man more eager to listen when woman reveals to him something of her own nature. Men have desired, and justly, that women should learn from their confessions something of the real nature of the conflict between man and woman. But woman, because of the conventional conception of womanly purity, has been intimidated from conceding to men a deep insight into her erotic life experiences.

"Only when women begin to tell the truth about themselves will literature universally illuminate the still unknown depths of woman's erotic temperament. Until the present time it has been almost exclusively men poets who have really revealed woman's nature. The nearer these poets have approached life, the more surely have they seen the highest expression of the eternal feminine as the great women poets have also seen it—in erotic love and in mother love. The completeness of woman's consecration has been for them the measure of her supreme chastity."

And it is this conception of chastity that, according to Ellen Key, is the only "morality" which has a future. She concludes:

"An ideal of negative purity—even incarnated in the person of Jesus—cannot inflame youth, and therefore cannot in the long run protect him. That alone which has the power not only to restrain, but also to transform, the brutal instinct is a conception of the existence of a higher feeling which belongs to the same sphere of life as the instinct itself.

"To burn the ideal of a great love into the soul of youth in letters of fire—that is to give him real moral strength. Thus there springs up in man the ineradicable, invincible instinct that an erotic relation can exist only as the expression of a reciprocal, all-comprehensive love. Thus will youth learn to consider the love-marriage as the central life-relation, the center of life, and he will be inflamed with the desire to develop and to conserve body and soul for the entrance into this most holy thing in nature, wherein man and woman find their happiness in creating a new race for happiness."



# Music and Drama

## "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"—GEORGE BROADHURST'S SENSATIONAL MARITAL DRAMA



THE modern drama, like the modern novel, begins where the old-fashioned one ends—after the chime of the wedding bells has died out. Marriage itself, even when it is not complicated by infidelity, offers many problems, one of which Mr. Broadhurst tackles in no uncertain way. In his sensational marital drama, "Bought and Paid For,"\* one of the unquestioned successes of the theatrical year, he introduces us to Robert Stafford, multi-millionaire and self-made man; Virginia Blaine, a telephone girl earning \$10 a week, with whom he is in love; her sister Fanny, and James Gilley, a \$14-a-week shipping clerk, the fiancé of Fanny.

Stafford has invited Virginia and the others to his luxurious apartment. When he finds himself for a few minutes alone with her he discusses, among other things, the question of marriage from a masculine point of view. He insists that men as a rule fail to take sufficient precautions before contracting a marriage. "For instance," he says, "a man needs a partner in a business enterprise. He meets a very congenial fellow, they pass some pleasant hours together and he gets to like him immensely. But does he make him his partner on that account? Hardly. If, however, in conjunction with his congeniality the man seems to possess the qualifications necessary for a successful partnership, the other man begins to investigate him. He looks up his record, if it is possible. He puts him to the test in some way. In any case he makes every effort to ascertain if he is really the man his acquaintance with him has led him to think he is. At any rate that would be the prudent thing to do, wouldn't it? Marriage is the closest partnership in the world. And how does this same man act in regard to that? He meets a girl and is attracted by her. Does he look up her record? Does he put her to a

test? No indeed! And if he did and the girl found it out she would probably never forgive him." The conversation drifts to other subjects and then, deftly, Stafford puts his theory into practice. He begins by speaking of his own career. She tells him that she already knows a good deal about him.

VIRGINIA. I know a great deal about yourself already. The newspapers and magazines have been full of the history of the man who, starting with nothing, has become a power in the railroad and financial world. It only needed one thing to make it fit for the model young man's story book—it neglected to say, "Our hero neither drinks nor smokes."

STAFFORD. It couldn't. I do both.

VIRGINIA. Another public idol shattered.

STAFFORD. Behave, now!

VIRGINIA. In the last interview—

STAFFORD. Probably faked.

VIRGINIA. You neglected to say, "Making my first thousand dollars was the hardest task of all."

STAFFORD. That was about the easiest. I got hold of some information about a certain stock, borrowed a hundred from a friend, put it up as margin in a bucket shop, and by pressing my luck, made and got my first thousand without any trouble whatever.

VIRGINIA. And that started you, I suppose, on the way to the City of Big Things. I like that phrase, "The City of Big Things."

STAFFORD. It's a great city, it's the only one worth living in.

VIRGINIA. And you are one of the most prominent inhabitants.

STAFFORD. I wouldn't go so far as to say that. Still, everyone in the city knows I'm living there, too.

VIRGINIA. I wonder how it must feel to be a man—and successful.

STAFFORD. It feels great. To know that you've done something; to know that you've made a name and a place for yourself; to realize that no one dare try to walk over you; to feel that your bitterest enemy respects you and your rights because, if he doesn't, it means a fight to a finish—that makes a man feel good—here. (*Points to his heart.*)

\* Copyright, 1911, by Messrs. Shubert and W. H. Brady, Ltd.

VIRGINIA. I should think it would.

STAFFORD. And then success means money, and money means power, and luxury and every comfort that the world can give. If a successful man wishes to travel by land he has his private car, if he wishes to travel by sea he has his own yacht, and so it goes.

VIRGINIA. You have a yacht, haven't you?

STAFFORD. Yes—there's a picture of her. (*Shows photograph.*)

VIRGINIA. I don't know much about such things, but she looks very big and strong.

STAFFORD. She is. She's an ocean-going boat; I can go anywhere in her. Have you ever been on a trip on a private yacht?

VIRGINIA. Never.

STAFFORD. It's the most enjoyable thing in the world. You can have a little private party of two, four, or as many as you like, you are absolutely and entirely away from the rest of the world and you can go where you please and do what you please.

VIRGINIA. It must be splendid.

STAFFORD. Believe me, it is. My boat will be in commission in a week or so. How—how would you like to make a voyage on her?

VIRGINIA. I've had my vacation.

STAFFORD. Perhaps you prefer the country, and fishing and hunting.

VIRGINIA. I love the country.

STAFFORD. In Maine I have a hunting lodge that is absolutely out of the world. You have to reach it over a corduroy road and there's no neighbor within miles. The trout-fishing is splendid, and you could go out and shoot a deer almost any day that you pleased. How would you like to spend a month or so there?

VIRGINIA. But I've had my vacation.

STAFFORD. Or perhaps you'd prefer to go abroad—

VIRGINIA. I've told you that I've had my vacation and I simply couldn't afford another one even if they would let me go.

STAFFORD. (*With meaning.*) I wasn't speaking of a vacation. (*Virginia catches an idea of Stafford's meaning.*) A friend of mine has a villa just outside Monte Carlo. I believe it is in the loveliest spot in the world. He isn't using it this year and I know he'd be glad to let me have it. Suppose I get it and send you and your sister over. I could join you in two or three weeks, and meanwhile I would arrange a letter of credit for you for fifty thousand dollars. (*Blazing with anger and without a word Virginia starts to cross to exit.*) Would a hundred thousand be enough?

VIRGINIA. No! Nor a million! Nor any amount! (*Virginia starts to go, but Stafford intercepts her again.*)

STAFFORD. That's just what I wanted you to say. Had you hesitated even for a minute I should have been the most disappointed man in the world. Miss Blaine—will you marry me?

VIRGINIA. Marry you?

STAFFORD. Yes.

VIRGINIA. You could speak to me one minute as you did—

STAFFORD. That was the test.

VIRGINIA. The test?

STAFFORD. Yes. From the day success first came my way, I and the men associated with me have been buying things. We have bought contracts, newspapers, legislatures, everything. Some of my friends have even bought off their old wives and then bought new ones. But I made up my mind there was one thing I wouldn't buy and that was the woman I married. After meeting you it didn't take me long to make up my mind that you were the girl I desired to marry. I could have sworn, too, that money wouldn't tempt you, but I wanted to be sure.

VIRGINIA. And so you set a trap for me?

STAFFORD. And so I set a test for you! And I thank God that you met it as you did. I wanted you to say "no" just as much as I ever wanted anything in the world. Will you marry me?

VIRGINIA. Do you love me?

STAFFORD. You wish for the truth?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. If to want to be near you, to be tender to you, to look after and guard you, to hold you to my breast and shield you from all trouble and harm—if that is love, then I love you.

VIRGINIA. And if I don't consider *that*—love?

STAFFORD. Then I am afraid I shall never love anyone. I'm not a romantic man. I never was. But I think this will prove how I regard you; I am forty-seven years old and you are the only woman I have ever asked to marry me! Will you?

VIRGINIA. You don't trouble to ask if I love you.

STAFFORD. I don't expect you to—yet. But I think you like me—don't you? (*A pause.*) I am taking it for granted that you don't love any other man.

VIRGINIA. No.

STAFFORD. Then be my wife. I'll be a loyal and faithful husband and I'll see that you won't have a care in the world.

VIRGINIA. I don't know what to say.

STAFFORD. Say yes.

(*Oku, the Japanese butler, enters.*)

OKU. Excuse, please; dinner it is served.

The second act is played in Virginia's boudoir two years later. She is now Mrs. Stafford. Her brother and her sister have risen in the world with her. James is married and earning a salary of \$100.00 a week, without suspecting that Stafford's kindness, rather than his own merits, is responsible for the increase in his income. Virginia seems to be

happy but for the fact that she has no children. Yet there is something that darkens her life—her marital problem. Stafford, it seems, is too fond at times of liquor. When he comes home in that state he asserts himself as her husband. "It isn't love," she tells her sister with disgust, "it isn't honest passion; he's just a beast inflamed with whiskey. It's horrible. Sometimes I can hardly look at him for days! And all the time I love him! If it wasn't for just that one thing I could be the happiest woman in the world." The entrance of James interrupts these sisterly confidences. He is shortly followed by Stafford, who seems to be in one of his amiably maudlin moods to which Virginia refers with such horror. He kisses her before the others, promises James another raise and an auto for Virgie, James's little daughter. At the same time something of the perversity so often seen in drunken men enters into his kindness. He gratuitously adds that he has made it a rule to pay James always ten times what he is worth. When James familiarly calls him Robert, he remarks, "To my wife I am Robert. Yes! To my wife's sister I am Robert. But you—to you I am Mr. Stafford even when I am drunk." When he finds himself alone with his wife he urges her to drink a glass of champagne with him. She repels the suggestion as well as his amorous advances.

VIRGINIA. No, I wouldn't! I don't like it, I don't want it, and even *you* couldn't make me take it.

STAFFORD. I couldn't, eh? Would you like me to try it? Would you?

VIRGINIA. Please don't speak to me like that, dear. It hurts me dreadfully! If I didn't know that it isn't yourself who is talking—

STAFFORD. Not myself? Then who is it?

VIRGINIA. It's the man who takes your place when you are drunk.

STAFFORD. I'm not drunk! Don't you dare say I'm drunk.

VIRGINIA. I'll say, then, the man who takes your place when you've been drinking.

STAFFORD. Huh! Well, what about this man? You don't like him, do you?

VIRGINIA. No.

STAFFORD. Well, what are you going to do about it? I'm your husband, ain't I? (Pause.) I say, I'm your husband, ain't I?

VIRGINIA. Please let me go, dear. I'm very unhappy. Good night. (Virginia starts toward exit.)

STAFFORD. Wait! (Virginia stops.) What's the hurry? Don't you like to talk to me? Don't you?



FROM LOW-BROW TO HIGH-BROW

George Broadhurst from a writer of comedy and melodrama has graduated into the school of playwrights who discuss the seamy side of matrimony in serious drama along the lines of Eugene Walter.

VIRGINIA. Of course I do.

STAFFORD. Then come and sit down and do it.

VIRGINIA. I'm tired, dear.

STAFFORD. Come and sit down there. (He indicates chair.) And don't try to get funny! There!

VIRGINIA. But, Robert—

STAFFORD. There! (Virginia returns and sits on chair. Stafford fills his glass and drinks. He sits at table and, putting both elbows on it, stares into her face.) Gee, but you look pretty to-night! You looked great with the whole business on, but with this fluffly thing— (He leans across the table, places his hand on her bare arm and draws his hand down the arm. Virginia shrinks at the touch. Stafford notices it.) Oh! What's the matter? Is there anything wrong in a man telling his wife she's pretty? Is there? (Pause.) Is there?

VIRGINIA. No.

STAFFORD. Well, you're my wife, aren't you?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. Then what's the matter with you! Even if I put my hand on your arm like this— (Stafford does as before) is there anything wrong in that? You're my wife, aren't you?

It's a pity if a man can't even touch his own wife. (*Stafford drains his glass and fills it again.*) Why do you want to quarrel with me to-night?

VIRGINIA. I don't.

STAFFORD. You act as tho you do. (*Stafford drinks again.*) I'm sure I don't want to quarrel with you. When I came home to-night I was as jolly and happy as a man could be. When the fellows wanted me to stay longer I said, "No, sir! No, Sir!! I've got the prettiest wife in the city and I'm going home to her." And I did it! And as I came along I was saying to myself, "She's the sweetest little woman in all the world and I love her!" And I do love you! You know I love you! Don't you? (*Pause.*) Don't you?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. Then why do you want to quarrel with me? Is it right for a wife to quarrel with a husband who loves her? Is it?

VIRGINIA. I don't want to quarrel with you.

STAFFORD. Then we're friends, are we? Mm?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. Then shake hands on it. (*Pause.*) Come on, now, shake hands on it. (*Pause.*) If you don't want to quarrel, shake hands on it. (*Virginia hesitatingly puts out her hand, which Stafford grasps.*) Good! And now let's kiss and make up.

VIRGINIA. I tell you I want to go. (*Virginia tries to release her hand, but fails.*)

STAFFORD. Let's kiss and make up! Come on, baby! You know I love you! You know there's nothing in the world I won't give you if you're nice to me. Come on, now, kiss me, and that'll show we're friends. Just one. (*Virginia hesitatingly touches his cheek with her lips.*) Oh, not that kind of a one! A real one!

VIRGINIA. I can't.

STAFFORD. Can't? Why?

VIRGINIA. I can't, I tell you.

STAFFORD. Why?

VIRGINIA. For one thing, the odor of stale wine and whiskey isn't pleasant.

STAFFORD. We're getting mighty particular, aren't we? Is there any other reason?

VIRGINIA. There is—and a very important one. I don't want to kiss you.

STAFFORD. Is that so? That means you don't love me. Is that it?

VIRGINIA. I love the man I married—love him with all my heart and he loves me. But you are not the man I married. You are another man! You are a stranger, a man influenced with liquor, a man who comes and talks to me of love when it isn't love at all, a man whose every protestation of love is an insult! That's the man you are and I hate you! I hate you!

STAFFORD. So you hate me, do you?

VIRGINIA. Yes! I do! And now will you let me go?

STAFFORD. Not much I won't. Even tho you

do hate me, you're still my wife. Do you hear, you're still my wife!

VIRGINIA. Robert!

STAFFORD. Who were you till I married you—nobody! What were you? A telephone girl getting ten dollars a week. And now who are you? You're Mrs. Robert Stafford! And what are you? You're the wife of one of the richest men in the country! And how did he get you for his wife? He bought you and he paid for you.

VIRGINIA. You didn't. You tried to buy me, but you couldn't do it.

STAFFORD. Oh, yes, I could—and I did! Did you love me when you married me? No! Would you have married me if I'd been poor? No! I bought and I paid for you and anything I've bought and paid for belongs to me! Understand? It belongs to me! And now will you kiss me?

VIRGINIA. No.

STAFFORD. Then if you won't— (*Stafford pulls Virginia to him and despite her struggles kisses her on the mouth. Then he unthinkingly releases his hold.*)

VIRGINIA. Oh, my God! (*Virginia runs out, slams the door and bolts it. Stafford goes to door and tries to open it.*)

STAFFORD. Unbolt this door! Unbolt this door, I tell you! You can't get away from me like that! Unfasten this door! Do you hear me? Unfasten this door! All right, then, if you won't— (*Stafford picks up a heavy andiron from the fireplace and smashes in the panel of the door. Then he reaches through the broken panel, pulls back the bolt, throws open the door, exits and slams the door after him.*)

The next morning Virginia makes up her mind to leave her husband unless he makes certain amends, because she feels that in a sense he has "bought" her. "If you had not been rich I should not have married you, because I didn't feel toward you then as a girl should feel toward the man she is to marry." He argues with her, but Virginia remains firm.

VIRGINIA. You bought me but you didn't buy my self-respect! And no matter what happens I am going to keep that.

STAFFORD. It's the last thing in the world that I'd have you lose.

VIRGINIA. Then why do you try to rob me of it? Why do you come to me as you did last night, and insult and degrade me.

STAFFORD. I'm sorry.

VIRGINIA. So you have told me before! And I've cried—and suffered—and forgiven you—and prayed that it would never happen again! And now, dear, I'm not going to cry any more and it won't happen again.

STAFFORD. You mean?





## LOVE RECONCILED

Robert Stafford (Charles Richman), the hero of George Broadhurst's sensational play, "Bought and Paid For," comes for his runaway wife (Julia Dean) to her brother's humble apartment.

VIRGINIA. I mean that we have got to have a definite and explicit understanding. I refuse to remain in a position where you can humiliate me as you have done. What must I think of myself if I do. I ask you, Robert, what *must* I think of myself? A good woman must retain her respect for herself, she must know in her heart that she is sweet and fine. If she doesn't, what is there left for her? There are just two ways in which I can keep my respect, and I am going to keep it—two and only two. One is this: you must promise me, now, that you will never drink again.

STAFFORD. I'm not sure that I could keep such a promise. I'll agree tho to try.

VIRGINIA. No, dear. That won't do. How many times already have you agreed to try and how many times have you failed? You can stop if you wish. You are not a weakling. You're a big man, a *strong* man. You can stop if you wish and you must promise me that you will or—

STAFFORD. Or what?

VIRGINIA. Or I shall take the only other course open to me and leave you.

STAFFORD. Leave me!

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. Let me get this straight. You say

I must promise that I will never take another drink or you'll leave me. Is that it?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. That is an ultimatum?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. And you want an answer here and now?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. Very well, then, you shall have it. I won't promise.

VIRGINIA. Robert!

STAFFORD. I can't be driven and won't be bullied. No man, by holding a revolver to my head, can force me to do anything I don't want to do, nor can any woman either, not even you.

VIRGINIA. Very well.

STAFFORD. Besides, there has to be a head of every family just as there has to be a head of every business and every country, and so long as I have my family, I am going to be the head of it! If I had a partner and he came to me and said, "Do this thing or I quit you," whether the thing was right or wrong, I'd say, "Go ahead, quit," because if I didn't, from that minute on he, not I, would be the boss! So it is with us.

VIRGINIA. Then I—am to—go?

STAFFORD. That is for you to say. But if you do go, remember that it is of your own volition absolutely. I want you to stay.

Stafford explains to her that she cannot return to her modest way of living. "It isn't human nature," he says.

VIRGINIA. I can try.

STAFFORD. And if you do, you'll fail.

VIRGINIA. We shall see.

STAFFORD. You will fail, and I'll tell you why! When we met, you were earning ten or twelve dollars a week.

VIRGINIA. Ten.

STAFFORD. On that you had to live and provide yourself with everything. You had a little room in Harlem and used to hang on to a strap every morning and night when you went to and from your work. Luxuries were unknown to you; your food was ordinary and your clothes cheap. (*He points to her hat brought in by Josephine.*) That hat alone cost more than you earned in a month; yes, or in two months! That's true, isn't it?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. Among other things that I admired about you was your little foot. It looks smaller than ever now. Let me see, those shoes were made to order and cost about twenty-two dollars, didn't they? (*Virginia moves uneasily.*) And see the trimness of your figure, the gloss on your hair, the brightness in your eye, and the daintiness of your hand. (*He takes her hand.*) You look prettier and younger than the day I first saw you. And why? Because you've had your maids to wait on you and look after you; you've had the touring car in the summer and the limousine in the winter; when the weather was cold you had your furs, when it was warm you had the yacht. Since we were married you have had every luxury that money could give and luxury gets in the blood, my dear! *Luxury gets in the blood!* It's got into mine. Could I, of my own free will, go back and live as I used to live and be satisfied? Certainly not! No more can you!

VIRGINIA. I can.

STAFFORD. You can't, and in your heart of hearts you know that you can't. Do you really think that after the life you've lived here you can go back to a telephone desk for ten hours a day and be at the beck and call of every man and woman who wants to speak to you; that you can hang on to that strap again morning and night and be jostled by the crowds that make the journey with you; that you can give up the theater, your parties and the opera; that you can wear common shoes, coarse linen, cheap hats and ordinary badly-made dresses; that after having more money than you can spend and being able to go into any store in town and order anything and everything that you wished,

you can of your own free will go back to poverty and place yourself in a position where you'll not only have to count the dollars and the dimes, but the cents as well—you may think you can do it and do it successfully, my dear, but believe me, you can't.

VIRGINIA. I can try.

STAFFORD. And if you do, you'll fail! If you were leaving here to go to a place where you had the same surroundings you might succeed, but to go to your little back bedroom and everything it implies, that is impossible. You're a dear, fine, sensitive, high-minded little woman, but you weren't made to fight against such odds, and if you try it, you'll fail. It's inevitable.

VIRGINIA. Just the same, I'm going to try it.

STAFFORD. Then mark my words, you'll either send for me or you'll come back to me.

VIRGINIA. Never!

The last act is played in James Gilley's flat three months later. The fortunes of the little family are considerably reduced, inasmuch as James lost his job when Virginia quit her home. James takes it upon himself to play the part of the peacemaker by telephoning, of his own volition, to Stafford that Virginia wants him to come for her. When Virginia arrives, a moment later, James upbraids her for her selfishness in the entire matter. She admits that she has been sorely tempted to send for Stafford, but that she will not sacrifice what she considers her principles. She is almost incredulous when Robert appears in response to the call of which she knows nothing.

VIRGINIA. Robert! You *did* come! You did!

STAFFORD. Of course I did.

VIRGINIA. I'm so happy, dear. Oh, I'm so happy. (*Virginia goes to Robert who takes her in his arms.*)

STAFFORD. You're not a bit happier than I am.

VIRGINIA. And you *came* for me!

STAFFORD. Of course, dear. Did you think I wouldn't?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. Why?

VIRGINIA. Because I thought I knew you and understood you. But I didn't. I knew you were fine and big, but you are finer and bigger than ever I imagined and I adore you for it! Oh, my darling, you *came* for me! You *came* for me!

STAFFORD. But, dear, I—don't—

VIRGINIA. Sit down, sweetheart, and let me sit on your knee, just as I used to.

STAFFORD. Dear! (*Stafford takes off his coat and sits. Virginia sits on Stafford's knee.*)

VIRGINIA. Now let me snuggle up to you in the way I love. (*Virginia snuggles up to Stafford.*) Now hold me close—very, very close—and don't say a word—not even one. (*Stafford*

*holds Virginia in his arms. There is a pause.)*  
I'm so tired, dear. I'm so tired.

STAFFORD. My poor little girl! Come, dear, the machine is outside. We'll go home at once.

VIRGINIA. Not yet, please—I'm too happy. And it's you? It's really, really you?

STAFFORD. It really is.

VIRGINIA. I've hoped, and longed, and prayed that you would come for me, but I didn't think you would. I imagined that your pride wouldn't let you.

STAFFORD. My pride!

VIRGINIA. Yes. You said you wouldn't come unless I sent for you.

STAFFORD. Virginia!

VIRGINIA. I'm not reproaching you, dear. I mention it because it makes your coming all the bigger and finer! Why, only five minutes before you rang the bell I told Jimmie there wasn't the slightest chance that it would happen. But it did, and I'm the happiest girl in all the world. You came for me. Nothing else matters. *(There is a pause. Stafford looks at the door through which Jimmie went and his face shows that he now fully realizes the situation.)* If you hadn't come, I should have had to come to you! I should have had to! And that would have robbed me of everything I've been fighting for. It would have stripped me of my self-respect, it would have made me despise myself, I should never have been able to hold up my head to myself again! But now I shall; now I shall know that I didn't have to do what I knew to be wrong, and it makes me so happy, dear! So happy! So very, very happy! *(Virginia, sobbing, kneels beside Stafford and covers her face with her hands. There is a pause.)*

STAFFORD. Of course I came for you! If I had known all that it meant to you I should have come long ago.

VIRGINIA. Then you did miss me?

STAFFORD. I didn't imagine that any human being could miss another so much! And tho I knew I loved you deeply, I didn't think it possible that I could ever love anyone as I soon realized that I loved you.

VIRGINIA. Robert!

STAFFORD. The house was empty without you—my heart was empty without you—and it was only my stubbornness and false pride that kept me away.

VIRGINIA. I've been stubborn, too.

STAFFORD. But you were stubborn for the right, while I was stubborn in the wrong. There's the difference.

VIRGINIA. But that's all gone by now, dear. Gone by and forgotten.

STAFFORD. I can't tell you how lonely I was! You had Fanny and Jimmie and the baby, while I had no one.

VIRGINIA. You poor fellow!

STAFFORD. Every night I would get my report—

VIRGINIA. Report?

STAFFORD. From the agency—about you!

VIRGINIA. Report about me!

STAFFORD. Yes, dear! Even tho we were separated, you were still my wife, you were still the little woman I loved, and I was taking care that no harm should come to you. Wherever you went, dear, there was some one ready to guard and protect you.

VIRGINIA. Now I understand.

STAFFORD. As soon as you were safely home, I was notified. And as I sat alone in the house, the bigness of which seemed to make it all the lonelier, I thought of you, and your goodness, and sweetness, and there I fought things out, and now I can make you any promise that you ask.

VIRGINIA. But I don't ask any.

STAFFORD. I give it to you just the same.

VIRGINIA. Robert, I can't tell you how much I think of you now, how much I love you.

Stafford refuses to build his new house of marital felicity upon a lie. He tells her of the message James sent to him.

VIRGINIA. You thought I had sent for you! Then everything is wrong! Everything!

STAFFORD. No, dear, everything is right. You were fighting for a principle. Have you surrendered it? Have you?

VIRGINIA. No.

STAFFORD. You asked for a promise. I gave it and I now repeat it, so that is settled, isn't it?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

STAFFORD. You said you wouldn't send for me and you haven't. Have you?

VIRGINIA. No.

STAFFORD. Then don't you see, dear, all along the line you won the victory?

JIMMY. It's more than a victory! It's a landslide!

VIRGINIA. Victory! When you came, you thought it was yours. You thought I had sent for you. When you found I hadn't, why didn't you tell me?

STAFFORD. Because I knew you were in the right. Because I realized for the first time all it meant to you. Because I loved you and wanted you. Why, even had I been right instead of you, I would have done the same. I simply couldn't have helped it after having held you in my arms again.

JIMMY. *(To Fanny.)* Get that arms thing? I guess I'm bad, eh?

VIRGINIA. You thought the victory was yours, but when you found me claiming it and realized what it meant to me, you gave it to me without a word. That was a big thing, too.

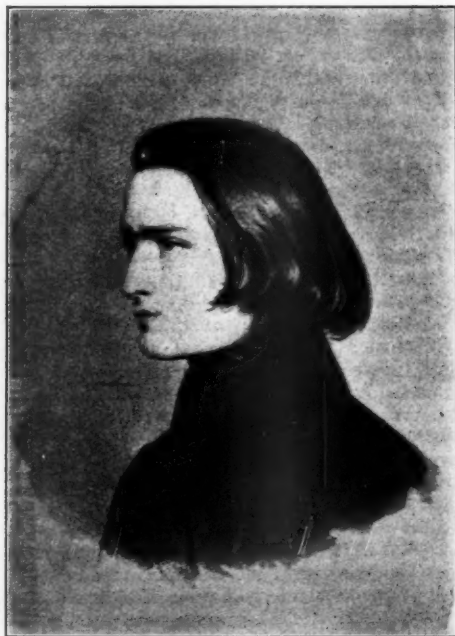
STAFFORD. What does anything matter but this: I love you, you love me and we are together again. That's everything, isn't it?

VIRGINIA. Yes, dear. That's everything.

## FRANZ LISZT AS A MUSICAL ANARCH

**I**T IS not an altogether engaging account of Franz Liszt's musical genius and influence that James Huneker gives us in the volume\* that he contributes to the literature of the Liszt centenary. He tells us himself that he had not the time nor the patience to write the biography which he had at first planned. In its place he offers a "study of certain aspects of Liszt's art and character." The man he reveals as "fascinating, dazzling, enigmatic artist, comedian, abbé, rhapsodist," is ever to him "the great-souled Franz Liszt." In musicianship, we are told, "Liszt had no contemporary who could pretend to tie his shoe-strings, with the possible exception of Felix Mendelssohn." In the matter of rhythmic invention, "he ranks next to Bach and Beethoven." He "was as supreme in his domain as Wagner in his; only the German had the more popular domain." Yet, as Mr. Huneker goes on to show, he had all the faults of the passionate temperament and he hardly knew the

\* FRANZ LISZT. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE YOUTHFUL LISZT

An unfamiliar picture of the Hungarian composer whose centenary has lately been celebrated throughout the world.

meaning of restraint. He stemmed from Jean Jacques Rousseau, "the prime corrupter of the nineteenth century," and in his music a "delirious romanticism" reached its climax. With equal gusto he celebrated the good and the evil, the beautiful and the ugly. "All the impressionistic school may be traced to him as its fountain-head." Where it will all end, Mr. Huneker adds somewhat pessimistically, no man dare predict.

The train of argument on which these conclusions rest starts with the statement: "Whether Liszt was an archangel of light, a Bernini of tones, or, as Jean-Christophe describes him, 'the noble priest, the circus rider, neo-classical and vagabond, a mixture in equal doses of real and false nobility,' is a question that will be answered according to one's temperament." Mr. Huneker continues:

"He introduced into the musty academic atmosphere of musical Europe a strong, fresh breeze from the Hungarian *pusta*; this wandering piano-player of Hungarian-Austrian blood, a genuine cosmopolite, taught music a new charm, the charm of the unexpected, the improvised. The freedom of Beethoven in his later works, and of Chopin in all his music, became the principal factor in the style of Liszt. Music must have the shape of an improvisation. In the Hungarian rhapsodies, the majority of which begin in a mosque, and end in a tavern, are the extremes of his system. His orchestral and vocal works, the two symphonies, the masses and oratorios and symphonic poems, are full of dignity, poetic feeling, religious spirit, and a largeness of accent and manner though too often lacking in architectonic; yet the gipsy glance and gipsy voice lurk behind many a pious or pompous bar. Apart from his invention of a new form—or, rather, the condensation and revival of an old one, the symphonic poem—Liszt's greatest contribution to art is the wild, truant, rhapsodic, extempore element he infused into modern music; nature in her most reckless, untrammelled moods he interpreted with fidelity."

Despite his marked leaning, Mr. Huneker tells us, toward the classic (Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and "those frigid, colorless Germans, Kaulbach, Cornelius, Schadow, not to mention the sweetly romantic Ary Scheffer and the sentimental Delaroche"), Franz Liszt was by temperament in love with the grotesque, the baroque, the eccentric, even the morbid. He often declared that it was his pet ambition to give a piano recital in the *Salon Carré* of the Louvre, where, surrounded by





THE MOTHER OF LISZT'S CHILDREN

By the brilliant Countess d'Agoult Franz Liszt had three children, Blandine, Cosima and Daniel. The first-named married one of Napoleon's war ministers. Cosima married Hans von Bülow, and, later, Richard Wagner. Daniel died at the age of twenty.

the canvases of Da Vinci, Raphael, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Veronese and others of the immortal choir, he might make music never to be forgotten. "In reality," says Mr. Huneker, "he would have played with more effect if the pictures had been painted by Salvator Rosa, El Greco, Hell-Fire Breughel, Callot, Orcagna (the Dance of Death at Pisa), Matthew Grünwald; or among the moderns Gustave Doré, the macabre Wiertz of Brussels, Edward Munch, Matisse or Picasso." Ugliness mingled with voluptuousness, piety doubted by devilry, the quaint and the horrible, the satanic and the angelic—such were the kind of themes that quickened his musical consciousness. The expression of recondite sensations was what he aimed at. "Think," Mr. Huneker exclaims, "what rôles Death and Lust play in the over-strained art of the Romantics (the 'hairy romantic' as Thackeray called Berlioz, and no doubt Liszt, for he met him in London); what bombast, what sonorous pomp and pageantry, what sighing sensuousness, what brilliant martial spirit—they are all to be found in Liszt." Architecturally, "his work recalls at times the fantastic Kremlin, or the Taj Mahal, or—as

in the Graner Mass—a strange perversion of the Gothic."

All this, it goes without saying, has had immense influence on a later generation of composers. "Liszt invented a new form," Mr. Huneker writes, "the symphonic poem, invented a musical phrase, novel in shape and gait, perfected the leading motive, employed poetic ideas instead of the antique and academic cut-and-dried, square-toed themes—and was ruthlessly plundered almost before the ink was dry on his manuscript, and without due acknowledgment of the original source. So it came to pass that the music of the future, lock, stock, and barrel, first manufactured by Liszt, traveled into the porches of the public ears from the scores of Wagner, Raff, Cornelius, Saint-Saëns, Tschaiakowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, and minor Russian composers and a half-hundred besides of the new men, beginning with the name of Richard Strauss—that most extraordinary personality of latter-day music." We read further:

"There is no Wagner, there is no Liszt question. After the unbinding of the classic forms the turbulent torrent is become the new danger. Who shall dam its speed! Brahms or Reger?"



LISZT'S DAUGHTER, WAGNER'S WIFE

Cosima is the only surviving child of Franz Liszt. To this day she presides over the Wagnerian festivals at Bayreuth.

The formal formlessness of the new school has placed Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner on the shelf, almost as remotely as Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The symphonic poem is now a monster of appalling lengths, thereby, as Mr. Krehbiel suggests, defeating its chiefest reason for existence, its brevity. The foam and fireworks of the impressionistic school, Debussy, Dukas, and Ravel, and the rest, are enjoyable; the piano music of Debussy has the iridescence of a spider's web touched by the fire of the setting sun; his orchestra is a jewelled conflagration. But he stems like the others, the Russians included, from Liszt. Charpentier and his followers are Wagner *à la coule*. Where it will all end no man dare predict. But Mr. Newman is right in the matter of program music. It has come to stay, modified as it may be in the future. Too many bricks and mortar, the lust of the ear as well as of the eye, gluttoned by the materialistic machinery of the Wagner music-drama, have driven the lovers of music-for-music's-sake back to Beethoven; or, in extreme cases, to novel forms wherein vigorous affirmations are dreaded as much as an eight-bar melody; for those metriculous temperaments that recoil from clan-

gorous chord, there are the misty tonalities of Debussy or the verse of Paul Verlaine. However, the aquarelles and pastels and landscapes of Debussy or Ravel were invented by *Urvater* Liszt—caricatured by Wagner in the person of Wotan; all the impressionistic school may be traced to him as its fountain-head. Think of the little sceneries scattered through his piano music, particularly in his *Years of Pilgrimage*; or of the storm and stress of the *Dante Sonata*. The romanticism of Liszt was, like so many of his contemporaries, a state of soul, a condition of exalted or morbid sensibility. But it could not be said of him as it could of all the *Men of Fine Shades*—Chateaubriand, Heine, Stendhal, Benjamin Constant, Sainte-Beuve—that they were only men of feeling in their art, and decidedly the reverse in their conduct. Liszt was a pattern of chivalry, and if he seems at times as indulging too much in the *Grand Marner*, set it down to his surroundings, to his temperament. The idols of his younger years were Bonaparte and Byron, Goethe and Chateaubriand, while in the background hovered the prime corrupter of the nineteenth century and the father of Romanticism, J. J. Rousseau."

## LEAN YEARS FOR THE THEATER



LEAN years, it seems, are at hand for the theater. Thousands upon thousands of empty seats, not all of them in New York, yawn into the manager's face. Yet, paradoxically enough, the drama seems to flourish, even if the theater pines. The late Richard Watson Gilder once expressed the opinion that American poetry had not come into its own because so many good poems are written that individual merit is no longer conspicuous. Can this also be true of the offerings of the dramatic season? Such, at least, is the new and curious complaint made by the managers of New York playhouses. Business is bad, they affirm, because there are too many successes. This opinion is not shared by Mr. Louis De Foe. He remarks in the *New York World*:

"What the managers actually mean is that theaters have become so numerous that there is not enough patronage to go around. In other words, theatrical competition has nearly reached an impossible point. Even the plays that are successful by artistic standards will not yield a sufficient commercial return.

"For the casual playgoer who chooses his entertainment wisely and goes to the theater only when the spirit moves him, the present season,

now drawing to the close of its first half, has not been unproductive of good results. Four months that have yielded 'Bunt Pulls the Strings,' 'The Return of Peter Grimm,' 'Bought and Paid For,' 'Passers-By,' 'The Woman' and 'Disraeli' have not been spent in vain. Then there have been other profitable light entertainments, such as 'The Million,' 'The Siren,' 'The Quaker-Girl' and 'The Enchantress,' to say nothing of such opulent spectacles as 'The Garden of Allah' and 'Around the World.' For a few there has been a source of satisfaction in the Drama Players and Lady Gregory's Irish company, and vast numbers to whom Broadway attractions are not attractive at all have sat gratefully before the Shakespearean shrine of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe at the Manhattan.

"Only to the professional first-nighter, whose patronage and applause are the falsest of clues to merit or success, has the season been a bore and a waste both of time and money. If this peculiarly constituted individual has been faithful to his self-imposed task, he has already attended seventy-seven performances, which comprise a total of eighty-five new plays. He may also have sat in contemplation of twenty-three revivals. And to accomplish this task he need not have extended the field of his energies beyond the forty producing theaters situated on or near Broadway.

"From this survey it ought to be clear that theatrical management in New York is no longer

a profession which has as its purposes a service to art, as it was in the days of Lester Wallack and Augustus Daly. David Belasco, alone among the men who now control the stage, seems to preserve some of the old ideals. With the rest the business of producing plays has degenerated into a mad commercial scramble to keep the curtains up. The stage, uncertain always, is now more than ever a means of gambling with the public whim. It begins to look, however, as if the game itself would soon become too hazardous for the men who sit in it."

Not the commercial managers only are beginning to feel the strain of theatrical hazards, but the idealistic promoters of art as well. Like a bolt out of a clear sky comes the announcement of the abandonment of the proposed revival of the New Theater. The New York press is unanimous in voicing its regret at this decision. If, remarks *The Times*, the founders of the New Theater thus weakly give over a plan not to "elevate" indeed but to conserve the acted drama and the histrion's art, undertaken in a spirit of civic pride and, as Senator Root observed at the dedication, "with comparative independence of the sheriff," they will set a bad example to all theater managers, justify the assertions of New York's intellectual backwardness, and indicate that their own interest from the beginning was only half-hearted.

"The only reason officially given for the abandonment is the exceedingly vague one that it 'would not be wise to proceed with the enterprise at the present time.' To elucidate this, one needs a definition of the kind of wisdom that dominates such an enterprise. Surely there is as much wisdom, in both the commercial and artistic view, in going ahead now as there was in starting.

"Unofficially, however, three several reasons are put forward. The first is that the founders have already sunk a great deal of money in the New Theater. But they are all successful men of affairs who know well that money must be lost in starting any new enterprise. The second is that no competent director could be obtained. This would not be the case if the founders were willing to bestow absolute authority on the director and refrain personally from meddling with the details of management. The third is that the founders are tired of hostile and facetious criticism. We can scarcely believe that men of their experience and standing can be moved by that consideration. If the hostile criticism was just (as it surely was in relation to some of the New Theater's productions) it should have been regarded as valuable. If it was unjust and ill-tempered, it was not worth considering.

"When the institution was dedicated it was formally presented to the people, a gift to the city from generous and high-minded citizens. It seems now that the gift was attached to a string. But we strongly hope that the founders will reconsider their idea of abandoning the enterprise. There is room for it, there is need for it. If they start anew they will do well to keep clear of all entanglements with the commercial theater, to invest their director with sole authority, and let him go forward. If they cannot speedily develop a dramatic literature, they can at least establish a school of acting and reawaken the public comprehension of histrionism."

Even if the New Theater is never resuscitated, the institution, thinks Mr. Burns Mantle, has fulfilled an important function. "Those who have given their time and their best thought," he remarks in *The Evening Mail*, "and their money, to be grabbed by those who could get it—these men will one day be written in history as the real founders of a new order in the theater." It may be remarked, however, that the present embarrassment of dramatic riches to which managers ascribe their financial losses is in itself an argument against the necessity of fostering the drama in a model nursery. The season has brought us an amazing number of vital plays, each one of which is sufficiently artistic and novel to deserve production in a national playhouse. But the authors of these plays found both their audiences and the playhouses without adventitious aids. The plays themselves may be divided into three groups. Knoblauch's "Kismet," Hichen's "Garden of Allah," Selwyn's "Arab," Richard Walton Tully's "Bird of Paradise" and Reinhardt's pantomime, "Sumurun," constitute what may be called an Oriental invasion of the American stage. Modern psychology and spiritualism are represented by "Peter Grimm" and "The Case of Becky," Belasco's dramatization of a fantastic story by Robert Hichens, dealing with the problem of dual personality. Margaret Illington in "Kindling," Ethel Barrymore in "The Witness for the Defense," and Nazimova in a less successful play from the French, "The Marionettes," prove that realism, too, is relished by the American playgoer. All these plays possess intrinsic merit and emphasize unusual points of view. The prosperity of the theater and the drama, as Gordon Craig never tires of pointing out, are two different things. Formerly the theater dragged the drama down. Perhaps we are now entering upon a period where the drama will lift the theater up.

## REVEALING THE SECRETS OF THE THEATRICAL WORKSHOP



WO critics, Montrose J. Moses and Channing Pollock, attempt to reveal to us the secrets of the dramatic workshop. Mr. Moses is what Mr. Pollock would call a "high-brow." Mr. Pollock uses what Mr. Moses would denounce as "slang." Mr. Pollock gives us no new vistas, points out no road to the future; nor is Mr. Moses that Moses who will lead the American drama to the land of deliverance; but both have observed much, and as their points of view are essentially different, they may be said to supplement each other. What the American audience most seek, according to Mr. Moses,\* is a "square deal," the spirit that made Milton Royle's "The Squaw Man" a popular success. "The large heart rather than the subtle one, the direct deed rather than the elusive thought, and the terse answer rather than the veiled meaning," Mr. Moses insists, "compel sympathetic interest in an American crowd." Most of our dramatists, he adds, have learned this directness through newspaper work. Howard, Thomas and Ade began as reporters. Mr. Pollock, in a charmingly impudent preface, in which Mr. Pollock the introducer speaks somewhat patronizingly of Mr. Pollock the author, clearly indicates his own, somewhat divergent, point of view:

"Mr. Pollock severely lets alone the drama of Greece and Rome. His field is the drama of Forty-second Street and Broadway. He has rendered unto Brander Matthews the things that are Brander Matthews', and unto William Winter the things that are William Winter's.

"The Footlights—Fore and Aft' contains nothing that might not have been set down by anyone with a sense of humor and the author's opportunities of observation. It is true that, in his case, these opportunities have been exceptional. Born in 1880, Mr. Pollock's contact with the theater began as early as 1896, when he became dramatic critic of the *Washington Post*. Subsequently he served in the same capacity with various newspapers and magazines, was reporter for a 'trade journal' of 'the profession,' and acted, for a considerable period, as press agent and business manager. The practical side of play-making and play-producing he has learned in eight years' experience as a dramatist, during which time he has written ten dramatic pieces, among them 'The Pit,' 'Clothes,' 'The Secret

Orchard,' 'The Little Gray Lady,' 'In the Bishops' Carriage,' and 'Such a Little Queen.'

Mr. Pollock, as the *Springfield Republican* remarks, writes more like a mariner than like a critic, but his raciness has a kind of illuminating pungency. Of special interest are his chapters\* on the art of "Getting It Over," meaning, of course, over the footlights—and the chapter on the reading and writing of plays. Playwrights, according to Mr. Pollock, must be both born and made. Of course, he admits, there is a great deal that the dramatist must know about the drama. W. T. Price's volume on the subject contains about one hundred iron-clad principles that should be read, and reread, and then forgotten.

"Such of the number as cling to your subconsciousness can't do you any harm, and probably will do you a lot of good. The others might help to make you a capable mechanic. Rostand's rooster, once he had been told *how* to crow, couldn't crow—fell to the ground, as it were, between two schools. Bronson Howard, asked to compile a book of rules for playwriting, declined on the ground that he feared being tempted to follow them.

"To learn to do anything—do it! If you would know how to write plays write them, read them, go to see them. Then think a while, and write some more. If you feel sure you have a big idea—and sometimes it seems to me that the big ideas come most often to people who can't use them—pool it with the skill of someone who is willing to give craftsmanship for inventive genius—and watch him. Avery Hopwood collaborated on 'Clothes' before he went single-handed at 'Nobody's Widow,' and, midway, he leased his experience to the novelist who furnished the plot of 'Seven Days.' Harriet Ford helped Joseph Medill Patterson write 'The Fourth Estate,' and now Mr. Patterson is exhibiting signs by which one may predict that he will do something alone. Wilson Mizner worked with George Bronson Howard on 'The Only Law,' and with Paul Armstrong on 'The Deep Purple,' and we may expect soon a piece that will bear only the name of Wilson Mizner.

"What a lucky fellow! we say occasionally of some new author who springs into notice. 'His first play, and a huge success!' But every professional reader in town could tell you that this success *wasn't* his first play.' While I was reading for the firm of Sam S. & Lee Shubert, I saw three or four manuscripts from the pens of Rachel Crothers and Thompson Buchanan. 'The Three

\* THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST. By Montrose J. Moses. Little, Brown and Company.

\* FOOTLIGHTS FORE AND AFT. By Channing Pollock. Richard G. Badger.



of Us' did not surprise me, nor 'A Woman's Way.' I knew, and every man in my profession knew, that Miss Crothers and Mr. Buchanan had spent years turning out pieces they could not sell. They worked, and they studied, and they went to the theater thoughtfully until they could write pieces that would sell."

Now and then a novice may flash into success, but often it will be only a flash in the pan. The majority of pronounced hits, Mr. Pollock insists, are the work of established authors. The danger faced by the new man is that they may be snuffed out by their first failure. Managers, too, are likely to judge by the box office rather than by the play. The fledgeling of to-day is the eagle of to-morrow. Jules Eckert Goodman, Edward Sheldon, Thompson Buchanan, James Forbes, the debutants of yester-year, are the leading dramatists of this. Naturally, everybody is trying to duplicate their experience, everybody writes plays. "Some time ago," Mr. Pollock relates, "an ambitious individual walked into my office and announced that he had come from Rochester to submit a tragedy in blank verse. I suggested that he need not have gone to so much trouble and expense. 'It wasn't any trouble or expense,' he replied, 'I had to come anyway. I am a conductor on the New York Central.'" Theodore Burt Sayer, who wrote "The Commanding Officer," and who is the reader for Charles Frohman, tells that his most persistent visitor was a policeman who had written a farce in six acts. Of the would-be dramatists in the learned professions, Mr. Pollock remarks: "I should say that physicians are the rarest playwrights, that journalists provide the best material, and that clergymen produce the most and the worst."

"With so many Cinderellas attempting to crowd their feet into the shoes of Pinero and Jones, there can be no limit to the number of manuscripts submitted each week to well known producers. The general idea, I believe, is that managers are quite buried beneath piles of plays. This is not absolutely true. Such an office as that of Henry B. Harris, in the Hudson Theater, or of The Liebler Company, in Fifth Avenue, may be the destination of from six to ten manuscripts a week. About a third of this number come from agents, and these are likely to receive quickest consideration, since the reader knows that, if they were utterly without promise, they would not have been sent him. The crop of flat and cylindrical packages fluctuates with altered conditions. The manager who makes money out of the work of an unknown author is sure to receive far more than his share of contributions during the next year or two. William A. Brady

got a thousand plays a month from obscure aspirants immediately after the production of 'Way Down East.'

"It is a fallacy widely current among new writers that their 'copy' is returned unread. One of the first theatrical stories I ever heard concerned a woman who put sand between the pages of her rolled manuscript and found it there still when the piece came back to her. Nowadays, when the demand for material so far exceeds the supply as to have become almost frantic, it is true not only that every play is looked into, but that almost every play is looked into by every manager. Round and round the circle they go, being judged from a hundred view-points by a hundred men who know that a lucky strike means a fortune, and who are eager in proportion."

It is very difficult, Mr. Pollock goes on to say, to identify a good play. He was more sure of his critical ability when, at the age of sixteen, he wrote dramatic criticism for a newspaper. The late A. M. Palmer confessed after a lifetime of experience: "There does not live a man who can tell a good play from a bad one by reading it. Personally, I have refused so many money-makers and accepted so many money-losers that I select material nowadays by guesswork. I tossed a coin once to decide whether or not I should buy what afterward proved to be one of the biggest hits of my career." Experienced producers average about three failures to one success.

"So many mental qualities are essential to the correct appraisal of a play. For one thing, the manager must see not only what it is but what it may become. Often the hardest work in play-writing has to be done after the play has been produced. Pieces that seemed hopeless when they were acted initially have been turned into huge successes. Scenes are switched about, lines changed, often whole acts reconstructed. I know a woman who was compelled to cut her play in half after it was produced. Ordinarily one minute is required to act each page of typewritten manuscript, but this work, which contained only one hundred and fifty pages, ran nearly five hours. Difficult as such condensation must have been, the task that confronted the author in question was not to be compared with that of lengthening a play. It is not advisable for embryonic dramatists to cut too closely according to pattern. To tone down a strong play or shorten a long one is easy; to build up a weak play or successfully pad out a short one is impossible.

"Most of the manuscripts that come to the desk of the reader do not prompt sufficient doubt for any manager to be willing to try them. A great many would seem to be the product of lunatics. Not long ago I had a dramatization



THE SALVATION OF EUGENE WALTER

The author of "The Easiest Way" is pictured by the clever illustrator of Channing Pollock's new book as lodging upon a park bench when Wagenhals and Kemper produced his "Paid in Full."



CUTTING HER PLAY IN HALF

Budding playwrights, according to Channing Pollock, need to learn that brevity is the soul of wit.

of a Russian novel that contained eleven acts and twenty-one scenes. The adapter simply had melted down the whole six hundred pages of fiction and was trying to pour it onto the stage. Another offering, called 'The Dogs of Infidelity,' proved to be an argument against atheism in five acts and seven scenes. The scoundrel of this masterpiece was Robert G. Ingersoll, and the play was accompanied by a cartoon showing the agnostic fleeing from two police officers, marked 'Logic' and 'Sarcasm,' who were pursuing him at the bidding of Justice, in the person of the author. Beneath this picture were typewritten the favorable opinions of a number of people who claimed to have read the piece."

Dramatists follow each other like sheep. Whenever somebody produces a piece with a situation that creates comment, every second manuscript one reads from that time on contains exactly the same situation. Fashions in plays come and go, but without "heart interest" no play succeeds. In his youth Mr. Pollock perpetrated a play in which nobody was in love. That play ran for two days. Mr. Moses, in his book, speaks of the "square deal"—eternal justice—as the essential attribute of success. According to Mr. Pollock, the secret of success is eternal romance. This view seems to be shared by most successful American playwrights.



"IT SIMPLY ISN'T DONE!"

Actors crudely represent the manners of the smart set which commits even murder gracefully.

"Charles Klein, author of 'The Music Master,' put this to me neatly not long ago in an attempt to prove the advantage of the realistic drama over the romantic. 'Supposing a man comes to you,' he remarked, 'and says that his wife has just fallen out of a balloon. You're not sorry, because you can't understand why his wife should have gone up in a balloon. Let the same man say to you, however, that he is out of a position and that his family is starving, and see how quickly the tears will come into your eyes. So far as modern audiences are concerned, the old duel-fighting, hose-wearing romantic heroes are up in a balloon. We want sorrows and joys we can comprehend.'

"It is this creed that makes the new dramatist an entity worth seeking. Certainly this great country is full of material waiting for dramatization, and it must be equally true that it is full of authors capable of accomplishing the task. They will not be the illiterate glory-hunters who deluge theatrical offices with their manuscripts, nor will they be the celebrities whose brains have been pressed dry. It were wise to look for them among the people whose professions draw them into close touch with the real world and the theater; among the newspaper men and the enthusiastic play-lovers; among those whose first and second efforts are now the financial failures on Broadway."



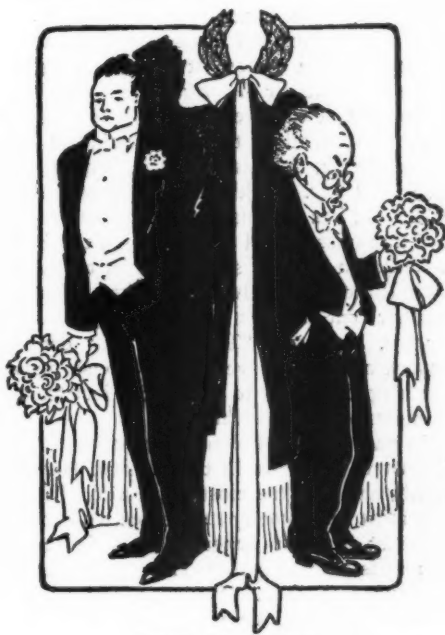
THE BOSTON HURRY

"Sarah Bernhardt, George Cohan and a Yale lock," says Channing Pollock, "couldn't keep a Boston audience from leaving at train-time."



THE GREAT COMPENSATION

The actor has his trials and difficulties, but is ever compensated by a sense of his own importance.



REAL AND IDEAL

The dramatic author as you imagine him and as a perusal of Channing Pollock's "Footlights Fore and Aft" shows him to be.

# • Literature and Art •

## RUSKIN'S APPEAL TO THE PRESENT GENERATION

**T**HE extent and quality of Ruskin's present influence have lately been discussed on both sides of the Atlantic. So influential a paper as the *London Times* has declared its conviction that his influence is inevitably waning. But Mr. A. C. Benson and Mr. G. K. Chesterton have both taken issue with this view; and in a new biography,\* which is hailed as "the book of the hour," Mr. E. T. Cook, the great Ruskin scholar, ranks Ruskin with Darwin, and intimates that his message is still inspiring and vitalizing the whole world. Mr. Cook recalls that Lord Morley named Ruskin, with Carlyle and Macaulay, as one of the "three giants of prose style" who strode across the literature of the nineteenth century, and that Tolstoy called him "the greatest Englishman of his day." The name of Ruskin, says Basil de Sélincourt, in a review of the new biography in the *Manchester Guardian*, is a test name in England at the present time. "He inspires a personal devotion; there are incidents in his life of which, familiar as they are to me, I have read Mr. Cook's gentle narrative with tears. He has the lustre which Shelley somehow just misses, and which Blake, tho he has it, keeps in a way so resolutely to himself. With Ruskin it is always lavished, diffused." Another enthusiastic reviewer, in *T. P.'s Weekly*, declares: "The age may deny its Master, as did a perverse and foolish generation long ago. But to escape the insistence of his message is impossible."

No one, Mr. Cook feels, can dispute that, of all writers upon art in the English language, Ruskin has been the most influential. "He has been most read among the people who counted for most in their generation." He inspired such artists as Leighton, Holman Hunt, Millais, Burne-Jones and William Morris. He interpreted Turner; he introduced the "Primitives"; he defended the Pre-Raphaelites; he

pioneered the Gothic Revival. "The larger number of educated persons during at least two generations," Mr. Cook maintains, "saw pictures, architecture, scenery with eyes directed and enlarged by Ruskin. The art-literature of those generations was largely founded upon him and borrowed from him." Bibliography is one of the surest bases of historical criticism, and the bibliography of "Ruskiniana," Mr. Cook assures us, is immense. Ruskin's books have been translated into all the principal languages. "In the last twenty years," said Professor Sieper, of Munich, in a recent lecture in London, "Ruskin and Morris more than any other Englishmen have influenced German thought." In France Ruskin is also popular. M. Paul Signac, the well-known Impressionist painter, is of the opinion that "every artist should know Ruskin's 'Elements of Drawing' by heart."

Ruskin's influence has been fruitful and enduring, Mr. Cook tells us, because it has sprung from three great principles:

"The first was that of truth and sincerity in art (as in all things), and especially in the art to which he devoted most of his attention—the art which portrays the aspects of external nature and records the impressions felt in its presence. 'Modern Painters' is not, I think, in point of literary form, the best of Ruskin's books on art; but it is rightly regarded as his principal work, because it contains most of his essential message. He delivered in it a mighty stroke at all that is conventional, stereotyped, untrue, insincere. And in it, as in his later books on flowers and stones, he himself depicted the infinite variety, complexity, richness of natural beauty. This is the true sense in which he was a 'word-painter'; but he painted in his words, as he exhorted the artists to paint in their lines and colors, with his eye on the object and with his heart in it. Ruskin in one of his lectures placed Turner by the side of Bacon; the artist who unsealed the *aspect* of nature by the side of the philosopher who unsealed her *principles*. Is it too much to say that among the writers of the nineteenth century Ruskin's place may be beside Darwin? However that may be, Ruskin's influence consisted largely

\* THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN. In two volumes. By E. T. Cook. The Macmillan Company.



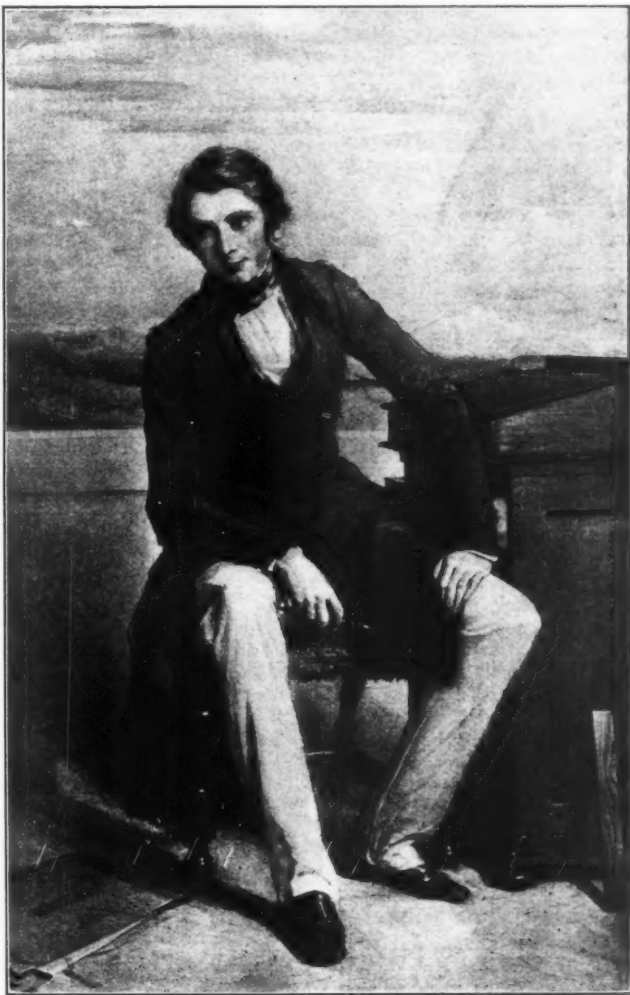
in this, that he gave and still gives to his readers eyes to see beauty in nature,—in the simplest as well as in the grandest of her phenomena—and to read the laws of her aspects. And the pleasure in these things does not pass away or become out of date. Indeed, if Ruskin be right, the fulness of the time is yet to come:

"It seems to me that the simplest and most necessary truths are always the last believed. All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made on the earth as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make man happy. . . . And I am Utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one; and it seems that it must, at last, try the right one, in a mathematical necessity. It has tried fighting, and preaching, and fasting, buying and selling, pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation,—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture there was any happiness or dignity; and all the while, as it bought, sold, and fought, and fasted, and wearied itself with policies, and ambitions, and self-denials, God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses at the wayside, and of the clouds of the firmament. Now and then a wearied king, or a tormented slave, found out where the true kingdoms of the world were, and possessed himself, in a furrow or two of garden ground, of a truly infinite dominion."—(*Modern Painters*.)

In the next place, Mr. Cook writes, Ruskin had a firm grasp of the principle of the unity of art, and was insistent in preaching it. The dignity of decorative art; the essential connection between arts and crafts; the degradation and the servitude involved in too much subdivision of labor in art—such are the themes upon which he wrote in many a burning page of "The Seven Lamps," of "The Stones of Venice," of "The Two Paths," of "Ariadne Florentina." And this is one reason why in France, where there is a marked effort to co-ordinate the arts at the present time, so much attention is being paid to the art-writings of Ruskin. In England the movement is as directly associated with William Morris as with John Ruskin. "It would be ungracious indeed for me," says Morris in his volume of lectures entitled "Hopes and Fears for Art," "who have been so much

taught by him that I cannot help feeling continually as I speak, that I am echoing his words, to leave out the name of John Ruskin from an account of what has happened since the tide began to turn."

The third principle enunciated by Ruskin was that of art in its relation to life. "Art not for art's sake," as Mr. Cook puts it, "but art in relation to life; art as the expression of individual and national character; life without industry as guilt, but industry without art as brutality; beauty in a world governed by social justice: these are the ideas implied in all



RUSKIN THE RADIANT YOUTH

In the painting by George Richmond above reproduced, John Ruskin is shown as the twenty-four-year-old author of his first and greatest work, "Modern Painters." The book was greeted as a masterpiece, and in sheer beauty of diction is probably unsurpassed in English literature.

Ruskin's books." Mr. Cook goes on to illustrate his statement by saying:

"To an inquirer of to-day contrasting the central tendencies of political thought with those which were most powerful in the middle of the nineteenth century, these three large differences, among others, will, I suppose, present themselves. (1) The thoughts and efforts of reformers are now devoted more to social than to purely political questions. (2) The doctrine of *laissez faire*, alike in politics and in economics, has lost much of its former hold. Reformers of to-day look rather to cooperation organized by the State than to the free play of competition, for the improvement of the people. (3) The limits of State interference have thus been largely extended. Not freedom from external restraint but free scope for self-development is the ideal of modern reformers. Positive, and no longer negative, freedom is the aim. Every one of these principles belongs to the essence of Ruskin's social and political philosophy."

Of the various stages in Ruskin's thought and of their inevitable sequence, Mr. Cook gives this account:

"Unpractical as he is commonly called, and as in the vulgar sense he certainly was, Ruskin was strongly possessed by the instinct and passion for practice. His desire was to do things, and to set others to doing them. Starting as a critic of painting, he had arrived at the conclusion that art, to be really fine, must be the representation of beautiful realities and be pursued in a spirit of delight. Proceeding as a critic of architecture, he had found this art to be the reflection of national character, and the secret of good Gothic to consist in the happy life of the workman. Turning next to the study of economics, he saw, in a society ordered on the principles of unregulated competition, and in an age given over to mechanical and material ideas, the negation of conditions favorable to happy art. The final step was, to one of his ardent temperament, clear and simple. He was not content to live in a world of the imagination; he strove to realize the conditions of the good and beautiful in the actual world—to build the Tabernacle of God among men. It was not that he wanted to be a social reformer, or that he felt himself in any way peculiarly qualified for the part. His prophetic work was not of choice, but of necessity. It was a payment of ransom. 'I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like . . . because of the misery that I know of.' He had to clear himself from all sense of responsibility for this material distress, by doing what he could to point a way to the cure of it. His work in this kind was begun, he tells us, 'as a by-work to quiet my conscience, that I might be happy in what I sup-

posed to be my own proper life of art-teaching.'"

The simple truth in regard to Ruskin, as Waldo R. Browne, a writer in the *Chicago Dial*, sees it, is that we can never outgrow him because he built on eternal principles. "However erroneous his artistic teaching may have been, Ruskin gave to the study of art an impetus and a vitality it had never known before, and of which true artists for generations to come will reap abundant benefits. And though in our broad human relations we still reject Ruskin's moral teaching, as indeed we reject that of Christ, most of the specific reforms which he was the first to suggest and for which he so valiantly fought have become the accepted commonplaces of to-day."

The London *Nation* reinforces this tribute to Ruskin's prophetic vision and essential practicality with the words:

"Ruskin's mind was essentially of the practical order. Never losing itself in the visionary ocean, it held its anchor-grip upon reality. It was occupied with the concrete fact, the visible thing, the hard and actual world, which no one realized more clearly, either in its beauty or its wretchedness. Like Socrates, he was always talking of tinkers, shopmen, laborers, ships and shoes, when other teachers wanted to soar away into the vast. Life, conduct, wages, the happiness not of picturesque tourists and artistic circles but of workmen and mountain villagers—those were the aims on which the penetrating eyes were fixed. As his biographer points out, his proposals in economics, in spite of the howlings which greeted them, were, in fact, so practical that many of them have been realized already, and many of the rest form the accepted basis of coming legislation or the rules of acknowledged conduct. For all his regrets over vanishing beauty, for all his splendid vision of man's self-fulfilment, few writers have beheld the concrete fact with so profound an insight or kept their ears so close to the ground of the present world. Perhaps it may seem significant that at the very end of his mental life—when, indeed, he was writing his last perfect lines in the Epilog to 'Modern Painters'—he observed to the present reviewer:

"'Good people nowadays seem to spend all their time in undoing the harm the others have done—in nursing, reforming the East End, teaching idiots, and so on, while the healthy and hopeful are neglected. Yet it is the sane, and not the sick, who are best worth working for.'"

"'My old age is really youth,' Ruskin used to say; and the saying, true of many, was unusually true to him. But there was no sharp division in his history. Carlyle found in him, on the one side, 'a ray of real Heaven,' and, on the other, 'a divine rage against iniquity.' Yet there was no sharp division in his nature. The ray and the

rage proceeded from the same unity of soul. As his biographer admirably says, 'his exquisite sensibility to impressions of beauty in the world of Nature became also

A nerve o'er which do creep  
The else unfelt oppressions of mankind.'

"That exquisite sensibility, working in conjunction with a resolute and concrete mind, was the secret of his power, whether over Art, Nature, or Economics."

Mr. Basil de Sélincourt has much to say about the weaknesses in Ruskin's character, and yet, as he interprets them, these very weaknesses redound to Ruskin's credit. He writes (in the *Manchester Guardian*):

"What I most treasure in Mr. Cook's work is the delicacy with which he has steered his course between apology and assumption. There was no need, and he has seen that there was no need, for either. I must not pretend that many of Ruskin's writings, and among them some of the most popular, can be read without considerable torments, which occasionally become extreme; it was only, it seems to me, in his latest years (and here I find Mr. Cook more of a Ruskinian than I am) that his sense of style became fully purified, that he learned to discard rhetorical complacencies, mechanical alliterations, and other such falsities. . . .

"The central error of his life seems to have been a miscalculation as to the extent of the influence which it was within one man's competence to exercise. His passion was for beauty, and beauty, to a nature like his, was the sign of the presence of the divine spirit in the world. He was never able to face the fact that a machine-made civilization was for a time inevitable, a stage to be passed through. He seemed to think that the wheels could be stayed and the world's course diverted. Also, I think, he never grasped how little in earlier civilizations the beauty of human life in its architecture and appliances was the result of principle and purpose, how largely it was the gift of accident, a compensation, as it were, for restrictions and limitations which were deadening and injurious in other ways. . . . We are facing for the first time the question of beauty in its relative value as one among other good things of life. And perhaps it was because he could not find in the common people any of the qualities or any hope of the qualities which are essential if beauty is to be valued above usefulness, that he hated democracy, though never able, as Lord Morley reminds us, to offer anything intelligible as a substitute for it."

The final impression that A. C. Benson gets from the new biography is that Ruskin's message to his time is the message of a personality, not the message of a critic or an econ-



RUSKIN'S PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN HE LOVED

Miss Rose La Touche, the object of Ruskin's romantic affection, has been described as looking "like a young sister of Christ's." She refused to marry Ruskin because she regarded him as an unbeliever.

omist or a littérateur. He says (in the *London Bookman*):

"His passage was loud and bright, like the passage of a sound or a flame; and yet for all his tenderness, his intimacy, his playfulness, one feels him to have been a solitary man. He loved and caressed humanity as most people love and caress animals; he was aloof, apart, all the time, thinking his own thoughts, dreaming his own dreams; even his closest friendships were critical friendships; he never got very far away from the duty of correction. But it remains, the record, the tremendous output, the restless energy, the heart-breaking industry, as the monument of a spirit which burned and glowed with a furnace-like conflagration. Ruskin's life, we may say without exaggeration, is one of those which confirm man's flashing hope of immortality as with an answering peal of thunder. The thing, the man, the soul behind the man is so intense and so individual that one recognizes in it the awful and impenetrable essence of life and force, the essence that may be imprisoned, tortured, wounded, maimed, yet is of its quality vital, ineffaceable, immortal."

## A NORWEGIAN ARTIST-INTERPRETER OF AMERICA



ONAS LIE, "painter of wild winds and thunderclouds, of snow hills and vague, misty rivers," as he is described in *The Craftsman*, and one of the most promising of the younger artists now working in New York, is an American by environment and training, a Scandinavian by heritage. His famous uncle of the same name, one of the really great short-story writers of our time, may have bequeathed him something of his romantic temperament and firm technique. He first came into prominence as a portrayer of nature's bleak and mysterious moods. His pictures were full of poetic charm, yet unrelated to life. At the present time he is devoting himself to interpretations of the American city. Of his earlier period Mr. Charles de

Kay has written in the New York *Evening Post*: "His ambition is to use folk-lore and other Scandinavian themes of fairy land as pegs on which to hang masterpieces like those which Ibsen, Björnson, and his uncle, Jonas Lie, have given to literature. Something of this spirit may be detected in these stirring or vivid nature studies in which great cold, the gale, the emotional side of Nature, are suggested with a broad and muscular brush." Of his later development *The Craftsman* says: "He has become a scientist as well as a poet. . . . The vital, forceful construction of earth itself seems to underlie the imaginative beauty which Mr. Lie now puts into his painting."

Mr. Lie, we learn from *The Craftsman*, was born in Norway thirty-two years ago. When he was twelve years old his father died, and he was sent to his literary uncle in Paris.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE AS JONAS LIE SEES IT

Mr. Lie shows in this picture that he has the temperament of a scientist, as well as of an artist. "His bridges," says *The Craftsman*, "rest on solid foundations and they are splendid mathematical constructions."



After a year in the French capital he came to America. He was educated at the Ethical Culture School in New York. "It is the conspicuous merit of the famous school founded by Dr. Felix Adler," remarks *The Craftsman*, "that particular attention is given to the development of individual talent of whatever kind may be shown. It was not long before young Lie's artistic gifts were manifest in his work. Back in his own Norway he had, as a very little boy, heard the call of the art spirit, and had seen in his fantastic and boyish fancy the vision of a life given to the service of this spirit. In these very young days, however, his dream had been of music, and he thought of being a great composer whose work should interpret the spirit of his country in exquisite sound. But here in America at the Ethical Culture School he found that his greatest gift seemed to do with line and color, and he followed the advice of wise teachers when they urged him to develop this gift along with his musical sense." He attended the evening classes of the National Academy of Design, and while he was still a pupil at the Academy, in 1900, enjoyed the honor of having one of his canvases accepted and well hung. From William M. Chase he received encouragement early in his career. Tho compelled at first to earn his living as a designer in a cotton print factory, he painted in his leisure hours to such good purpose that his pictures were soon being shown in the leading exhibitions of the country.

The quality of his early output drew from *The Craftsman* five years ago the following tribute:

"That the blood of the North is truly in his veins is shown in many of the winter landscapes of Jonas Lie; born and cradled in the land of snow and ice, winter subjects appeal to him more than any others. He likes best to paint a snow-covered hillside with a gray, leaden sky; here and there a bright-colored weed pushing through the stretches of white. Or quiet, mysterious scenes in which a lone bird hovers above



ONE OF NEW YORK'S CASONS

Jonas Lie's realistic vision of Broadway as it looks on a wintry day.

a hilltop that is shrouded in snow. Some of his work in this key suggests the painting of the other great Scandinavian, Fritz Thaulow. There is a force about his work, a mastery of composition, which goes far to atone for an occasional artificiality of expression or crudity of coloring. Both these weaknesses, it is noticed by those who love and follow his work, are becoming rarer, for he is conscientious and patient in his desire for perfection—and only twenty-seven years old. So far Lie has painted a great many Norwegian landscapes, but practically nothing of the life of his native land but one canvas of Norwegian people, 'The Peasants' Dance,' a picture which has been exhibited several times. It shows the interior of a barn, lighted by a low-hanging, smoky lamp; there are rough, serious-looking peasants, men and women, all dancing wildly to a fiddler's labored music. The difficulties of composition incidental to the blending of the riot of color in the garish dress of the peasants have been well and thoughtfully mastered, and the result is an intimate picture of the Norwegian peasant in a play mood. It is a scene that suggests Grieg's 'Northern Dances.' Other figure paintings, but not of Norwegian life, are 'The Emigrant's Wharf,' showing a row of uncouth and anxious figures against the sullen,



JONAS LIE AND HIS WIFE

Jonas Lie, whose uncle of the same name made an international reputation in literature, brings a Scandinavian touch to American art. "He is one of the most promising and virile painters here," says John Nilsen Laurvik.

somber evening sky, and 'Burning Leaves,' a picture of rich color in which two children are watching a pile of slowly burning leaves.

"As a painter of Nature, viewing her many moods with the eyes of a poet and idealist, Lie has reached his highest level thus far. Like his friend, Van Dearing Perrine, he likes Nature in motion; he likes the whirl of wind and storm through his pictures; yet the caressing play of sunlight on frosted snow and the gentle breeze and slow-floating clouds interest him no less than the wild bursts of destructive storm. The clouds of a June day, hazy and dreamy, and the storm clouds that tell dark tales of elemental passion are equally interesting to this painter. Or, in another mood, he paints a boat that glides like a phantom in an evening calm. Standing before one of his wild-storm pictures such as 'Wind-Swept,' or 'Autumn Gale,' if one is imaginative there is a shiver of apprehension before the blast which strips the poplars and beeches of their autumn leaves. It used to be said that no man could paint such an invisible force as the wind, but Jonas Lie has found out the secret of his art which sends a gale across canvas from frame to frame."

In 1909 Mr. Lie, by this time married, returned to Norway and spent a winter far up in the mountain district. It was the first opportunity he had had to paint and study

nature and the people in his own country. Part of the time he lived with his wife on a farm among the peasants. The snow was soft and deep, and the ski glided silently over the surface. Sometimes the winter storms made traveling even to the nearest village impossible, and Mr. and Mrs. Lie together faced the problem of securing the necessities of life, of which on occasion they actually ran short. The whole experience seems to have broadened and deepened the art of Jonas Lie. The effect was not so much to emphasize his national traits as to make him cosmopolitan. When he found himself in America once more, he saw with new eyes. Streets and bridges, rather than clouds and fields, held him enthralled. As *The Craftsman* tells the story:

"In a recent exhibition of Jonas Lie's work we found, to our astonishment, that this powerful imagination has been harnessed to the great facts of life; that whereas the canvases which are shown to-day are as strong, as imaginative, as vivid, as individual as the former work, they are presenting scenes which we know. The walls of the galleries revealed the results of probably many long walks in and about New York. We saw that Mr. Lie had been studying Brooklyn Bridge, which has been a serious inspiration to a large group of men; that he had been along the New York water front; that he had been watching men at the beginning of their day's labor and at the end of it; that he had seen the wharfs of New York in sunlight and in fogs; that he had noticed the great crowds on the bridge and the keeping in order of the great bridge for the crowds; that he had enjoyed the changes of the great shadowy city in every kind of weather. But, most interesting of all, one realized that somehow Mr. Lie, perhaps through the experience gained from his work, had been seeing deep into the great fundamental facts of life. He has become a scientist as well as a poet. His bridges rest on solid foundations and they are splendid mathematical constructions. The water in the harbor and on the rivers about the city flows over vast unknown tracks of supporting earth, and the steamers and the little ships on the current of the water rest there securely, and yet from time to time you feel the sense of their movement on the undulating surface. In other words, the vital, forceful construction of earth itself seems to underlie the imaginative beauty which Mr. Lie now puts into his painting. It is as tho he had organized all the various phases of his intelligence, as the imagination and fact, poetry and science had been brought into perfect harmony in his more completed and beautiful comprehension of the power of his art to express the great truths of life."

## DEGENERATION OF THE SHORT STORY



IN AN arresting preface to the definitive edition\* of his short stories, H. G. Wells calls attention to the present decline of short-story writing in England, and gives as a main reason the deadening downward process which this form of fiction has undergone in the popular sixpenny magazines. His statement has aroused much interested editorial comment both in England and this country, where, it is claimed, in spite of the general superiority of our popular magazines over the English sixpennies, a similar deterioration in the short story has been going on. It is, says so cautious a contemporary as the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "one of the problems of modern literature."

England in the nineties was a stimulating period for the short story, writes Mr. Wells.

"Mr. Kipling had made his astonishing advent with a series of little blue-gray books, whose covers opened like window-shutters to reveal the dusty sun-glare and blazing colors of the East; Mr. Barrie had demonstrated what could be done in a little space through the panes of his 'Window in Thrums.' The *National Observer* was at the climax of its career of heroic insistence upon lyrical brevity and a vivid finish, and Mr. Frank Harris was not only printing good short stories by other people, but writing still better ones himself in the dignified pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. *Longman's Magazine*, too, represented a clientèle of appreciative short-story readers that is now scattered. Then came the generous opportunities of the *Yellow Book*, and the *National Observer* died only to give birth to the *New Review*. No short story of the slightest distinction went for long unrecognized."

Mr. Wells gives a glorious list of writers who were then cultivating this difficult and precious art; most conspicuous among them, beside the three already mentioned, being Stevenson, Joseph Conrad, Gissing, George Moore, Grant Allen, and our American Henry James and Stephen Crane. The list is

much longer, and does not pretend to be in any way exhaustive. For good short stories, says Mr. Wells, broke out everywhere at that time. People talked about them tremendously; they compared them and ranked them. The tendency was to treat the short story as a literary form definable as the sonnet.

A voice from that golden period, speaking in a recent number of the *London Academy*—Frank Harris (whom Bernard Shaw considers a kind of lost "English Maupassant")—reminds us that some of the greatest stories of the world were short stories; "Hamlet," for instance, and "Macbeth," and "Lear," like the "Antigone" and "Agamemnon." But to-day, Mr. Wells declares, it is unusual to see even any adequate criticism of short stories in England, let alone any stories worthy of criticism. All the above-mentioned writers now living have practically ceased exercising the art; and no new ones, in any way comparable,



THE EAST RIVER

One of the most successful of Jonas Lie's creations. "The steamers and the little ships on the current of the water," says a critic, "rest there securely, and yet from time to time you feel the sense of their movement on the undulating surface."

\* THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND, AND OTHER STORIES. By H. G. Wells. Thomas Nelson & Sons, London.

are at the present moment taking their place.

America, of all countries, should cherish the short story as a fine art, for its originator was Poe. Maupassant, it is generally conceded, was, in a way, his pupil. Yet it is the recently expressed editorial opinion of the *New York Nation* that, if Maupassant were writing to-day, "it is open to question whether he would find an easy entrance into the American magazines." And this as a matter of form, not of substance. The statement is illuminating and provokes inquiry. What, then, are the requirements of American editors that would exclude a classic and admit—the present fiction contents of our magazines? "The secret of successful short-story writing in this country," the writer in the *Nation* goes on to say, "was formulated by the editor of an 'all-fiction' magazine, who tells his contributors, 'Pick out your subject and write all around it.' That was not Maupassant's method. . . . The Frenchman's stories moved rapidly, but it was with the swiftness that carried him by the shortest route from the beginning of his story to the end. Our own short stories move rapidly, but it is a form of speed that is confined within the limits of each paragraph. Every sentence must have 'go' to it and stimulate the desire for the next sentence as an object in itself, and only secondarily because it brings us nearer to the end of the anecdote." Instead of plot or real movement, the writer continues his interesting analysis, we have action, which is not at all the same thing as movement. "For the latter," he says, "means progress toward the point of the story, whereas action means agitation in any direction, provided only there is 'something doing' in each paragraph. From the beginning: that is the secret of short-story writing to-day. You must start at the crack of the pistol, not necessarily to tell your story, but to seize the attention." In short, the journalization of the short story. That closely-knit form of fictional art which Poe and his French followers, together with the Englishmen of genius whom Mr. Wells enumerates, wrought with such patient skill and self-restraint, in which almost every word had its structural significance, has reached in America to-day that point of disintegration where the chief demand for its successful practice is, to quote once more from the *Nation* editorial, "a kick in every sentence."

But this is only one of the contributing causes to the decline of the short story. Together with its journalization has come, ac-

cording to a widely-quoted article in *The Bookman*, a still more destructive limitation of subject. Generally speaking, the writer, Mr. George Jean Nathan, informs us, the demand of American magazines to-day is for either "blood-and-thunder" or "uplift" stories; and this vulgarization is causing intelligent story writers "to put themselves to other tasks." Even the purblind fiction editors admit that they are killing the short-story geese who laid the golden eggs. American editors fear originality, declares James Hopper, a young insurgent in the ranks of successful story-writers. "Frequently you see some good work in the magazines by a new writer," he says in an interview in the *New York Sun*. "It will have strength and originality. You will see this writer's name once, twice, a few times, then you never see it again. He's dropped. Why? Because the editors get afraid. American editors are terribly afraid of shocking people. Look over the magazines, and you'll notice that they are all very much alike. The type of fiction they use varies little."

The question naturally presents itself: Would it be possible for any art to survive such conditions, least of all, perhaps, that newly-organized one for whose further development H. G. Wells claims as a prerequisite the utmost freedom and variety? For the short story, he tells us, "may be horrible or pathetic or funny or beautiful or profoundly illuminating. . . . It does not matter whether it is as 'trivial' as a Japanese print of insects seen closely between grass stems, or as spacious as the prospect of the plain of Italy from Monte Mottarone. It does not matter whether it is human or inhuman, or whether it leaves you thinking deeply or radiantly, but superficially pleased. Some things are more easily done as short stories than others and more abundantly done; but one of the many pleasures of short-story writing is to achieve the impossible."

No wonder, then, that under present conditions many of our most gifted short-story writers are turning to other mediums for expression; that H. G. Wells prefaces his delightful volume in a manner which he considers justifiably obituary; that even the fiction editors admit "a short-story famine is stalking through magazine land"; and, finally, speaking no longer for writers and editors, but for a long-suffering public, the *Boston Evening Transcript* is roused to declare: "The result of all this is that literary readers avoid magazine fiction like the plague."



## THE PERSISTING INFLUENCE OF FRANK NORRIS



NOT long over a decade ago a young Californian novelist came to his office one day "trembling with excitement, incapacitated for work, his brain seething with a single thought"—a great American trilogy, an Epic of the Wheat! It was Frank Norris, one of the most powerful writers America has yet produced; the subject of a deeply appreciative and significant chapter in Frederic Taber Cooper's book of collected essays, "Some American Story Tellers."\* Norris lived to complete only two volumes of his projected trilogy, "The Octopus" and "The Pit," symbolizing the growth of the wheat and its distribution. The tragedy of its consumption he left almost untouched. But these two novels stand to-day, says Mr. Cooper, "as the substructure of a temple destined never to be finished, the splendidly rugged torso of a broken statue."

It is unjust and misleading, in Mr. Cooper's opinion, to think of Frank Norris as belonging to a bygone generation, or as a brief potentiality which withered suddenly once and for all. "As a matter of fact," he writes, "Norris's influence has never for an hour been dead. In a quiet, persistent way, it has spread and strengthened, leavening all unsuspectingly the maturer work of many of the writers who have since come into prominence." Particularly it may be found in the novels of Robert Herrick, David Graham Phillips and Ellen Glasgow; in the development of "an epic sweep and comprehension, an epic sense of the surge of life and the clash of multitudinous interests." But Frank Norris in his lifetime "dwarfed them all." Had he lived to attain his full stature, he would have given us "bigger, stronger, more vital novels" than any of his successors.

Before his death, Norris had time to formulate a little his ideas on literature and art in a series of essays entitled "Salt and Sincerity." Here was no flippancy, no smartness, no suggestion of pose. Novel-writing to Frank Norris was the most serious thing in life; and he expressed himself thus concerning "The Responsibilities of the Novelist":

"The Pulpit, the Press and the Novel—these indisputably are the great molders of public opinion and public morals to-day. But the Pulpit speaks but once a week; the Press is read with lightning haste and the morning news is waste

paper by noon. But the novel goes into the home to stay. It is read word for word; is talked about, discussed; its influence penetrates every chink and corner of the family. . . . How necessary it becomes, then, for those who, by the simple art of writing, can invade the heart's heart of thousands, whose novels are received with such measureless earnestness—how necessary it becomes for those who wield such power to use it rightfully. Is it not expedient to act fairly? Is it not, in Heaven's name, essential that the People hear not a lie but the Truth?"

There is something Whitmanic in his further assertion that the greatest reward of the novelist is to be able to say at the close of his life: "I never truckled; I never took off the hat to Fashion and held it out for pennies. By God, I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth; I knew it for the truth then, and I know it for the truth now."

In one of his later essays, Norris gives his conception of the muse of American fiction, again in a spirit thoroughly Whitmanic. He writes:

"She is a Child of the people, this muse of our fiction of the future, and the wind of a new country, a new heaven and a new earth is in her face and has blown her hair from out the fillets that the Old World muse has bound across her brow, so that it is all in disarray. The tan of the sun is on her cheeks, and the dust of the highway is thick upon her buskin, and the elbowing of many men has torn the robe of her, and her hands are hard with the grip of many things. She is hail-fellow-well-met with every one she meets, unashamed to know the clown and unashamed to face the king, a hardy, vigorous girl, with an arm as strong as a man's and a heart as sensitive as a child's."

Norris's debt to Zola was indisputable and great. "Everywhere," says Mr. Cooper, "from his earliest writings to his last, in one form or another, it stares us in the face, compelling recognition. Like Zola, his strength lay in depicting life on a gigantic scale, portraying humanity in the mass; like Zola, he could not work without the big, underlying Idea, the dominant symbol. . . . If we have ever had a writer in this country who owes every last atom of importance that is in him to the realistic creed, that writer is Frank Norris." Yet Norris himself considered realism a "harsh, loveless, colorless, blunt tool," and foresaw the final word on Zola which would name him a romanticist. Irrational and topsy-turvy as it

\* Henry Holt & Company.

may seem, he believed with all his strength that "the greatest realism is the greatest romanticism," and he hoped some day to prove it.

Mr. Cooper makes an interesting review of Norris's early experimental stories. "Big words, big phrases, big ideas," he says of them; "an untrammelled freedom of self-expression. He could not be true to himself, if hampered by a narrow canvas. That is why it is as incongruous to look to Frank Norris for short stories as it would be to set a Rodin to carving cherry pits or a Verestschagin to tinting lantern slides."

Norris will always be known as the author of "The Octopus" and "The Pit." He was hardly old enough or ripe enough to execute his vast conception; yet he undertook the work with feverish haste and impatience. Mr. Cooper comments:

"The Octopus' is a vast allegory, an example of symbolism pushed to the extreme limit, rather than a picture of real life. With the two succeeding volumes it was destined to portray American life as a whole,—not merely the life of some small corner of a single State, but America in its entirety, with all its hopes and aspirations, from the Canadian to the Mexican border, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And for the central symbol he chose Wheat, as being quite literally the staff of this life, the ultimate source of American power and prosperity. This first volume, dealing with wheat in the field, shows us a corner of California, the San Joaquin Valley, where a handful of ranchmen are engaged in irrigating and plowing, planting, reaping, and harvesting, performing all the slow, arduous toil of cultivation,—and at the same time carrying on a continuous warfare against the persistent encroachment of the railroad, whose steel arms are reaching out, octopus-like, to grasp, encircle; and slowly crush, one after another, whoever ventures to oppose it. In a broader sense, it symbolizes the hold that capital has upon labor, the aggression of the corporation and the trust upon the rights of the individual. But back of the individual, stronger than the trusts, is the spirit of the people, the dauntless energy of the nation, typified by the Wheat,—a perennial, exhaustless fruition, a mighty, resistless tide, rising, spreading, gathering force, rolling onward in vast, golden waves throughout the length and breadth of the continent, bearing with it the promise of health and strength and prosperity."

In the following episode we find the dominant *motif* of "The Octopus" ever recurrent,—the Engine plowing its way through a flock of sheep which have strayed upon the track:

"To the right and left, all the width of the right of way, the little bodies had been flung; backs were snapped against the fence-posts; brains knocked out. Caught in the barbs of the wire, wedged in, the bodies hung suspended. Under foot it was terrible; the black blood, winking in the starlight, seeped down into the clay between the ties with a long sucking murmur. . . . Abruptly, Presley saw again in his imagination the galloping monster, the terror of steel and steam, with its single eye, cyclopean, red, shooting from horizon to horizon; but saw it now as the symbol of a vast power, huge, terrible, flinging the echo of its thunder over all the reaches of the valley, leaving blood and destruction in its path; the leviathan, with tentacles of steel clutching into the soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted Power, the Monster, the Colossus, the Octopus."

Subordinate, "yet always with an unspoken suggestion of final triumph," is the *motif* of the Wheat. The farmers—the growers—revolt against the Railroad:

"Men—motes in the sunshine—perished, were shot down in the very noon of life, hearts were broken, little children started in life lamentably handicapped; young girls were brought to a life of shame; old women died in the heart of life for lack of food. In that little isolated group of human insects, misery, death and anguish spun like a wheel of fire.

"But the wheat remained. Untouched, unsailable, undefiled, that mighty world force, that nourisher of nations, wrapped in Nirvanic calm, indifferent to the human swarm, gigantic, resistless, moved onward in its appointed grooves."

But it is impossible, Mr. Cooper justly criticises, to make a Colossus out of a steam-engine throughout an entire volume simply by dwarfing the men and women into "human insects," "motes in the sunshine." Norris, he thinks, began to realize his mistake, and in his second volume, "The Pit," human life looms larger. Yet, Mr. Cooper writes in conclusion:

"The Pit' is just as much a structural part of the whole design of Norris's trilogy as was 'The Octopus'; it has that same inherent epic bigness of theme;—a gigantic attempt to corner the entire world's supply of wheat, to force it up, up, up, and hold the price through April, and May, and June,—and then finally the new crop comes pouring in and the daring speculator is overwhelmed by the rising tide, 'a human insect impotently striving to hold back with his puny hand the output of the whole world's granaries.'"

# Recent Poetry

**I**N his scholarly work on "Democracy and Poetry," Professor Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford College, concludes with the following words: "As romance

not long ago leaped to life out of such a profound and deathlike swoon, so the democratic note of enthusiasm and faith will sound again; when and how we cannot tell, but in its right season, and in the large utterance which hope always inspires. It is a pious wish that the poet who takes up that harp once more may be a democrat of this Western world." The writer could not have foreseen, when writing this, that the Democratic spirit was even then about to burst forth into such flaming results in province after province of China. Undoubtedly the most interesting political event of the twentieth century, and possibly—who can tell?—the most important since the French Revolution, is the uprising in the Celestial Kingdom in behalf of a republic. It is interesting to note that in the Orient as in the Occident an epoch-making event of this kind must find expression in poetry. The Chinese revolutionists have their Marseillaise. They went into the battle of Wu Chang singing of Liberty and of Washington and Napoleon as the "sons of Liberty." The song has been rendered into English as follows:

## BATTLE HYMN OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

Freedom, one of the greatest blessings of Heaven!  
United to Peace thou wilt work on this earth  
Ten thousand wonderful new things.  
Grave as a spirit, great as a giant  
Rising to the very skies,  
With the clouds for a chariot and the wind for  
a steed,  
Come, come to reign over the earth!  
For the sake of the black hell of our slavery,  
Come, enlighten us with a ray of thy sun!

White Europe! Thou art indeed  
The spoiled daughter of Heaven.  
Bread, wine—thou hast everything in abundance!  
For me, I love Liberty as a bride.

Through the day in my thoughts, through the  
night in my dreams,  
I survey the woes of my fatherland.  
But the inconstant nature of Liberty  
Prevents me from attaining her.  
Alas! my brethren are all slaves!

The wind is so sweet, the dew is so bright,  
The flowers are so fragrant,  
Men are becoming all kings—  
And yet can we forget what the people are suffering?  
At Peking we must bow our head  
Before the wolf of an Emperor!  
Alas! Freedom is dead!  
Asia the Great is nothing else but an immense  
desert.

In this century we are working  
To open a new age.  
In this century, with one voice, all virile men  
Are calling for a new making of Heaven and  
earth.  
May the soul of the people rise to the peak of  
Kwang-tung!  
Washington and Napoleon, you two sons of  
Liberty,  
May you become incarnated in the people!  
Hin-Yun, our ancestor, guide us!  
Spirit of Freedom, come and protect us!

In these parlous days when even the poets  
are strongly disposed to turn into muck-rakers,  
it is pleasant to come upon patriotic poems so  
full of faith and confidence as those which  
Katharine Lee Bates gives us in her volume,  
"America the Beautiful and Other Poems"  
(T. Y. Crowell Company). This collection  
of her poems is something of a revelation to  
us. We had not suspected that her pen had  
produced so much music, in so many keys and  
of such fine quality. It is one of the most  
notable volumes of poetry the year 1911  
brought forth in this country. Her title-  
poem seems to us less excellent than this:

## LAND OF HOPE.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Many the lands that the true-hearted honor,  
Many the banners that blow on the sea;  
Ah, but one only—God's blessing upon her!—  
Must be forever the fairest to me;

Dear for her mountains, rock-based, cloudy-crested,

Hooded with snow in the ardors of June,  
Haunts where the bald-headed eagle has nested,  
Staring full hard on his neighbor, the moon;  
Dear for her vineyards and jessamine gardens,  
Forests of fir where the winter awakes;  
Dear for her oceans, her twin gray wardens;  
Dear for her girdle of amethyst lakes;  
Dear for the song of the wind when it crosses  
Sunshiny prairies aripple with wheat;  
Nay, I could kiss but the least of her mosses,  
Sweet as the touch of a mother is sweet.

Silver and gold that the eons had hidden  
For the pleasure of man ere his likeness arose;  
Coal in whose blackness the flame lay forbidden—  
Let not her treasure be counted by those.

Richer she deemeth her heirdom of labor,  
Her heraldry blazoned in chisel and saw,  
Tradition of councils where neighbor with neighbor

Forgathered to fashion the settlement law.  
Peace to the homespun, the heroes who wore it,  
Whose patriot passion in stormy career  
Swept back the redcoats seaward before it,  
Like wind-driven leaves in the wane of the year.  
Peace be to all who have suffered or striven,  
Fought for her, thought for her, wrought for her till

She hath grown great with the life they have given,

She must be noble their faith to fulfill.

Tell me not now of the blots that bestain her  
Beautiful vestments, that sully the white.

Tho to-day hath the wrong been gainer,  
To-morrow's victory crowns the right.  
Still through error and shame and censure  
She urges onward with straining breast,  
For her face is set to the great adventure,  
Her feet are vowed to the utmost quest.  
Bright is the star, tho the mists may dim her;  
Mists are fleeting, but stars endure;  
Yet, ah, yet shall the golden glimmer  
Wax to a splendor superb and pure.  
To her shall our prayer be as pulsing pinions;  
A winged sphere she shall soar above  
Greed of gain, and of forced dominions  
To the upper heaven whose law is love.

Land of Hope, be it thine to fashion

In joy and beauty the toiler's day;  
Wear on thine heart the white rose of compassion;

Show the world a more gracious way.  
Still by the need of that seed of the nation,  
Cavaliers leaping with laughter to land,  
Puritans kneeling in stern consecration,  
Parent by child, on their desolate strand,  
—Still by the stress of those seekers storm-driven,  
Glad in strange waters their vessels to moor,

Open thy gates, O thou favored of Heaven,  
Open thy gates to the homeless and poor.

So shalt thou garner the gifts of the ages,  
From the Norlands their vigor, the Southlands their grace,

In a mystical blending of souls that presages  
The birth of earth's rarest, undreamable race.

Miss Rittenhouse is known as a critic—and a very appreciative and discerning critic—of poetry. Her friends know, however, that she has genuine lyric power as well. One of the few exhibitions of this power that she has allowed to reach the public appears in *The Pathfinder*:

#### A SKIFF.

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

A skiff upon the inland streams,  
And not a frigate on the sea,  
Is this, my heart, that drifts and dreams  
In sweet, alluring vagrancy.

Out there upon the main, I know,  
Brave galleons of thought set sail,  
And there the winds of fortune blow  
And there the master hopes prevail.

And oft insistently a tide  
Sets seaward in my longing heart,  
And I upon the deep would ride  
And in the traffic bear a part.

And yet what stays me that I lie  
At morning by some green-fringed marge,  
And smile to see the schooner high,  
And smile to see the barge,

And know that they will reach the main  
League lengths ahead of me,  
And bear their cargo home again  
Ere I have dared the sea?

Here (from *Scribner's*) is a cry straight from the heart, poignant and piercing. There is no make-believe in this:

#### THE EXILE.

By JOHN WARREN HARPER.

I am down in Arizona,  
On its cactus-cover'd plains,  
The white plague on my hollow cheeks,  
Its fever in my veins.  
I am down upon the desert,  
'Tis a God-forsaken land,  
Where you fight with odds against you  
When you've taken your last stand;  
Where you live out in the open,  
'Mong the sage-brush and mesquite,  
With a rattler for a neighbor,  
Not the friendliest to meet;



Where you fling yourself upon a bunk  
To rest your weary head,  
And you shake the blooming scorpions  
From the covers of your bed.

They say this country, way down here,  
Is full of precious gold,  
Its mountains filled with silver  
And with countless wealth untold.  
But I know another country,  
And my heart with longing fills,  
Where the gold is in the sunset  
Upon its purple hills.  
Where the silver's in a brooklet,  
And it's set with emerald, too,  
As it flashes in the sunlight  
Of the meadow, stealing through.  
A country—God's own country,  
And my own to sacrifice,  
Some call it fair New England,  
But I call it—Paradise.

'Tis Thanksgiving in New England,  
'Tis the dear old homeland feast,  
And like a Moslem way down here  
My prayers are toward the East.  
The neighbors that I knew so well,  
I seem to see them still,  
Are winding in procession  
To the white church on the hill.  
There's the greeting at the doorway,  
There's the dear old family pew,  
And the dearest faces in it  
That a lonely man e'er knew,  
And a sweet face in the choir,  
And a hand I long to press.  
Oh God! to hold her close again  
As when she whispered—"Yes."

Oh, I look out o'er the sage-brush,  
As I stretch my yearning hands  
O'er the long, unbroken reaches  
Of the desert's burning sands,  
To a land where brooks are honest  
When your lips are parched and dry,  
Not the canyon's clear, deceptive streams  
Of tasteless alkali.  
New England has no mountains  
Full of wealth and mines and drills,  
But I'd give this whole damn'd country  
For one sight of its green hills.

I am down in Arizona,  
And I'm told I've got to stay  
Till the Angel Gabriel blows his trump  
Out on the Judgment Day.  
I've been here three years already,  
And the white plague's held in check,  
And my broncho and the pale horse  
Are going neck by neck.  
But, oh God! for Old New England,  
As the lonely years go by!  
Let the pale horse beat my broncho,  
Take me home and—let me die.

The following poem, which we find in the  
*Chicago Record-Herald*, is inscribed to John  
Mason playing the part of Samuel Seelig, the  
Jew, in "As a Man Thinks":

### "JEW."

By GEORGE VAUX BACON.

Silent and wise and changeless,  
Stamped with the Orient still;  
In many a country nameless—  
In every land, a Will.

Master of two things is he—  
Self, and the Power of Gold.  
He thinks—the World is busy;  
They bargain—he has sold!

Lord of the Marts of Nations  
Where the World's wide commerce plies—  
Master of infinite Patience,  
Slandered by infinite Lies!

Towering, fair-haired Norseman,  
Tartar at Novgorod,  
Black-eyed Arab horseman,  
Zulu chief unshod—

All borrow for War or trading  
And promise with oaths not new;  
All turn, with the danger fading,  
And sneer at the lender—"Jew!"

Many variations of the story of the Prodigal Son have appeared in prose and verse, but we don't remember to have seen the story treated before from the point of view that obtains in this from the *Canadian Magazine*:

### PRODIGAL YET.

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,  
Blackened my brow where all might see,  
Yet while I was a great way off  
My Father ran with compassion for me.

He put on my hand a ring of gold  
(There's no escape from a ring, they say);  
He put on my neck a chain to hold  
My passionate spirit from breaking away.

He put on my feet the shoes that miss  
No chance to tread in the narrow path;  
He pressed on my lips the burning kiss  
That scorches deeper than fires of wrath.

He filled my body with meat and wine,  
He flooded my heart with love's white light;  
Yet deep in the mire, with sensual swine,  
I long—God help me!—to wallow to-night.

Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,  
 Blacken my soul where none may see.  
 Father, I yet am a long way off—  
 Come quickly, Lord! Have compassion on me!

Mr. Viereck's poem in *The Smart Set* is too long to quote entire, and as its power is cumulative, it loses some of its force in the omission of any of the stanzas. We reproduce a little more than one-half of the poem:

#### THE PLAINT OF EVE.

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

"Man's mate was I in Paradise;  
 Since of the fruit we twain did eat,  
 Through the slow toiling days, his slave.  
 Because I asked for truth, God gave  
 All the world's anguish and the grave;  
 But, being merciful and wise,  
 He bade His angel bathe mine eyes  
 With the salt dew of sorrow. Sweet  
 Had been the dew of Paradise."

*Yet through the immemorial years  
 Has she not healed us with her tears?*

"The secret Book of Beauty was  
 Unlocked through me to Phidias.  
 Rossetti's dreams and Raphael's,  
 And all their blessed damozels,  
 And all men's visions live in me.  
 The shadow queens of Maeterlinck,  
 Clothed with my soft flesh, cross the brink  
 Of utter unreality.  
 The leader of my boyish band  
 I rule in Neverneverland.  
 Rautendelein and Juliet—  
 Who shall their wistful smile forget?"

*Hers is the sweetest voice in France,  
 And hers the sob that, like a lance,  
 Has pierced the heart of Italy.*

"With stylus, brush and angelot,  
 I seize life's pulses, fierce and hot.  
 In Greece, a suzerain of song,  
 The swallow was my singing mate.  
 My lyric sisters still prolong  
 My strain more strange than sea or fate.  
 Tho Shakespeare's sonnets, sweet as wine,  
 Were not more sugared than were mine,  
 Ye who with myrtle crown my brow  
 Withhold the laurel even now."

*The world's intolerable scorn  
 Still falls to every woman born!*

"Strong to inspire, strong to please,  
 My love was unto Pericles.  
 The Corsican, the demigod

Whose feet upon the nations trod,  
 Shrank from my wit as from a rod.  
 The number and its secret train  
 Eluded not my restless brain.  
 Beyond the ken of man I saw,  
 With Colon's eyes, America.  
 Into the heart of mystery  
 Of light and earth I plunged; to me  
 The atom bared its perfect plot."

*What gifts have we that she has not?*

"Back from my aspiration hurled,  
 I was the harlot of the world.  
 The leveled walls of Troy confess  
 My devastating loveliness.  
 Upon my bosom burns a scar  
 Eternal as the sexes are.  
 I was Prince Borgia's concubine;  
 Phryne I was, and Messaline,  
 And Circe, who turned men to swine."

*But shall they be forgotten, then,  
 Whom she has turned from swine to men?*

"New creeds unto the world I gave,  
 But my own self I could not save.  
 For all mankind one Christ has sighed  
 Upon the rood; but hourly  
 Is every woman crucified!  
 The iron stake of destiny  
 Is plunged into my living side.  
 To Him that died upon the Tree  
 Love held out trembling hands to lend  
 Its reverential ministry,  
 And then came Death, the kindest friend:  
 Shall my long road to Calvary,  
 And man's injustice, have no end?"

*O sons of mothers, shall the pain  
 Of all childbearing be in vain?  
 Shall we drive nails, to wound her thus,  
 Into the hands that fondled us?*

Charles Hanson Towne's latest book of poems, "Youth," consists chiefly of a long narrative poem which does not adapt itself readily to quotation. Among the shorter poems we find the following very pleasing lyric:

#### SHELLEY'S SKYLARK.

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Immortal bird,  
 Whose song God's purest poet long since heard,  
 And caught within the golden chains of rhyme,  
 Our captive for all time!

O tender tones,  
 That none who, hearing, ever can forget,  
 Even when the city's thunder crashes and groans,  
 And the wood's whisper moans—  
 How wonderful that thou art with us yet!

High on the Hills of Song thy song is set,  
 Within the very blue where first thy voice  
 Made his young heart rejoice;  
 And from empyrean heights forever shall fall  
 Thy silver madrigal,  
 Drenching the world with thine enraptured  
 stream,  
 Thy heavenly dream,  
 Cleansing us as in fires angelical,  
 Sweeping us to the mountain-peaks of morn  
 Where beauty and love were born.

He loved thee; and we love thee for his sake;  
 And sometimes when the heart is like to break  
 With ancient sorrows that wake  
 In the still darkness of some desolate night,  
 We hear thee too as he once heard thee sing  
 On a white morn of Spring;  
 And all our soul is flooded with the light  
 Thy melody, and thine alone, can bring.

We hear thee—yes; but only through his song!  
 Our ears were empty of thy fluted trills  
 Until he snatched thee from thy splendid hills,  
 And gave the wonder of thy joy to us,  
 O bird miraculous!

We hear thee now—through him;  
 And we rejoice that as thy date grows dim,  
 He, and not we, first heard that lovely sound  
 Which all his spirit drowned  
 In a wild ecstasy beyond our ken.  
 And if thy voice now fills heaven's leafiest glen,  
 Singing again,  
 Flinging its silver cataract of bliss  
 Down many a sheer abyss,  
 Be glad, O bird, that when thou camest here,  
 Thy song fell on his ear,  
 And he was thy divine interpreter!

The following poem appears in the *Pacific Monthly* "reprinted by request of numerous readers." It is decidedly effective:

#### THE OUTLAW.

By CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.

When my loop takes hold on a two-year-old,  
 By the feet or the neck or the horn,  
 He can plunge and fight till his eyes go white,  
 But I'll throw him as sure as you're born.  
 Tho the taut rope sing like a banjo string  
 And the latigoes creak and strain,  
 Yet I've got no fear of an outlaw steer  
 And I'll tumble him on the plain.

*For a man is a man and a steer is a beast,  
 And the man is the boss of the herd;  
 And each of the bunch, from the biggest to least,  
 Must come down when he says the word.*

When my legs swing 'cross on an outlaw hawse  
 And my spurs clinch into his hide,  
 He can r'ar and pitch over hill and ditch,  
 But wherever he goes I'll ride.

Let him spin and flop like a crazy top,  
 Or flit like a wind-whipped smoke,  
 But he'll know the feel of my rowelled heel  
 Till he's happy to own he's broke.

*For a man is a man and a hawse is a brute,  
 And the hawse may be prince of his clan,  
 But he'll bow to the bit and the steel-shod boot  
 And own that his boss is the man.*

When the devil at rest underneath my vest  
 Gets up and begins to paw,  
 And my hot tongue strains at its bridle-reins,  
 Then I tackle the real outlaw;  
 When I get plumb riled and my sense goes wild,  
 And my temper has fractious grown,  
 If he'll hump his neck just a triflin' speck,  
 Then it's dollars to dimes I'm throwed.

*For a man is a man, but he's partly a beast—  
 He can brag till he makes you deaf,  
 But the one lone brute, from the West to the  
 East,  
 That he can't quite break is himse'f.*

The prize contest carried on in *The International* "for the best example of tro-tem-pottery"—which is Mr. Maxim's little pet-name for poetry—was won by Louis Untermeyer, from about two hundred and fifty competitors, with a sonnet entitled "Mockery." The following poem, by the same writer, disputed first place in the minds of the judges, with the successful sonnet. It appeals more strongly to us:

#### IMMORTAL.

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

Death cannot keep me buried; when the dry  
 Earth holds me close, a rose-bush at my head,  
 I shall not be content for long to lie  
 Inactive in that dark and narrow bed.

For soon the sweet and restless things of life  
 Shall stir me, pierce me, make me once again  
 Part of the vigor and the freshening strife  
 Raised by the sunlight and the healing rain.

And when at length the pregnant seasons pass,  
 Endowed with warm and splendid liberty,  
 I shall go forth in rich and sturdy grass;  
 Shall scent the clover, call the thirsting bee.

And I shall be the urge that bursts the pod,  
 Impels the singing sap within the tree,  
 That sets the leaves atremble as with God—  
 The rose shall bloom more proudly—bearing me.

All things shall feel and drink me unawares;  
 The bee that sucks, the tender green that thrives,  
 The ant, the forest—all that builds and dares  
 —And I shall live not one but countless lives.

# Recent Fiction and the Critics



**A**FTER a period of admitted commercialization, Miss Corelli has returned to the mysticism that made her a conspicuous novelist of the last generation. The thought of her new novel\* is indeed more complex and highly vivified than that in "A Romance of Two Worlds," which established her reputation more than twenty years ago; but it is more akin to the spiritualism of that early book than to such later volumes as "Vendetta" and "Thelma," which achieved tremendous popular success and still remain favorite works with a large class of readers. This psychic element, which has always been the real keynote of her work, has, in a way, obscured the fact that Miss Corelli is a writer of unusual talent, and, altho the English critics have in general been unkind to the recent volume, it comes to us heralded as "the best seller" in England today. If, as the Rochester *Post-Express* suggests, Miss Corelli had been tactful, if she had flattered the vanity of the criticasters of Grub Street, "she might have been as handsomely treated as dozens of small fry whose books have already achieved oblivion." But for some reason which has never been fully explained, she came afoul the newspapers almost at the beginning of her career.

"The scribes let slip no opportunity of creating a sort of ridiculous Corelli myth. It may be that she gave some excuse for this; for her heroines seem not infrequently drawn from herself. But, even supposing this to be true, at least in part, other authors have done the same. We do not laugh at Disraeli because he pictured himself in 'Contarini Fleming'; nor do we enjoy 'David Copperfield' any the less—rather the more, in point of fact—because we know that David is none other than Dickens himself. But Miss Corelli had the temerity to despize the critics

and they did not forgive her. If she had been a mere failure, they might have been more merciful; but she committed the unpardonable crime of writing best-sellers without the assistance of the newspapers."

The plot of the preface of this her eighteenth novel is, in some ways, even more interesting than that of the story itself. The author employs Bernard Shaw's method, explaining her writings and herself with a calculated and composed indifference to the claims of false modesty altogether appropriate in the *Prophetess of Stratford-on-Avon*. Miss Corelli mentions herself in connection with Plato and Jesus, and tells us that she, too, is a voice crying in the wilderness. Then, with the help of her large retinue of adjectives and hyperboles, along with a characteristic dash of split infinitives, she explains the riddle of the universe, reviews her own previous work and closes in a paragraphic *potpourri* of capitalized words in which Good, Evil, Divine Law, Divine Cruelty, Eternal Highest, Radiant Energy and Radiant Outflow are conspicuous.

The story, when we finally get to it, is a thriller of the first order. It thrills in spite of the fact that it returns to the old field which Miss Corelli has plowed and harrowed, and raked and turned, and plowed and harrowed again and again in previous volumes. The heroine is represented as an exceedingly superior sort of woman (whose name is not given) possessed of great "psychic" force, unusual intelligence, great command of all her faculties, exquisite courtesy, self-control, courage and remarkable physical beauty. We discover her on a yachting trip with an invalid millionaire, his invalid and selfish daughter, and a pompous and narrow-minded physician. These main figures, the Boston *Transcript* affirms, are the "worldlings," the men of straw who are used merely as mouth-pieces for the utterance of conventional orthodoxies. "They could have been called

\* *THE LIFE EVERLASTING*. By Marie Corelli. George H. Doran & Company.



Worldling No. 1 and Worldlings Nos. 2 and 3, exactly as well as Mr. Harland, Catharine Harland and Dr. Brayle. To these comes the superior heroine like a goddess among swine. She puts them down, conquers them in argument and shows their utter inferiority and worthlessness. She does this 'quietly' and with polite smiles. They are like groveling dogs before her, tho they don't realize it."

This heroine cannot, of course, remain without a "soul-mate." He appears in the form of Mr. Santoris, a magnificent man of apparently forty (he is really sixty years of age), who is journeying in his own yacht, which moves mysteriously with sails spread at a wondrous rate of speed when not a breath of wind is blowing. This is accomplished by "electric" and "psychic" force. These forces also keep flowers eternally blooming in his vicinity, which surround him with an aura of light and make him wealthier than Mr. Rockefeller and greater than Shakespeare or Edison. He it is with whom the heroine sees the Visions (with a capital V) and hears the Voices (also with a capital V) which recall her former incarnations and which lead her to journey to a very high and holy place "on the Biscayan coast" called the House of Aselzion.

Santoris and she have met and loved a dozen times in the history of the world, and she must therefore be purged of all the foulness of this generation before she can go to him again. The great Aselzion himself undertakes this pleasant purging process. She descends immense precipices into the sea, she hurls herself down dark descents into the presence of death, and finally walks through a vast pillar of fire. After this last ordeal, she is gathered once more to the breast of Santoris, and when she

cries out that this must be the end, a voice infinitely tender answers, "Not the end, but the Endless, my beloved." The millionaire, who has been identified as one of the villains who killed her in a previous incarnation, dies, and the doctor marries his patient; but these are matters of comparatively little importance in the story.

The London correspondent of the New York Times tells us that middle-class women in England read Marie Corelli to an extent which we in America can hardly appreciate. He explains her popularity by saying that she is very much "a live author." "She preaches eloquently, and somehow women seem to like being preached at by one of themselves."

The Boston Transcript, to quote its brilliant review again, recalls Miss Corelli's single burst of modesty in which she tells us that she cannot force us to bear her company. "She says that she cannot—I cannot force you to bear me company," are the words, and then, lest we might get too mean a notion of her abilities, she adds that God himself cannot do that."

There can be no doubt to a reader of "The Life Everlasting" that Miss Corelli never wavers in her belief that she is one of the profoundest of thinkers, ancient or modern. The self-esteem she exhibits is wondrous and colossal. Some of the chapters read like Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health"; others like works on spiritism and theosophy. But we understand that nothing makes the author more indignant than suggestions (such as constantly occur to her) that she is a Christian Scientist or Spiritualist or Theosophist, or anything except the originator of a little private system of her own.



CERTAIN importance attaches to every work by Henry James, if only as a character study in nationality; for his stories are very English, even tho his sentences are not. The stylistic difficulties of his new volume\* present themselves with the first chapter, as for instance:

"What the fine, slightly long oval of her essentially quiet face—quiet in spite of certain vague depths of reference to forces of the strong, high order,

forces involved and implanted, yet also rather spent in the process—kept in range from under her redundant black hat was the strength of expression, the directness of communication, that her guest appeared to borrow from the unframed and unattached nippers unceasingly perched, by their mere ground glass rims, as she remembered, on the bony ridge of his indescribably authoritative (since it was at the same time decidedly inquisitive) young nose."

Not only in such descriptive sentences, but in the conversations Mr. James, with all his passion for the *not juste*, is innocently the victim of the cliché. The Outlook speaks of the story as being told "in a series of conver-

\* THE OUTCRY. By Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons.

sations in what may be called the language of ultimate inference." These "conversations" carry the story to such an extent that reviewers think that the book must originally have been written as a play. The book does seem to have been first sketched in dramatic form and "novelized" as an afterthought. One may even, like the New York *Evening Post*, go so far as to ask whether "The Outcry" is not an experiment in the direction of a new composite medium.

"In effect and almost in substance, it is a social comedy in three acts. Its machinery is of the stage—and of a stage totally indifferent to the new cry against coincidence. Each of the 'Books' is an act in one scene; and the exits and entrances manage themselves as conveniently as in 'Box and Cox.' . . . It is all excessively 'well-built'; in fact, we suspect (without too narrow examination) that with scenery substituted for description, and commentary cut out, the thing actually is a play—the lines complete in themselves. The 'outcry' is the sound made by the British public upon the rumor that Lord Theign is likely to let one of his masterpieces go to America. For the public believes with Crimble that the treasures of art are a national possession."

The story is the smallest part of the book. Lord Theign has a young daughter whom he wants to marry to a poor but eligible young nobleman; but, being hard pressed, he thinks the best way to recuperate and incidentally procure his daughter's dowry will be to sell his pictures to a half-crazy American collector distinguished by a significant check-book. There is a young art critic who attracts

the noble young lady, inveighs against the permitting of great works of art to leave England, and brings her around to his way of thinking. Here, now, is a rather dull subject enlivened to a remarkable degree. It is English, excessively so. Mr. James seems not to write from his own knowledge of Americans, but to copy the traditions of the ill-informed English novelists concerning us. Even the name of the millionaire, "Breckenridge Bender," as the Chicago *Tribune* remarks, is precisely the sort of name an English novelist would give an American.

"The Outcry" is filled with complexities, mysteries, chords of the eleventh passages in C flat minor, mocking trills for the contrabassoon. No people on earth ever talked as Mr. James's characters talk here; yet the whole thing, paradoxically, seems absolutely true to life. The London *Academy* compares the reading of such a work with gazing into the magic crystal.

"Or it may be compared to viewing a beautiful pattern on a crumpled cloth. Mr. James, most amiable and urbane and sophisticated of salesmen (if he will forgive us), takes the shapeless heap, straightens it slowly, serenely, fold by fold, occasionally standing aside to hint at the design that is steadily, stealthily evolving, to smile his detached smile, and to assure us that there is more in it, as it were, than the mere obvious surface. With a touch here and a pat there he bids us see—"You can't *not* see," he pleads—the pattern and the process. 'There,' he says at last, 'you are!' 'There,' indeed, we so exquisitely—and a little extravagantly—are; and very pleased, as regards 'The Outcry,' to have been there."



HAT Henry James accomplishes for the sophisticated people of England, Joseph Conrad accomplishes for the sophisticated folk of Russia: he renders them comprehensible to the great world lying to the West of them. Russia, immense and seething, is still a riddle to most of us. The Russian spirit has to be revealed to Western eyes. This, as the *Eyewitness* (London) affirms, is a tremendous undertaking, for we think that we know what Russia needs and why she needs it, and the author has to puncture our self-conceit before he can put true notions in the place of false ones.

UNDER WESTERN  
EYES

His latest book\* is written by Mr. Conrad in the guise of an English professor in Geneva who has had access to the self-revealing diary of the hero, Razumov. It is a study in remorse, and, as such, is appropriately keyed in the poignant pitch of personal anguish which made some of Mr. Conrad's earlier volumes so compelling in their appeal to the emotions.

Razumov, the hero, or villain, as he must be regarded by some, is a reticent student whose only ambition is to distinguish himself in the pursuit of learning. His very reticence, backed by a virile intellect, has recommended him to a certain Haldin, another student, and an ardent revolutionist. When the latter has

\* UNDER WESTERN EYES. By Joseph Conrad. Harper & Brothers.

murdered "de-P—," a high government official, he, instead of going to a revolutionist resort, goes to Razumov, takes him into his confidence and gives him directions how to provide for his (Haldin's) escape. Razumov is so distressed by his companion's presumption in coming to his room and endangering the quietude of his life that, after making one ineffectual attempt to save him, he decides that he does not believe in revolutionary methods anyway, and that the best thing to do is to give Haldin up to the police.

The rest of the book is concerned with the development of Razumov's remorse. He goes to Geneva and meets Haldin's mother and sister. The former has gone into a nervous decline after hearing of her son's death; with the latter Razumov falls in love. He also becomes connected with a revolutionary group before the members of which he has to be continually watchful, lest he betray himself. Finally, after a period of unbearable anguish, his love for Miss Haldin, coupled with disgust for his own life, leads Razumov to a complete confession before her and the English professor whom Mr. Conrad impersonates. After this finely developed scene takes place, Razumov gives himself up to the revolutionists. The characters and their ways of thinking seem compellingly true. Mr. Conrad's father was a Russian and the son's long residence in England, as well as his artistic self-detachment, renders his Russian characters better understood than are those of writers who are more exclusively Russian. He is often, of course, compared with Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Turgeniev. His individuality refracts now and again in a way to warrant the com-

parison; but Mr. Conrad possesses angles of refraction that are all his own.

The character of Russian revolutionary activity to-day, says George Cram Cook, in the *Chicago Evening Post*, is fundamentally different from that of the time of Turgeniev; but Conrad is not sufficiently conscious of the great change that has taken place, and describes it much as Turgeniev described it.

"In the time of Turgeniev's Bazarov, small isolated groups and individuals were 'going to the people' and preaching revolution. The people were incapable of understanding what these men were talking about. In the time of Conrad's Razumov and Haldin, a Peasant's Union with clear revolutionary purposes had enrolled over a million members and had seven or eight million sympathizers. Mr. Conrad's book fails to take note of this little phenomenon. Ignoring such coherent, purposeful elements, he holds up Ziemianitch, a besotted cab-driver, as a type of the Russian people of to-day—as Turgeniev might with more justice have done. In the time of Turgeniev there were few Russian industrial workers. In the time of Conrad such a class has not only come into existence, but has grown bitterly conscious of itself—in the massacre of Bloody Sunday and elsewhere. There is no such worker in Mr. Conrad's book, no hint of his existence, tho at the time of Mr. Conrad's story such workers were on the point of the Moscow revolution which forced the institution of the Duma. In the time of Turgeniev the revolutionary elements were composed of a few individuals and groups. In the time of Conrad the consciously revolutionary elements of Russia comprised perhaps one-third of the Russian peoples. In the face of this immense change Mr. Conrad is capable of following the literary models dealing with earlier conditions. In a political novel he is capable of ignoring this changed political life."

## DAYBREAK—THE STORY OF A MAN WHO LOST HIS NERVE

The theory that "like cures like" may set the doctors by the ears, but there can be no doubt that in the realm of psychology the theory often works out in wonderful ways. One of them is herein related by James Oppenheim in *The Delineator*.



AGNES, gliding noiselessly through the four rooms of the flat, listened sharply for the turn of Tom's latchkey in the lock. He was quite late; supper was over; but she almost dreaded his coming. How could she tell him? That morning he had sat at breakfast, eating nothing, his face haggard, his hands trembling, and finally had blurted out:

"I—I've lost my nerve, Agnes! I'm breaking down!"

She had hurried to him, drawn his head near, and whispered:

"Tom! you haven't been fired yet, and if you are, Billy and I will back you. Billy, tell daddy to behave."

Billy had stopped banging the table with his spoon and had said, looking at his father:

"Better be good, daddy, or when I'm big I'll spank you!"

But Tom, instead of laughing, had thrown his arms round Agnes, and cried:

"My God, what will become of us! If I lose this job, I can't get another near as good. You know I can't, you know it. We haven't anything saved—it's all going for insurance. And this city—how can poor folk live here, with these rents, these prices? We should never have come, Agnes. There, I'm trembling like a leaf; I'm not a man any longer."

He had risen, and she had clung to him:

"It's a fancy on your part, Tom. Grierson probably isn't your enemy at all. Doesn't the hot weather make us all cross? Even Billy—poor fellow—whimpers all day long—"

"He ought to be in the country," cried Tom, in agony. "This fearful city—babies dying all about us—"

"Tom!"

"There! There! Oh, you sweet wife—kiss me! There! Good-by!"

And he had gone. But Agnes knew that a very little more would totally unhinge him. She felt as if she were losing him; as if this man, who, with Billy, made up the passion and purpose of her life, were slipping from her arms. Was he losing his mind? For over a month he had brooded on the possibility of losing his job, of being turned adrift in the big city—dispossessed, cast on the streets.

The long hot spell had robbed him of needed sleep; the hard grind in the office, the petty strife with the manager, the long car rides up and down-town in the suffocating subway, all these things had gotten "on his nerves." He was helplessly facing a grave crisis. He could not shake off his morbid neurotic tendencies, his sudden outbreaks of temper, his fits of trembling anxiety. And yet Tom had been one of the most lovable, tender, whimsical of men; his face, with its bristling mustach, its clear blue eyes, and tuft of down-hanging hair over the high forehead, sending a warmth into the world. It was one of those strange visitations of breakdown that sometimes strike a man in mid-career. Nothing could more easily lose him his job than this anxiety concerning it, for it made him almost worthless in the office.

And so Agnes, as the midsummer twilight stole through the open window and touched the little kitchen with magic, listened sharply—afraid. How could she tell him? How could he stand anything else? She paused now and then, a soft figure in the last light, wound with enchantment, her golden-brown hair slightly luminous, her

large blue eyes suffused with tears, her lips open and trembling.

Then, suddenly, her heart became a hard lump and she stood rooted, a tumbler of water in one hand. He came in, slouching, broken, his eyes bulging.

"Agnes, Agnes," he muttered, "get me to bed."

But she did not hurry to embrace and support him. She spoke involuntarily, in a low, meaning-packed voice:

"Tom!"

He felt something ominous in the sound; he looked up.

"What?"

She tried hard to speak; her voice came unnatural and weird:

"Billy—"

He seized the back of a chair, hard, and straightened up, staring at her.

"Something happen to him?" he whispered.

Then she said it, with a strange sob:

"He's sick."

"Sick?" he cried out. "Where is he?"

He turned and rushed into the bedroom. Billy was there, in the crib, half-naked, tossing about and moaning. The rosy cheeks were unnaturally red, the luminous blue eyes brilliant, the lips very pale. Tom sank at the side of the crib, and spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"Billy—Billy! Here's daddy!"

But Billy did not seem to see him. Tom seized a little hand.

"Agnes," he cried sharply, "he's got fever!"

She came up softly.

"More than fever," the words slipped from her. She stooped and laid aside the top of the nightgown. A red rash spread down the tiny breast. Tom stared at this danger-signal, the whites of his eyes looming through the deepening twilight. Then he looked up at Agnes; he rose slowly; he gathered her close; and she sobbed on his shoulder. He stroked her head, and whispered:

"Agnes, my Agnes! Is the doctor coming?"

"He'll—be—here—in a minute. Tom, I can't bear all this. You're lost to me—and now—Billy."

The door-bell rang. Agnes broke loose from him, crying, "The doctor!" ran in the kitchen and pushed the button that opened the street door. Then she flung open the hall door and stood waiting.

"If it's not he—" she thought madly. "A whole hour I've waited—alone!"

But it was the doctor—tall, thin, quiet, staid as a clergyman.

"How is he?" he asked in his monotone, at the same time putting his hat on the rack and



stepping forward into the sick-room. "Good evening, Mr. Cair. Is he the same?"

"He's worse, I think!"

The doctor drew up a chair, sat down at the crib, leaned over, and silently studied the little boy; put out a hand to feel the impatient wrist, to touch the hot forehead; laid aside the nightgown and gazed at the reddened chest.

"Billy," he whispered, "I've come over to play with you."

Billy moaned and tossed, unheeding. The young parents stood at the foot of their bed, leaning forward with strange pale faces. They felt as if the doctor would never be finished. He looked up at them.

"Will you light the gas, Mr. Cair?"

Tom struck a match, and his hand shook as the flame rose from the jet and flooded the little room with pale gold. In the silence the rich, overpowering magic of the Summer's night flooded through from the streets; a golden atmosphere of young girls laughing, of people talking, and, drenching all, some hurdy-gurdy singing the loves of the people in a clashing wild music. All the city was light-hearted and laughing after its million-scattered supper; the children shouted and played; the families took the cool air on the stoops; the electric-lit avenues swung with tides of lovers. And yet in this small room a tiny child was torn away from the world's joy and lay tossing in pain.

The doctor rose.

"He needs watching to-night. It's early to tell what it is. If he gets worse, call me." He added a few directions and turned to go. Then suddenly Agnes faced him.

"What's the matter with him, doctor?"

The doctor smiled softly.

"I don't know, Mrs. Cair."

She spoke sharply:

"Are you afraid to tell us?"

"Why, no—" he began; but she broke down suddenly and cried out:

"I know what it is—it's *scarlet fever*!"

"But, Mrs. Cair," he said gently, "it may be only a rash. It must develop further before I can tell. I'll come again early in the morning. It's probably only prickly heat and upset stomach. Good night!"

"Good night," said Tom.

Agnes followed him to the door without speaking; her face was white. The doctor gripped her hand.

"You mustn't worry, Mrs. Cair. You see it's your first child."

"My only child!" breathed Agnes.

The doctor leaned close and whispered:

"Is Mr. Cair any better?"

"That's just it," she said in a low voice, "I've got no one to rely on. To have it happen just now, when Tom needs me—"

"Tell him," the doctor spoke with sharp emphasis, "that *you need him*! Now, remember!"

She closed the door, leaned back against it; and suddenly a fearful wave of black swept from her feet to her brain and seemed to expunge her self-control. She lurched, staggered into the room, and flung herself on the bed, heaving with sharp, strangling sobs.

"He's going to die," she cried, "he's going to die. I know he's going to die!"

Tom stood there looking at her. Her helplessness, her mother-passion, were like a call to arms that smote something deep within him; a sharp thrill of strength went through him—the courage of desperation; color came into his cheeks; he leaned over her, and his voice rang true:

"Agnes!"

"Oh, Tom," she sobbed, "why must *he* suffer? What did *he* ever do?"

"Agnes!" he cried again, "we've got to fight; get up." He was breathless. "We've got to fight together. You get to bed, Agnes. *I'm going to stay up with Billy.*"

She rose, staring at him through her tears.

"No," she said softly, "*you* go to bed, Tom. You're half dead."

He seized her by the arms.

"Billy will need you to-morrow. He'll need you every minute to-morrow." His voice deepened. "Now you go to bed, Agnes. *I must fight this out.*"

"Go to bed with Billy sick?" she cried.

He spoke passionately:

"Agnes, you've got to let me fight this out!"

She glanced at his face, and suddenly flung her arms round his neck.

"Oh, thank God, I've got you, Tom! Forgive me for being such a child!"

They kissed, and even in their pain a sense of ecstasy touched them, of the romance of life reawakening, of great issues to be faced, of a crisis that drew out their hidden divine strength. Tom flung off his coat, his collar, his shirt; he put on soft slippers; he cried:

"I'm ready! Go to bed, Agnes."

And then the fight was on.

The long Summer night seemed unending. Agnes, utterly worn out, slept like a child, her face turned from the light. The white sheet sloped over her huddled body and her golden braids lay glimmering over her shoulder. To keep awake Tom walked up and down, leaned from the window and gazed up at the silent stars or over the shadowy yards, and then came back and looked down at his son. The boy slept in snatches and then began to toss and to moan again. He resisted Tom's efforts frantically, and Agnes would sit up in bed, rub her eyes, whisper in a haunting mother-voice—"Ah, darling, it's all right now!"—and sink down, sleeping.

Tom felt numb at first. The thrill of strength

soon left him, and as the noises of the night died down, family after family withdrawing to their sleep and even the lovers that lingered on the steps saying their last good nights and shutting the doors, the room became so still that the passing of an elevated train made a loud thunder that seemed to shake the walls. Tom could hear Agnes breathing, the moaning of Billy, and the sound his feet made as he stepped on a loose board in the floor.

And then in the deep night-silence, gazing at the stars so far from earth and then looking at his little boy, Tom felt the mystery of pain. Why were these human things, so capable of joy and laughter, love and sweetness, doomed to suffer, to come crying out of the dark, to break their hearts, to go back crying into the night? The thought made him numb; the mystery of his own existence; the mystery of that sleeping being whom he knew as his wife; the wild and weird mystery of this child which had emerged through them and now this night lay under the pitiless stars, tossing and moaning. Had it not been better if Billy had never been born? Now he might be swept away, torn from their arms, their lives, scattered into darkness and emptiness.

How helpless were human beings! Tom, brooding, felt that, after all, affairs are largely taken out of our hands. We must submit to our strange fates.

Submit? No! He must rouse himself. He must fight. There was the sponging to do, the water, the temperature, the soothing. He sat down and stroked the boy's hand. In the stillness he heard an ambulance clanging down an empty avenue. The sound smote him sharply, cut his heart, it seemed to reveal to him all the pain of the world. In how many other rooms over the city, in all the cities, over the hills and plains, over all the continents, was not just such a scene as this being enacted!

He was not alone in his pain. It softened his heart strangely, and then, looking on the rosy-cheeked boy, a pity filled him, a terrible pity mixed with love, that so sweet, pure, innocent a child should be struck down.

He rose; he paced up and down; he sponged the child. Hour followed hour, endless, still, palpitating. He paused now and then to gaze on his wife, and, as he did so, he felt that nowhere on the earth was there another such divine woman. He felt his new-born pity swelling large within him, and he smiled sadly when he thought of how he had marred and maimed her life these last five weeks. For what? Because he might lose his job!

It amazed him now. In a few days he might lose his child! Face to face with that stupendous elemental fact, his job became a petty trifle. There was something of grandeur and power about the human soul; something mighty revealed in the hour of crisis. Looking at the heavens he felt that he had that within him that made

the stars small. The real man fears no adversity; he grapples with life; he takes zest in the strenuous fight; if he can't live in the city, he strikes out to the country; if he can't do one thing, he tries another. And, after all, why should he lose his job? Oh, Billy was so precious to him; too precious to allow him to be weak.

Suddenly his heart seemed to stop.

There was a loud cry:

"Daddy!"

He turned, rushed to the crib. No, no, no! After such a terrible night, after such a fierce fight, he could not lose; the boy could not get some terrible disease. Had he not been fighting hour by hour? He leaned over, faint, exhausted. The little boy was trying to sit up, his eyes wide open and shining, and he was crying:

"Daddy!"

Tom, seizing the little hand, murmured pulsingly:

"Yes, Billy, here's daddy!"

"I love you," said Billy, and sank back, smiling. Then he closed his eyes.

Tom rose slowly; he pushed aside the little nightgown; touched the little forehead. In that moment he felt as if he could faint with blessed love—pity—miraculous wonder. His lips twitched. He stepped over to Agnes.

"Agnes!" he whispered brokenly, "Agnes!"

She sat up sharply.

"What is it—oh!" she cried.

"Look," he murmured.

She crawled over to the crib and looked down. Then over her frightened face came a breathless glory.

"Is he—" she hardly dared breathe.

"Asleep," he murmured. "Feel him."

She felt. The cheeks were cool. Tremblingly then she laid back the nightgown. The rash was almost gone.

She slipped from the bed weakly. She smiled at Tom; Tom smiled at her. And then they sobbed crazily like any two overwrought babies. He flung his arms about her; drew her close.

"He's all right," he cried. "All right, Agnes! And I—I—"

"You," she cried, looking up, a new light in her eyes. "You? Tom!"

"We both were cured together!"

"And your job—"

"Hang my job! I've got you, I've got Billy—you've got me! And there are ditches to be dug, if nothing else!"

She held back his head with both her hands. It was a wild moment of thanksgiving and love and joy.

"Oh, Tom,"—her heart seemed to burst,—"Billy made you mine again!"

And as they looked down on that divine child, the dawn, creeping through the city streets, stole into the room and lit their faces with ineffable light.

# The Humor of Life

**N**OW that Bergson, the philosopher, has told us what the ethics of laughter is, the jokesmith may swell his chest and assume his rightful place as one of the factors of "social efficiency." He may not have known it, but he is, by creating laughter at the comic things in life, helping to correct "a certain rigidity of body, mind and character that society would like to get rid of," and helping to create "the greatest possible degree of elasticity and sociability." Perhaps when the Nobel prizes are distributed hereafter there will be one for the humorist who has done most during the year to loosen up the social rigidity of the world!

Modern inventions, aeroplanes, motor cars "and sich" are responsible for a large proportion of the modern jokes. Here is a strictly modern joke from *Life*:

## COLD STORAGE.

"Ah," says the Christmas guest. "How I wish I could sit down to a Christmas dinner with one of those turkeys we raised on the farm, when I was a boy, as the central figure!"

"Well," says the host, "you never can tell. This may be one of them."

René Bache, the author, gives another joke on the same theme. He was talking, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, about nature-fakers.

## EVOLUTION STILL EVOLUTING.

"I know a nature-faker," said Mr. Bache, "who claims that a hen of his last month hatched, from a setting of seventeen eggs, seventeen



What Katharina wore when she was told to be sure and keep her coco warm.—Judge

chicks that had, in lieu of feathers, fur.

"He claimed that these fur-coated chicks were a proof of nature's adaptation of all animals to their environment, the seventeen eggs having been of the cold-storage variety."

The same paper puts into the mouth of Miss Helen Dutrieu, the aviator, this story to illustrate her claim that aviation, if one is careful, is not particularly perilous:

## EXTRA HAZARDOUS.

A man went to an insurance office to have his life insured the other day.

"Do you cycle?" the insurance agent asked.

"No," said the man.

"Do you motor?"

"No."

"Do you, then, perhaps, fly?"

"No, no," said the applicant, laughing; "I have no dangerous—"

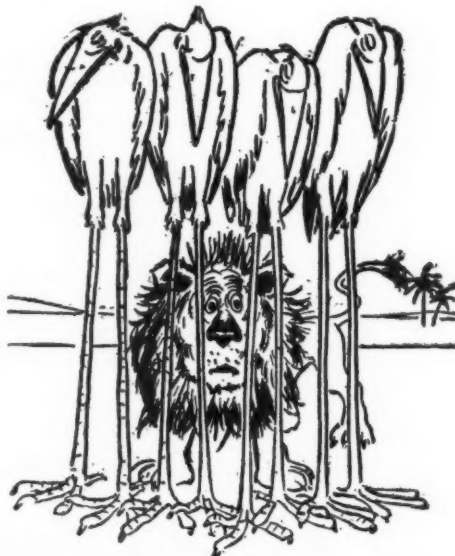
But the agent interrupted him curtly.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but we no longer insure pedestrians."

Shower baths are also a modern invention and here is an anecdote from the *San Francisco Argonaut* to show how the Orient is striving to keep up with the procession:

## AN AUDIBLE SHOWER BATH.

Real bathrooms are scarce in the interior of India, as a lady who was traveling with her husband discovered, upon arriving at an out-of-the-way place one evening. The host, when showing them their room, said, pointing to a door: "The shower bath is there." Later the lady went into



## HIS WORST FEARS

THE SHORT-SIGHTED LION: Well, I never dreamt I should finish my days behind the bars of a cage. —Fun

the bathroom, disrobed, and seeing before her just a tub and a tin mug and nothing more, began to investigate for the source of the "shower." Suddenly she heard a voice apparently in the ceiling say: "If memsahib coming more this side I throwing water more proper!"

In the story below, from the New York *American*, the conditions are just reversed,—that is, it is the tourist who is unsophisticated:

#### TOO PREMATURE.

As the steamboat from Boston was about to leave for New York the other evening, a young man, leading a blushing girl by the hand, approached the polite clerk and said, in a low and confidential tone:

"Mister, me and my wife have jest got married and are looking for accommodations."

"Looking for a berth, I suppose," said the clerk.

"A birth! Thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the astonished rustic. "We hain't but just got married. We only want a place to stay all night, you know; that's all."

That is almost as risqué as this from the same paper,—almost, but not quite:

#### A CHURCH ENTERTAINMENT.

At an entertainment given by a country church congregation one of the old deacons made the announcements.

He occasioned much surprize when he said:

"Miss Mary Simpkins will sing 'Put Me In My Little Bed,' accompanied by the minister."

Here is another of what might be called the Tut! Tut! class of jokes:

#### REACHING HER LIMIT.

She was a new cook and anxious to please. So was the mistress that she should, especially on a certain evening when there was a special company at dinner. To the consternation of the hostess, appeared Bridget, holding before her a plate of tomatoes, but arrayed minus her waist and skirt.

"Well, ma'am," she said. "I did it—did what ye told me—bring the tomatoes in undressed. But I'll lose me place furst before I will take off another stitch."

Dr. Wiley, the food expert, is a great retailer

#### THE STORY OF NEW ENGLAND IN SIX CHAPTERS



of anecdotes and, according to the *Washington Star*, he recently told the following to illustrate the unfairness of a compromise some food adulterator wished to make with the government:

#### THE FAIR, YET UNFAIR, DIVORCEE.

A wife, after the divorce, said to her husband:

"I am willing to let you have the baby half of the time."

"Good!" said he, rubbing his hands. "Splendid!"

"Yes," she resumed, "you may have him nights."

The rigidity of the British mind is the target for many well-aimed shots. The *Argonaut* tells this:

#### HE SAW THE POINT.

Nat Goodwin was at the club with an English friend and became the center of an appreciative group. A cigar man offered the comedian a cigar, saying that it was a new production.

"With each cigar, you understand," the promoter said, "I will give a coupon, and when you have smoked three thousand of them you may bring the coupons to me and exchange them for a grand piano."

Nat sniffed the cigar, pinched it gently, and then replied: "If I smoked three thousand of these cigars I think I would need a harp instead of a grand piano."

There was a burst of laughter in which the Englishman did not join, but presently he exploded with merriment. "I see the point," he exclaimed. "Being an actor, you have to travel around the country a great deal and a harp would be so much more convenient to carry."

The *Ladies' Home Journal* furnishes instruction for future mothers in the following delicate manner:

#### WHERE TO SPANK A CHILD.

A little boy had eaten too much underdone pie for his Christmas supper and was soon roaring lustily.

His mother's visitor was much disturbed.

"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good, sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted; "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "I'd turn him over."







THE VICAR (ending speech): And so we have decided to present Mr. Smith with an honorarium on his departure.

VILLAGER: I objec'! What I says is give 'im something useful. Why! we don't even know whether he can play the thing.

—Punch

The Frenchmen seem to have the same conception of the British mind that our jokesmiths have. Miss Helen Dutrieu is credited with this which appears in the *Los Angeles Times*:

#### CAN'T CATCH THEM.

A Frenchman drove up in a taxi-auto to the Café de la Paix in Paris one day, and ordered a dozen snails. He devoured them like a starving person. Then he leaned back in his chair, sipped his chablis, and said to the waiter:

"How fine those snails were! They're the first I've tasted for six months."

"Been away, sir?" said the waiter.

"Yes, I've been spending six months in England."

"And don't they have snails there, sir?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "they have them, but they can't catch them."

The child's mind is sometimes wonderfully poetic and sometimes dreadfully logical and matter-of-fact. This from *Harper's Bazar* is of the latter kind of child:

#### HIS THEORY.

TEACHER: What is it, Tommie, that Shakespeare tells us "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown"?

TOMMIE: Hair.

The *Delineator* tells of a little girl who got off something nearly as good:

#### LOOKED LIKE THEM.

Mary saw the creases in the baby's feet, and exclaimed: "Oh, des see! She's dot frowns on her feet."

Here is a swain whose bluff was called, but who was equal to the emergency:

#### THE TEST OF HIS LOVE.

OLIVETTE (as they encounter a vicious bulldog): "Go on, Cecil; you know you said you would face death for me."

CECIL: "But he isn't dead."

London *Tit-Bits* gives us this pathetic little tale of broken friendship:

#### "THEN HE HAD A FIT."

"What is he so angry with you for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. We met in the street, and we were talking just as friendly as could be, when all of a sudden he flared up and tried to kick me."

"And what were you talking about?"

"Oh, just ordinary small talk. I remember he said, 'I always kiss my wife three or four times every day.'

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'I know at least a dozen men who do the same,' and then he had a fit."

Another case of broken friendship, this time between women, is narrated in *Brooklyn Life*. Scene, a law office in Chicago:

#### DAMAGES.

A Chicago lawyer tells of a visit he received from a Mrs. Delehanty, accompanied by Mr. Delehanty, the day after Mrs. Delehanty and a Mrs. Cassidy had indulged in a little difference of opinion.

When he had listened to the recital of Mrs. Delehanty's troubles, the lawyer said:



THE ORIGINAL BOY-SCOUT

—Kerr in *Judge*

"You want to get damages, I suppose?"

"Damages! Damages!" came in shrill tones from Mrs. Delehanty. "Haven't I got damages enough already, man? What I'm after is satisfaction."

The love of a man for a maid is beautiful, but alas that it should cause so much duplicity! This is from *Tit-Bits*:

#### SCORING ON HIS RIVALS.

"Boy, take these flowers to Miss Bertie Boohoo, Room twelve."

"My, sir, you're the fourth gentleman wot's sent her flowers to-day."

"What's that? What the deuce. W-who sent the others?"

"Oh, they didn't send any names. They all said, 'She'll know where they come from.'"

"Well, here, take my card, and tell her these are from the same one who sent the other three boxes."

As the Irish in America rise up the social scale, pleasantries based on their droll ignorance grow,

alas, fewer and fewer. Here is one from *Harper's Weekly*:

#### FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

RECRUITING SERGEANT: Why do you say you won't enlist unless you're sent to the Seventy-fifth Infantry?

TIM GEOGHEGAN: Beca'se I want to be near me brother that's in th' Seventy-sixt'.

Joseph E. Widener, the Philadelphia horseman, is said to be responsible for this:

#### A SOFT ANSWER.

"There's a grocer out Elkins way," said Mr. Widener, "who is notorious for his wretched horse flesh.

"The grocer's boy is rather a reckless driver. He drove one of his master's worst nags a little too hard one day, and the animal fell ill and died.

"You've killed my horse, curse you!" the grocer said to the boy the next morning.

"I'm sorry, boss," the lad faltered.

"'Sorry be durned!' shouted the grocer. 'Who's going to pay me for my horse?'

"I'll make it all right, boss," said the boy soothingly. 'You can take it out of my next Saturday's wages.'"

Amelia Bingham, the actress, who is president of the Professional Woman's League, tells an anecdote to illustrate the difficulties the capable woman has beside the pretty and frivolous woman when it comes to catching a man:

#### HIS PROPOSAL.

"I recall the story of the Gerton girls. The four Gerton girls were all good-looking; indeed, the three younger ones were beautiful; while Annie, the oldest, easily made up in capability and horse sense what she lacked in looks.

"A young chap, very eligible, called on the girls frequently, but seemed unable to decide which to marry. So Annie put on her thinking cap, and, one evening when the young chap called, she appeared with her pretty arms bare to the elbow and her hands white with flour.

"'Oh, you must excuse my appearance,' she said. 'I have been working in the kitchen all day. I baked bread and pies and cake this morning, and afterward, as the cook was ill, I prepared dinner.'

"'Miss Annie, is that so?' said the young man. He looked at her, deeply impressed. Then, after a moment's thought, he said:

"'Miss Annie, there is a question I wish to ask you, and on your answer will depend much of my life's happiness.'

"'Yes?' she said, with a blush, and she drew a little nearer. 'Yes? What is it?'

"'Miss Annie,' said the young man, in deep, earnest tones, 'I am thinking of proposing to your sister Kate—will you make your home with us?'"